



Q 1  
H. S. Hughes

DUKE  
UNIVERSITY  
LIBRARY

*Treasure Room*

March, 1816.

# MODERN PUBLICATIONS,

AND

## NEW EDITIONS

OF

## VALUABLE STANDARD WORKS,

PRINTED FOR

M. CAREY, No. 121, CHESNUT STREET,  
PHILADELPHIA.

---

### VOYAGES, TRAVELS, GEOGRAPHY, AND TOPOGRAPHY.

PERSONAL NARRATIVE of Travels to the EQUINOCTIAL REGIONS of the NEW CONTINENT between the years 1799—1803. By ALEXANDER DE HUMBOLDT, and AIME BONPLAND. Written in French, By ALEXANDER DE HUMBOLDT.

And translated into English by HELEN MARIA WILLIAMS.

In 8vo. Price 250 cents in Boards.

"We congratulate the present age on having produced a traveller, armed at all points, and completely accomplished for the purpose of physical, moral, and political observation. In M. DE HUMBOLDT we have an astronomer, a physiologist, a botanist, one versed in statistics, and political economy; a metaphysician, an antiquary, and a learned philologist—possessing at the same time the enlarged views, the spirit, and the taste of true philosophy. This assemblage of acquirements, so seldom found in the same individual, is in him accompanied with the most indefatigable activity; with the zeal, the enterprise, and the vigour which are necessary to give them their full effect." *Edinburgh Rev. Nov. 1814.*

TRAVELS in the INTERIOR of BRAZIL; preceded by an account of a voyage to the Rio de la Plata. By JOHN MAWE,

Author of a Treatise on the Mineralogy of Derbyshire. In 1 vol. 8vo. illustrated with plates, and a map.

The principal part of this work relates to the interior of Brazil, where no Englishman was ever before permitted to travel, and particularly to the Gold and Diamond districts, which he investigated by order of the Prince Regent of Portugal. From the high sanction under which he began the undertaking, and the length of time he devoted to it, his narrative may be expected to throw considerable light on a rich and extensive colony, hitherto little explored, and at present highly interesting.

"Of the knowledge, sagacity, skill and experience of this author as a mineralogist, we have before had the most honourable testimony, and this production cannot fail to add considerably to his reputation. It has also much of the recommendation of novelty, for the state of the mines of Brazil, and of the agriculture of the country, has hitherto been very imperfectly known; there is also perhaps in this volume, the most satisfactory account which we have hitherto had, of the unfortunate expedition against Buenos Ayres, by General Whitelocke, and the causes of its failure are impartially detailed, and perspicuously explained: altogether we consider the work as a valuable addition to our geographical collections, and more par-

PRINTED FOR M. CAREY, PHILADELPHIA.

...very acceptable, as exhibiting what has not yet appeared in any English publication, a scientific account of the diamond mines and diamond works of this part of South America." *British Critic*, June, 1813.

AN ACCOUNT of a VOYAGE to ABYSSINIA, and TRAVELS in the INTERIOR of that COUNTRY, executed under the orders of the British government, in the years 1809 and 1810; in which are included an account of the PORTUGUESE SETTLEMENTS on the EASTERN COAST of AFRICA, visited in the course of the voyage; a concise summary of late occurrences in Arabia Felix; and some particulars respecting the Aboriginal African Tribes, extending from Mozambique to the borders of Egypt, together with vocabularies of their respective languages.

By HENRY SALT, Esq. F. R. S. &c.

In 1 vol. 8vo. with a Map of Abyssinia.

(In the press, and will be published in May.)

"Mr. Salt was already known to the public as the companion of Lord Valentia, in his Eastern Travels, and this account of a new voyage to Abyssinia has exalted and established his reputation as a sensible traveller, an elegant writer, and an able draughtsman." *Monthly Magazine*.

A JOURNEY through PERSIA, ARMENIA and ASIA MINOR, to CONSTANTINOPLE, in the years 1808 and 1809, in which is included some account of the proceedings of HIS MAJESTY'S MISSION under SIR HARFORD JONES, Bart. K. C. to the Court of the King of Persia.

By JAMES MORIER,

His Majesty's Secretary of Embassy to the Court of Persia.

In 1 vol. 8vo. with plates, and a Map.

(In the press, and will be published in April.)

"In the elegant work of Mr. Morier, we have an interesting report of the last of the English Embassies, under Sir Harford Jones. As Persia has not been described by an Englishman since the civil wars that followed the usurpation of Nadir Shah, our curiosity was powerfully excited by the announcement of Mr. Morier's work; and we can unreservedly declare that in its perusal, we have been abundantly gratified." *Monthly Magazine*, 1813.

"The work before us is one of those which requires little recommendation,—for the respectable situation in life, and important office of Mr. Morier in the Embassy, sets the mind at perfect rest as to the authenticity of the facts related; and the modern state of Persia being but slightly known to us, we naturally feel an eager desire to read and be informed."

*Gentleman's Magazine*.

"Mr. Morier possesses spirit, activity and intelligence; together with an eager desire of acquiring information, and truth and judgment in directing his attention to the most deserving objects." *Critical Review*.

A TOUR THROUGH ITALY, exhibiting a view of its SCENERY, its ANTIQUITIES, and its MONUMENTS; particularly as they are OBJECTS of CLASSICAL INTEREST and ELUCIDATION: with an account of the present state of its Cities and Towns; and occasional observations on the recent spoliation of the French.

By the Rev. JOHN CHETWODE EUSTACE.

In 2 vols. 8vo. with plates.

(In the press, and will be published in May.)

"This is one of the best books of travels that has appeared since we began our labours." *Ed. Rev. No. XLII. p. 378.*

"Mr. Eustace is endowed with all the natural and acquired gifts and advantages, which fitted him for intimately knowing Italy and Italians."

*Monthly Review*, Feb. p. 114.



"His religious sentiments and political principles are equally liberal."

*Quarterly Review*, No. XIX. p. 223.

"His description of local scenery is unrivalled." *Crit. Rev.* May, p. 49.

"His classical taste displays itself with peculiar advantage and uncommon felicity." *Quarterly Review*, No. XIX. p. 241.

"His style is pure and flowing." *British Critic*, April, p. 399.

"This is a work that no person projecting a tour to Italy can hereafter be without." *British Review*, No. X. p. 391.

"It is a manual and guide to the whole country; all Mr. Eustace's reading, all his inquiries, all his endeavours, appear to have been devoted to the study of this glorious theatre of ancient and modern exploits; his vigilance is ever on the alert; his reasoning is unobstructed by prejudice; and his work will improve the heart, while it interests the understanding."

*Mon. Rev.* p. 116.

"The philosopher, the poet, and the orator, may alike profit by the reflections, the descriptions, and the style with which this elegant Tourist has adorned and enriched his communications." *Brit. Rev.* No. X. p. 391.

CAREY'S GENERAL ATLAS, improved. Being a collection of MAPS of the WORLD and QUARTERS, their Kingdoms, States, &c. containing fifty-eight folio Maps, handsomely coloured. 1. The World; 2. ditto. Mercator's projection; 3. North America; 4. The British Possessions in America; 5. The United States; 6. Vermont; 7. New-Hampshire; 8. Maine; 9. Massachusetts; 10. Rhode-Island; 11. Connecticut; 12. New-York; 13. New-Jersey; 14. Pennsylvania; 15. Delaware; 16. Maryland; 17. Virginia; 18. North-Carolina; 19. South-Carolina; 20. Georgia; 21. Kentucky; 22. Tennessee; 23. The Mississippi Territory; 24. Ohio; 25. The North Western, Michigan, Illinois, and Indiana Territories; 26. The State of Louisiana; 27. The Missouri Territory; 28. Seven Ranges of Townships laid out by Congress; 29. Mexico; 30. The West Indies; 31. The French part of St. Domingo; 32. South America; 33. Caracas; 34. Peru; 35. Chili and the vice-royalty of La Plata; 36. Brazil; 37. Europe; 38. Sweden, Denmark, and Norway; 39. Russia; 40. Scotland; 41. England and Wales; 42. Ireland; 43. United Provinces and Netherlands; 44. Germany; 45. France, divided into Departments; 46. Hungary and Turkey in Europe; 47. Spain and Portugal; 48. Italy; 49. Switzerland; 50. Poland; 51. Asia; 52. China; 53. Hindostan; 54. Islands and Channels between China and New Holland; 55. New South Wales, with Norfolk Island, Lord Howe's Island, Port Jackson, &c.; 56. Africa; 57. Countries round the North Pole; 58. Captain Cook's Discoveries.

Price 15 dollars, handsomely half bound.

SKETCHES, HISTORICAL and DESCRIPTIVE, of LOUISIANA

By Major AMOS STODDARD, Member of the U. S. M. P. S.

and of the New York Historical Society.

In 8vo. Price 3 dollars, in boards.

"This volume is divided into fourteen chapters, comprehending the history of Louisiana and the Floridas; their geography, government, laws, commerce, and manufactures, learning and religion. The character of the Louisianians, the state of slavery amongst them, the antiquities, the rivers, and mineral riches of that country; a description of the aborigines, and the arguments in favour of the conjecture that this country was settled by emigration from Wales, anterior to the discovery of Columbus, conclude the volume.

"The style, although it assumes the character of humble narrative, is pure and chaste, and we cordially congratulate the author on the hardihood of character he has assumed, for such undoubtedly it is, in the present day, to be so unclassical as to write common sense. He shows himself to be a

master of the materials that he manages, and, while conversing with his page, we have found ourselves seated with him by the side of solitary rivers, plunging into the glooms of inextricable wildernesses, or climbing the heights of desert mountains, instead of forgetting all these and admiring the brilliancy of a paragraph. We wished to explore the regions of Louisiana: and by the light of his lamp we have explored them." *Port Folio*.

**TRAVELS THROUGH THE CANADAS**, containing a description of the picturesque scenery of some of the Rivers and Lakes, with an account of the Productions, Commerce and Inhabitants of those Provinces.

BY GEORGE HERIOT, ESQ.

In 12mo. Price 1 dollar, in boards.

"Altogether we deem it one of the most curious publications that has of late appeared."

*Monthly Mag.*

**A VOYAGE TO THE DEMERARY**, containing a statistical account of the settlements there, and of those on the Essequibo, the Berbice, and other contiguous Rivers of Guyana.

By HENRY BOLINGBROKE Esq.

In 8vo. Price 150 cents in boards.

**THE STRANGER'S GUIDE** through PHILADELPHIA, containing a plan of the City, with an alphabetical list of all the Squares, Streets, Roads, Lanes, Alleys, Avenues, Courts, Ship-Yards, Public Buildings &c. in the City and Suburbs.

By JOHN ADEMS PAXTON.

In 12mo. Price 150 cents, handsomely half bound.

**CAREY'S AMERICAN POCKET ATLAS**, containing 23 Maps, viz. 1. United States; 2. Vermont; 3. New-Hampshire; 4. Maine; 5. Massachusetts; 6. Rhode-Island; 7. Connecticut; 8. New-York; 9. New-Jersey; 10. Pennsylvania; 11. Delaware; 12. Ohio; 13. Maryland; 14. Virginia; 15. Kentucky; 16. North-Carolina; 17. Tennessee; 18. South-Carolina; 19. Georgia; 20. Mississippi Territory; 21. Upper Territories of the United States; 22. Louisiana; 23. Missouri Territory. With a BRIEF DESCRIPTION of each STATE and TERRITORY. Also the Census of the Inhabitants of the United States for 1810, and the Exports for 20 years.

4th. edition, greatly improved and enlarged. Price 2 dollars, bound.

"Much useful, geographical, and miscellaneous information is compressed into this pocket volume, and with the Maps it will be found a very convenient book for persons in general, and more particularly for those who are travelling in the United States. It is well printed, and the maps are neatly executed."

*American Review and Literary Journal.*

**THE AMERICAN MINOR ATLAS**; 4to. containing the same Maps as the preceding. Price 150 cents, half bound.

**SCRIPTURE ATLAS**, containing 10 4to. Maps, viz. 1. Journeys of the Children of Israel from Rameses to the Land of Promise; 2. Map of Canaan as promised to Abraham and his posterity; 3. Map of Egypt; 4. Map of the places recorded in the five Books of Moses; 5. Map of Canaan in the time of Joshua; 6. Map of the purveyorships in the Reign of Solomon; 7. Syria and Assyria; 8. Map of the Dominions of Solomon; 9. Map of the Land of Moriah, or Jerusalem and the adjacent country; 10. Map of the Travels of the Apostles.

Price 150 cents half bound.

**A GENERAL ATLAS**, being a collection of MAPS of the WORLD and QUARTERS, their principal Empires, Kingdoms, &c. Containing 58 Maps and Charts, viz. 1. The World; 2. ditto Mercator's projection; 3. North America; 4. United States; 5. Eastern States, with part of Canada; 6. Middle and Western States; 7. Southern States; 8. North Western Territories; 9. Vermont; 10. New-Hampshire; 11. Maine; 12. Massachusetts; 13. Rhode-Island; 14. Connecticut; 15. New-York; 16. New-Jersey; 17. Pennsylvania; 18. Delaware; 19. Maryland; 20. Virginia; 21. North-Carolina; 22. South-Carolina; 23. Georgia; 24. Kentucky; 25. Tennessee;

## MISCELLANEOUS.

5

26. Mississippi Territory; 27. Ohio; 28. Upper Territories; 29. Louisiana; 30. Missouri Territory; 31. West Indies; 32. Chart of do.; 33. South America; 34. Europe; 35. Russia, Northern Part; 36. Southern do.; 37. Sweden, Denmark, Norway; 38. Poland; 39. Scotland; 40. England and Wales; 41. Ireland; 42. Netherlands; 43. United Provinces; 44. Germany; 45. France; 46. Switzerland; 47. Italy; 48. Spain and Portugal; 49. Turkey in Europe; 50. North Sea; 51. Asia; 52. Hindostan; 53. Turkey in Asia; 54. Islands between China and New Holland; 55. New South Wales; 56. Africa; 57. Countries round the North Pole; 58. Captain Cook's Discoveries. In 4to. Price 5 dollars, half bound.

**SHEET MAPS** of the **UNITED STATES** and of all the **STATES** and **TERRITORIES**, **SOUTH AMERICA**, Brazil, Chili, Peru, Caracas, &c. Price 75 cents each, coloured.

**SHEET MAPS** of **EUROPE**, **ASIA**, **AFRICA**, and the Kingdoms into which they are divided. Price 50 cents each, coloured.

**ATLAS MINIMUS**, or a new set of **POCKET MAPS** of various **EMPIRES**, **KINGDOMS**, and **STATES**, with Geographical extracts relative to each. Drawn and Engraved by J. GIBSON. In 18mo. Price 1 dollar, half bound.

**THE TRAVELLERS DIRECTORY**; or, a **POCKET COMPANION** shewing the course of the Main Road from Philadelphia to New York, and from Philadelphia to Washington, with descriptions of the places through which it passes, and the intersections of the cross roads. Illustrated with an account of such remarkable objects as are generally interesting to travellers. From actual survey. By S. S. MOORE and T. W. JONES.

Second Edition. In 8vo. Price 2 dollars, bound.

"The design and contents of this volume are fully expressed in the title page. The work is handsomely, and we believe, correctly executed. Every traveller on those roads will find it a useful and instructive companion. The plan of this directory is so judicious, that we hope the authors may find it for their interest to extend it to other parts of the United States.

*Amer. Rev. and Lit. Jour.*

## MISCELLANEOUS.

**HISTORY OF THE EARTH, AND ANIMATED NATURE.** By OLIVER GOLDSMITH. A new edition, with corrections and additions, By WILLIAM TURTON, M. D.

Fellow of the Linnean Society. In 4 vols. 8vo. with 57 plates.

(In the press, and will be published in July.)

**HISTORICAL MEMOIRS** of MY OWN TIME, from 1772, to 1784 By Sir NATHANIEL WILLIAM WRAXALL.

In 8vo. (In the press.)

**DR. RUSSEL'S HISTORY OF MODERN EUROPE**, continued down to the Treaty of Amiens in 1802.

By CHARLES COOTE, L. L. D.

The large annual impressions, which for more than thirty years were called for to supply the demand for this excellent Work in England, may be considered conclusive evidence of its merits in the public estimation. During the author's life time, each succeeding edition was improved by himself:—he lived to make it a perfect Compendium of Modern History, and has left it an honourable monument of his fame and talents.

This work contains A Brief View of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire. The Rise of Modern Kingdoms generally. A particular History of the French Monarchy. A particular History of Spain from the Dominion of



the Visigoths. Italy, with the rise and progress of the Temporal power of the Popes. Britain—from its relinquishment by the Romans. Ireland. The German Empire—from Charlemagne. The Empire of Constantinople—till its overthrow. Empire of the Arabs. Rise and progress of the Turks, and fall of the Greek Empire. History of Portugal. View of the Progress of Navigation. Conquests in the East and West Indies. Discovery of America, &c. History of Sweden, Denmark, Norway, Russia, Poland, and Prussia. North America—as connected with European History. The rise, progress, and termination of the Revolutionary War of this Country. The progress and immense aggrandizement of the British power in India. The Wars of the French Revolution till the Treaty of Amiens. A very comprehensive and highly useful Chronology.

Third American edition. In 5 vols. 8vo. Price 15 dollars, Bound.

MEMOIRS &c. of GENERAL MOREAU, with a fac 'simile of his last letter to his wife, and an engraved plan of the passage of the Rhine at Strasbourg. By JOHN PHILIPPART, Esq. author of "Memoirs of Bernadotte," &c. &c. In 8vo. Price 2 dollars, in boards.

"A faithful account is here given of the campaigns in Germany and Italy since 1794, as far as they relate to the operations of General Moreau; also, a detailed account of the siege of Kehl, and the movements immediately previous and subsequent to that event, from the celebrated work by General Dedon, published at Paris, and which is illustrated by a most correct map, describing every operation at the siege of Kehl, as well as the passage of the Rhine, effected by General Moreau in the environs of Strasbourg.

"These, and every other event, connected with the public and private life of General Moreau, the author has drawn together, and embodied with the utmost fidelity and circumspection." *Eur. Mag. March, 1814.*

NAVAL HISTORY of the UNITED STATES, from the commencement of the REVOLUTIONARY WAR. By THOMAS CLARK.

2nd. edition. In 2 vols. 12mo. Price 2 dollars, in boards.

THE OLIVE BRANCH; or, FAULTS ON BOTH SIDES, FEDERAL and DEMOCRATIC. A serious Appeal on the Necessity of mutual Forgiveness and Harmony. By M. CAREY.

Seventh edition, enlarged. In 8vo. Price 275 cents, handsomely bound.

"Faction is the madness of the many for the benefit of a few."

"Frenzied be the head—palsied be the hand—that attempts to destroy the union." *Gen. Eaton.*

"Truths would you teach—or save a sinking land;

"All fear—none aid you—and few understand." *Pope.*

"Every kingdom divided against itself, is brought to DESOLATION."

*Matt. xii. 25.*

"In dissensione nulla salus conspicitur." *Cæsar.*

"If we pay a proper regard to truth, we shall find it necessary not only to condemn our friends upon some occasions, and commend our enemies, but also to commend and condemn the same persons, as different circumstances may require; for it is not to be imagined, that those who are engaged in great affairs, should always be pursuing false or mistaken measures; so neither is it probable that their conduct can at all times be exempt from error." *Polybius.*

THE PARIS SPECTATOR; or, L'HERMITE DE LA CHAUSSEE D'ANTIN. Containing Observations upon PARISIAN MANNERS and CUSTOMS at the Commencement of the Nineteenth Century. Translated from the French, By WILLIAM JERDAN.

In 3 vols. 18mo. Price 225 cents. in Boards.

This lively and entertaining View of the State of Society in Paris, at the most eventful period of its annals, obtained great celebrity in that City, and

has been unanimously accorded a high rank among the periodical productions of French literature. The amusements, annoyances, pleasures, and discomforts of a Paris fashionable life, are sketched with a humorous and witty hand; nor has there ever issued from the press of that country, a more animated and close imitation of our own exquisite Spectator.

**ENGLAND'S ÆGIS; or the Military Energies of the Constitution.**

By JOHN CARTWRIGHT, Esq.

"There were in Israel eight hundred thousand valiant men that drew the sword; and the men of Judah were five hundred thousand." *Samuel.*

From the third London edition. (In the Press.)

**RULES AND REGULATIONS for the SWORD EXERCISE of the CAVALRY.** By JOHN HEWES.

With 28 plates. In 8vo. Price 250 cents, bound.

**INSTRUCTIONS FOR THE DRILL,** and the method of performing the Nineteen Manœuvres. By Lieut. JOHN RUSSELL.

With 33 plates. In 12mo. Price 125 cents, in boards.

**THE AMERICAN MISCELLANY.** Prose and verse. Original and Selected. In 2 vols. 12mo. Price 2 dollars, bound.

**AN ACADEMY FOR GROWN HORSEMEN.** Containing the completest Instructions for Walking, Trotting, Canter, Galloping, Stumbling, and Tumbling. By GEOFFREY GAMBADO, Esq. Riding Master, Master of the Horse, and Grand Equerry to the Doge of Venice.

Embellished with 12 Caricatures, from designs by Bunbury. In 12mo. Price 75 cents, in boards.

"To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus,

"And witch the world with noble Horsemanship."

"With great delight do we hail this satisfactory republication of a work originally published before our critical existence, but always the source of hearty merriment and gratification to us. The singular and truly original humour of the writing, and the unrivalled burlesque of the plates, have always made these books prime favourites, with all who had any relish for harmless wit and satire, by which no individual is hurt. *Brit. Crit.*

**THE MORAL MIRROR; or, a LOOKING GLASS for Sots, Parasites, Gluttons, Clowns, Praters, Time-Servers, Pretenders, Knaves, Knights of the post, Atheists, Zealots, Hypocrites, &c. &c. selected from the "Characters,"** by BUTLER. Author of Hudibras. In 24mo. Price 50 cents, half bound.

**CHESTERFIELD TRAVESTIE; or, SCHOOL FOR MODERN MANNERS.** With 6 Caricatures from Drawings by ROWLANDSON.

In 12mo. Price 63 cents, in boards.

**THE CRIMINAL RECORDER; or, an AWFUL BEACON to the RISING GENERATION** of both Sexes, erected by the arm of Justice to persuade them from the dreadful Miseries of Guilt. Collected from authentic documents, By A FRIEND OF MAN. With 6 Engravings.

In 12mo. Price 1 dollar, bound.

*Extract from the Preface.*

"The object of the editor of this volume, is to present to the heads of families in the United States, select and monitory stories of guilt and misery, in a form which may facilitate their precious labours in the domestic scene. The guardians, the directors, and the nearest friends of thoughtless childhood, and unreflecting youth may find, perhaps, that they cannot procure a more convenient auxiliary in the performance of those duties on which depend the peace of their families, and the reputation and happiness of the tender objects of their anxious care."



**THE HOUSE CARPENTER'S BOOK of PRICES**, and Rules for Measuring and Valuing all their different kinds of work.

In 12mo. Price 75 cents, half bound.

**THE IMMORTAL MENTOR**; or, **MAN'S UNERRING GUIDE** to a Healthy, Wealthy and Happy life. In 3 parts.

By **LEWIS CORNARO**, **Dr. FRANKLIN**, and **Dr. SCOTT**.

Reason's whose pleasure, all the joys of sense

Lie in three words—Health, Peace, and Competence,

Blest health consists with temperance alone,

And Peace, O Virtue! peace is all thy own.

*Pope.*

In 12mo. Price 1 dollar, bound.

**A SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY** through France and Italy.

By **LAWRENCE STELNE**.

With 6 Engravings. In 18mo. Price 63 cents, bound.

**FARRIERY IMPROVED**; or, a complete Treatise on the **ART OF FARRIERY**. Wherein are fully explained the Nature and Structure of that useful creature, a Horse; with the Diseases and accidents he is liable to; and the methods of cure. Exemplified by 10 elegant cuts, each the full figure of a Horse. Describing all the various parts of that noble animal.

By **HENRY BRACKEN M. D.**

In 18mo. Price 50 cents, half bound.

**REGULATIONS** for the **ORDER** and **DISCIPLINE** of the **TROOPS** of the **UNITED STATES**. By **BARON STEUBEN**.

With plates. Price 50 cents, half bound.

**PRECEDENTS** in the **OFFICE** of a **JUSTICE** of the **PEACE**.

By **COLLINSON READ, Esq.**

Foolscap 4to. Price 1 dollar, half bound.

**THE CLERKS' MAGAZINE** and **AMERICAN CONVEYANCER'S ASSISTANT**; being a collection adapted to the United States, of the most approved **Precedents** of **Affidavits**, **Agreements**, **Covenants**, **Assignments**, **Awards**, **Bargains** and **Sales**, **Bonds**, &c. &c. containing nearly double the number of such **Precedents**, usually inserted in similar publications.

By **HARRY TOULMIN**, Secretary of the State of Kentucky.

In 12mo. Price 1 dollar, bound.

**AMERICAN CHRONOLOGY**, from the **DISCOVERY** of the **WESTERN WORLD** till **May 3, 1813**. By **THOMAS CLARK**, Author of **Naval History** of the **United States**. In 24mo. Price 25 cents, in boards.

**VOYAGES** to **LILLIPUT** and **BROBDINGNAG**.

By **LEMUEL GULLIVER**.

In 18mo. with plates. Price 63 cents, half bound.

## DIVINITY.

### FAMILY BIBLES, QUARTO.

No.	<i>Coarse Paper, not lettered,</i>	
1.	Old and New Testaments,	\$ 3 75
2.	_____ and Psalms	4 00
3.	_____ and Apocrypha	4 25
4.	_____ Apocrypha and Psalms	4 50
	<i>Coarse Paper, lettered and filleted.</i>	
38.	Old and New Testaments, and Apocrypha	4 50
5.	_____ Apocrypha and 11 Plates	5 00
6.	_____ Apocrypha and 25 Plates	5 50
7.	_____ Apocrypha, 11 Plates, and Psalms	5 25

# DIVINITY.

9

15.	Old and New Testaments, Apocrypha and Concordance	5 25
16.	_____ and Concordance	4 75
19.	_____ Apocrypha, Concordance, 25 Plates, } and Ostervald's Notes }	7 00
32.	_____ Apocrypha and Psalms	4 75
33.	_____ Apocrypha, Concordance, and 25 Plates,	6 25
	<i>Common Paper filleted.</i>	
48.	Old and New Testaments,	4 25
49.	_____ and Apocrypha	4 75
	<i>Common Paper, lettered and filleted.</i>	
18.	Old and New Testaments,	4 50
17.	_____ Apocrypha, Concordance, 25 Maps and Plates	7 50
25.	_____ Apocrypha, Concordance, and 2 Maps	6 00
26.	_____ and Apocrypha	5 00
27.	_____ Apocrypha, Concordance, and 10 Maps	7 00
34.	_____ Apocrypha, Concordance, 10 Maps, and Psalms	7 25
44.	_____ Apocrypha, and 10 Plates	5 50
45.	_____ Apocrypha, 10 Plates and Psalms	5 75
46.	_____ Apocrypha, and 25 Plates	6 25
47.	_____ Apocrypha, 25 Plates and Psalms	6 50
	<i>Fine Paper.</i>	
8.	Old and New Testaments,	6 00
9.	_____ and Apocrypha	6 50
10.	_____ Apocrypha, Concordance, and 2 Maps	7 50
11.	_____ Apocrypha, Concordance, and 10 Maps	8 00
12.	_____ Apocrypha, Concordance, and 25 Plates	8 50
13.	_____ Apocrypha, Concordance, 25 Plates and Psalms	8 75
14.	_____ Apocrypha, Concordance, 25 Maps } and Plates, and Ostervald's Notes }	9 50
28.	_____ Apocrypha, Concordance, 2 Maps, and Psalms	7 75
29.	_____ Apocrypha, and Psalms	6 75
	<i>Superfine Paper, bound in sheep.</i>	
21.	Old and New Testaments, Apocrypha, Concordance, 25 Plates & Psalms	10 25
20.	_____ Apocrypha, Concordance, 25 Maps } and Plates, and Ostervald's Notes }	11 00
22.	_____ Apocrypha, Concordance, and 25 Plates	10 00
30.	_____ Apocrypha, Concordance, and 10 Maps	9 25
31.	_____ Apocrypha, Concordance, 10 Maps and Psalms	9 50
35.	_____ and Apocrypha	8 00
40.	_____ Apocrypha, Concordance, and 70 Plates	12 50
	<i>Superfine Paper, bound in Calf and Morocco.</i>	
23.	Old and New Testaments, Apocrypha, Concor. and 25 plates, plain calf	11 50
24.	_____ Morocco gilt	13 00
39.	_____ calf extra	13 00
41.	_____ Apocrypha, Concordance, and 70 plates, Morocco gilt	15 00
42.	_____ calf extra	15 00
43.	_____ calf extra, gilt edges	18 00
	<b>SCHOOL BIBLES</b> 12mo. <i>Coarse Paper.</i>	1 00
	_____ per doz.	9 00
	_____ with Psalms	1 15

SCHOOL BIBLES with psalms, per doz.	9 50
Fine paper, lettered	1 25
TESTAMENTS. <i>Course paper.</i>	38
per doz.	3 50
Fine paper	50

THE BEAUTIES OF CHRISTIANITY. By F. A. de CHATEAUBRIAND, author of Travels in Greece, Palestine, Atala, Rene, &c. &c. Translated from the French by F. SHOBERL. With Notes, and a Preface. By HENRY KETT, B. D.

Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford. In 1 vol. 8vo. Price 3 dollars, in boards.

FEMALE SCRIPTURE CHARACTERS; Exemplifying Female Virtues. By the author of "Beneficial Effects of the Christian Temper on Domestic Happiness." From the third London edition. In 12mo, Price, 1 dollar, in boards.

### DISCOURSES ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

By JEREMY TAYLOR, D. D.

Chaplain in Ordinary to King Charles the First, and late Lord Bishop of Down and Connor. In three volumes, 8vo.

Bishop Taylor was distinguished by the acutest penetration, the most solid judgment, the liveliest imagination, and the most profound learning. He has always been considered as the Shakspeare of Divines; and modern writers of acknowledged eminence have borne testimony to his extraordinary merits. He has lately received the eulogy of the learned Dr. Parr, in his celebrated Spital Sermon, and the highest praise of the distinguished Editor of the Edinburgh Review. There is a glowing fervour in his style, which renders highly interesting every subject he treats. He clothes the noblest sentiments in the most splendid and significant language; and from his various works may be extracted passages of a magnificence unequalled in the wide extent of English literature. His liberty of Prophesying, and his Holy Living and Dying, exhibit a piety the most practical and evangelical, and a charity and liberality of sentiment, wonderful, considering the times in which he lived, and which has united the admiration of every denomination of Christians.

Bishop Taylor's Sermons will be published, as soon as a sufficient number of Subscribers shall be obtained, in 3 vols. 8vo. on a handsome paper and type. Price to Subscribers, 2 dollars per volume in extra boards. After the work is published, the price will be considerably enhanced.

Subscriptions received by Messrs. WELLS & LILLY, Court Street, Boston, and M. CAREY, Philadelphia.

The SECOND JOURNAL of the Stated Preacher to the Hospital and Alms-house in the City of New York, for a part of the year of our Lord, 1813. With an appendix. In 12mo. Price 1 dollar, in boards.

"Benevolence from its nature, composes the mind, warms the heart, enlivens the whole frame, and lightens every feature of the countenance."

*Dr. Reid.*

"We have read, with peculiar gratification, Ely's First Journal, which breathes a spirit of ardent piety, and zeal for the salvation of sinners; and exhibits a picture, warm from life, of the consolatory influence of the religion of Jesus. Ely's Second Journal, which is now offered to the public, as a continuation of the First, we are persuaded will have the same excellent tendency. Both of these little volumes we most cordially recommend to the serious perusal of all Christian people, and wish them a most extensive circulation, as calculated to promote the best interests of the Church."

Philadelphia, Oct. 28, 1815.

SAMUEL B. WYLIE, A. M. Pastor of the Reformed Presbyterian Church in Philadelphia.



JAMES R. WILSON, A. M. Professor of the Learned Languages.

JACOB BRODHEAD, D. D. Pastor of the Reformed Dutch Church.

HENRY HOLCOMBE, D. D. Pastor of the First Baptist Church.

GEORGE BOURNE, Harrisonburg, Virginia.

GEORGE C. POTTS, A. M. Pastor of the 4th Presbyterian Church, Philadelphia.

PHILADELPHIA HARMONY; or, a Collection of Psalm Tunes, Hymns, and Anthems, selected by A. ADGATE. Together with the Rudiments of Music on a new and Improved Plan, by A. ADGATE, P. U. A. With an Improved mode of teaching Music, to facilitate the progress of a learner. By JOHN J. HUSBAND.

Price, 1 dollar, half bound.

SERMONS TO YOUNG WOMEN. 2 vols. in one.

By JAMES FORDYCE, D. D.

In 12mo. Price, 1 dollar, bound.

The DOWAY TESTAMENT. In 4to. with 11 plates. Price, 4 dollars, bound.

The PIOUS CHRISTIAN INSTRUCTED, in the nature and practice of the principal exercises of Piety used in the Catholic Church.

By BISHOP HAY.

In 12mo. Price, 1 dollar, bound.

The GARDEN OF THE SOUL; or, a manual of Spiritual Exercises and instructions for Christians, who living in the world, aspire to devotion. To which is added, Vespers for Sundays.

By RICHARD CHALLENOR, D. D.

4th American edition, improved. 18mo. Price on common paper, 75 cents; on fine paper, lettered, 1 dollar.

The VADE MECUM; or, Manual of select and necessary devotions. In 32mo. Price on coarse paper, 31 cents; on fine paper, with cuts, lettered, 50 cents.

THINK WELL ON'T; or, reflections on the Great Truths of the Christian Religion. For every day in the month.

By RICHARD CHALLENOR, D. D.

34th edition, In 18mo. Price 31 cents, bound.

An ABRIDGMENT of the CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE,  
By BISHOP HAY. In 18mo. Price 31 cents, bound.

JOURNEE DU CHRETIEN, Sanctifiee par la priere et la Meditation. Nouvelle edition, en Latin et en Francois augmentee de plusieurs prieres.

In 18mo. Price 75 cents, bound.

L'ANGE CONDUCTEUR dans la devotion chretienne, reduite en pratique en faveur des Ames Devotes; Par JAKUES GORET.

In 18mo. Price 113 cents, bound.

PETITES ETRENNES SPIRITUELLES, Contenant les prieres et offices, et la Messe, Latin—Francois. A L'usage universel.

In 32mo. with cuts, Price 44 cents, bound.

EXERCICIO QUOTIDIANO, Oraciones y devotiones para antes y despues de la Confesion, y Sagrada Comunion.

In 24mo. Price 63 cents, bound.

## MEDICINE, SURGERY AND CHEMISTRY.

MEDICAL INQUIRIES and OBSERVATIONS,

By BENJAMIN RUSH, M. D.

4th edition, In 2 vols. 8vo. Price 6 dollars, bound.

**LECTURES ON THE ELEMENTS OF CHEMISTRY**, delivered in the University of Edinburgh. By the late JOHN BLACK, M. D. Professor of Chemistry in that University, Physician to his Majesty, for Scotland, &c. &c. Published from his manuscripts, by JOHN ROBINSON, L. L. D. Professor of Natural Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh. In 3 vols. 8vo. with plates. Price 8 dollars, bound.

**A DICTIONARY OF PRACTICAL SURGERY**, containing a complete exhibition of the present state of the PRINCIPLES and PRACTICE OF SURGERY, collected from the best and most original sources of information; and illustrated by Critical Remarks, By SAMUEL COOPER, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons, and author of the "First Lines of the Practice of Surgery." With notes and additions,

By JOHN SYNG DORSEY, M. D.

Adjunct professor of Surgery in the University of Pennsylvania.

Second American edition. In 2 vols. 8vo. Price 7 dollars, bound.

**THE STUDENTS' CHEMICAL POCKET COMPANION.**

By WILLIAM S. JACOBS, M. D.

In 12mo. Price 88 cents, bound.

## POETRY.

**BALLAD ROMANCES**, and other POEMS.

By Miss ANNA MARIA PORTER,

Author of "Recluse of Norway," Hungarian Brothers," &c. &c.

(In the press.)

"We are much mistaken if Miss Porter's Readers do not agree with us, in commending her muse." *Eur. Mag.* 1813.

"This very pleasing little volume is strongly recommended by the easy simplicity of its verses, and their perfectly moral tendency.

*Gen. Mag.* 1813.

**THE PARADISE OF COQUETTES**; a Poem, in 9 parts. In 18mo Price 1 dollar, in boards.

"His incontestable merits, and the assiduous care which he has bestowed upon the poem, deserve the warmest praise." *Quar. Rev.* Oct. 1814.

"We have here a little volume which may be fairly regarded as a prodigy in this age of quarto ballads, romances, heroics, and sentimental simplicity. It is by far the best and most brilliant imitation of Pope, that has appeared since the time of that great writer; with all his point, polish, and nicely balanced versification, as well as his sarcasm and witty malice. He is always at home,—always lively and entertaining.

"His satire is polished, and yet pungent.

"His versification, in particular, is almost invariably flowing and harmonious." *Edin. Rev.* Feb. 1815.

**IRISH MELODIES**, By THOMAS MOORE, Esq.

In 18mo. Price 75 cents, in Boards.

Vol. III. of COWPER'S POEMS; containing his Posthumous Poetry, and a Sketch of his Life. By his kinsman, JOHN JOHNSON, L. L. D. Rector of Yaxham with Welbourne in Norfolk.

His virtues formed the magic of his song. *Cowper's Epitaph.*

In 24mo. Price 1 dollar, in Boards.

**The MISSIONARY**; a Poem. By W. L. BOWLES.

In 18mo. Price 75 cents, in Boards.

"Absolutely, this is one of the sweetest little poems that we remember to have lately perused."

"The story is founded on the defeat of a Spanish general, and the destruction of his army in Chili, in the early part of the sixteenth century, by the hardy and never thoroughly-subdued inhabitants of that wild and sequestered region." *Crit. Rev.* Aug. 1815.



THIS DAY IS PUBLISHED,

BY M. CAREY,

(Price One Dollar in boards.)

The Heart and the Fancy,

OR

VALSINORE.

A TALE.

BY MISS BENDER.

"Miss Bender may be said to be a writer of no ordinary class, since her work contains beautiful sentiments, and flashes of real genius. Many of the characters are new; the narrative of Cornelius is very touching; and the whole promises to charm the heart, and captivate the fancy, of many readers." *Mon. Rev.*

"We ever experience a degree of satisfaction, in perusing a Novel, which has for its basis the recommendation of those qualities of the mind, that are calculated to expand the soul of the reader and prompt it to deeds of philanthropy and benevolence. Such is the Novel now before us; and with views like these, it is impossible the Authoress should fail of success, where virtue and charity are systematically cultivated, and more especially as the work contains a considerable portion of interest, contained in easy and elegant language."

*Gentlemen's Magazine, Vol. 83, page 161.*

THIS DAY IS PUBLISHED,

By M. Carey,

(Price Two Dollars in boards,)

VARIETIES OF LIFE;  
OR,  
Conduct and Consequences.

A NOVEL, IN TWO VOLUMES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SKETCHES OF CHARACTER."

"If I give speeches and conversations, I ought to give them justly; for the *humours* and *characters* of persons cannot be known, unless I repeat what they say, and their *manner* of saying."  
Richardson.

"We turn with all the elasticity of awakened hope to a second production of the pen of that lively and accurate observer, the Author of "Sketches of Character," a work which has obtained a well-deserved popularity, and is perpetually recurring to the recollection of every person, who, possessing a miscellaneous acquaintance, is in the slightest degree gifted with a talent for the Comedy of Real Life. It is really difficult to imagine how such very dissimilar walks of life, as are depicted in these pages (*Varieties of Life*) can possibly be familiar to one and the same person. From that *gentility* of blood, mind, and manners, in the Ponsonbys, which looks down upon the glare, frivolity and dash of mere fashion, &c. down to the gossip and slang of abigails and valets, all is in its place, all is true to nature."

Angustan Review, Oct. 1815.



THE HEART AND THE FANCY,

OR,

VALSINORE.

*A TALE.*

---

BY MISS BENDER.

---

*PHILADELPHIA:*

PUBLISHED BY M. CAREY, No. 121, CHESNUT STREET,  
AND WELLS & LILLY, BOSTON.

---

1816.

20

## PREFACE.

IN the following Tale, the scenes undoubtedly refer to some period prior to that state of warfare which has so long prevailed in Europe : but to one which is evidently not far remote from our own times. The principal personage belongs decidedly to the present age : his sentiments have been imbibed from our friends and compatriots ; his virtues are exemplified by our living cotemporaries ; and we have lately witnessed the triumph of his philanthropic principles.

Valsinore is no chimera of a romantic imagination ; his story may be fictitious ; but his character, divested of the singularity which might have attached to it half a century ago, is no longer even of the novel cast. Such a being is not only of our age, but our people ; his prototypes are discovered in that country where the progress of civilization is still attested by the diffusion of truth and benevolence ; by respect for the noblest prerogatives of human nature, and for the best and dearest interest of mankind.

A





# VALSINORE.

## CHAPTER I.

THE curate of Beachdale was taking his usual morning walk through the shrubbery, so completely absorbed in meditations on his beloved plants, that he heard not the shrill voice behind, exclaiming, Valsinore! Valsinore! the mystery must be one day discovered! He quietly pursued his steps to the green-house, and was most affectionately greeting a new-blown *Hydrangia*, when Celia Gladwin came running towards him, almost breathless with haste and perturbation, and at last touching his shoulder, cried, "So, Mr. Bruce, you have not kept your word; you have not yet revealed to Herbert Altamont his obligations to that unknown benefactor." The good curate, who would have been seriously alarmed by such symptoms of inquietude in any other person, coolly turned round, and confessed the truth, that he had broken his word, because he forgot to keep it. "You must forget no more," returned his female complainant; and then drawing up her long, lean neck, and raising her arm to the configuration of the handle of a tea-urn, she began to speak, whilst Mr. Bruce fully prepared for the theatrical exhibition, picked off the dead leaves from a *Fuscia*, and appeared to listen with attention.

The Celia in question resembled not the Celias of poetry and romance; she had reached the stand-still of life, and was not unwilling to assume that matronly title of *Mrs.* which is sometimes permitted to attest the triumphs of spinstership; but however ready she might be to disclaim pretensions to juvenility, it was impossible to

discover in her the marks of approaching age ; she retained all the elasticity of youth or even of childhood. No girl of fifteen had more vivid impressions, no boy more energetic impulses, more rapid movements. Rather ardent than tender, she was seldom seen to weep from pity, but often to skip with gladness. Sorrow was no inmate of her bosom, for of hope and credulity she had a fund inexhaustible, and to suspicious or selfishness was wholly a stranger. Her actions inspired admiration ; yet was it difficult to see her, and not to smile at her expence ; for to a tall, lank figure, and a dark, homely visage, to a person in which Time was baulked of his spoils by the original penury of nature, she added that picturesque style of dress, equally distant from precision and elegance, and which at once offends the grave, and diverts the gay.

Yet was Celia ever brooding on visions of celestial beauty, for the basis of her character was romance ; she delighted to trace the progress of mutual sentiment, and had cases and precedents without number concerning the tender passion. Her own heart had once been eminently susceptible of *fancy*, if not of love ; but her chagrins had never been deep or permanent, and so quickly did one dream efface another, that she was now persuaded she had never really suffered but for one object, the father of Herbert Altamont ; and it was probably this circumstance which really prompted her to take so warm an interest in his future destiny. Of late, indeed, her speculations had assumed a higher cast : she talked and thought of the Roman senate, and the House of Commons ; of patricians and peers ; of the forum and the bar ; but all with some mysterious reference to Herbert ; and a secret being almost as necessary to her happiness as an idol, she had idioms and gestures of her own to indicate the most common occurrence. With this vocabulary her intimate friends were so perfectly familiar, that when Mr. Bruce saw her enter the green-house with such theatrical agitation, he expected only a repetition of the emphatic phrases to which he had been long accustomed to listen with indulgent complacency : “ Mr.

Bruce, the Ides are approaching, it is time to make the essay on Herbert's character, I see his father's spirit in him; his father was formed to win all hearts, and charm all eyes. Descended from one of the noblest houses in Ireland, he spent his little patrimony with the liberality of his nation and his temper; but in nothing that disgraced him." "I dare say not," said Mr. Bruce, who, perceiving an insect about to settle on the petals of his *Hydrangia*, took out his microscope, and began to examine it. "Oh! he was gallant as Alcibiades, and generous as Cyrus; he was the only man I ever saw who did not lose dignity in walking a minuet. I always called him my Grandison, and he perhaps thought me his Clementina. Ah! first impressions are indelible, never, never to be erased."

"I hope not always so, Miss Gladwin." "Why I do not mean to make a rule without exception: for I believe Altamont's widow loves you as much as if you had been her first husband. Well, characters differ; my badge is constancy, I shall always cherish Herbert for his father's sake; and therefore, Mr. Bruce, I do solemnly conjure you to reveal to him this very day, the mysterious benefaction of Valsinore." "That is surely his mother's concern, he certainly is now of an age to choose a profession." "A profession! would you condemn him to the sorry drudgery of a profession? No, let him go to college with Edward Vallancy." "Admitted: but let this be done with some specific object." "His object," retorted Celia, jerking her elbow with a vehemency that alarmed Mr. Bruce for the glass window, "his object must be honor, his goal, glory. Why don't you see his transcendent talents? don't you know how superior he is to your pupil Vallancy?" "They are different, but perhaps not unequal." "Not unequal! this is all modesty. You disparage Herbert, because he is your wife's son, and extol Vallancy, because he is the grandson of Lord Marmiton." "No, Miss Gladwin, no human being can impute to me such flattery; this is the first and last connexion I have ever formed with the great, and I am, you know, indebted for it to the re-



commendation of Mr. De Lille, who was willing, in this way, to requite my wife's kindness, in giving protection to his daughter Cordelia."

"Aye, that De Lille is an Apollo." "Surely," retorted Mr. Bruce, in whom the insinuation against his independence had inspired unwonted energy, "surely he is but a Mercury." "Why he is not so grand a creature as my Altamont; Herbert resembles him, and Herbert will be, must be a great man. I see genius in his eyes; I discover talents in his translations; and he certainly construes Cicero, or Demosthenes, with more spirit than any other person I have ever known. I foresee he will be the first orator in the house." "My dear Miss Gladwin, how unlikely it is that Herbert should ever sit in Parliament. You know the provision made by Valsinore is not large; my income expires with me; and should I ever be so happy as to return to Switzerland, I should not be able to dispose of my property in that country in his favor. The best lesson, therefore, I can give to Herbert, is moderation and diligence. By pursuing a profession, he may make himself happy and respectable; without it, he must either languish in obscurity, or crouch to dependance." "Well, well, keep but your word; let the *eseritoir* be produced this night, let the letter be read, let him learn to venerate the name of Valsinore." "With all my heart," said Mr. Bruce, "I will persuade my wife to perform this task, which, perhaps, as you say, has been too long delayed."

Here, finding by his watch that he had exceeded his usual time for going to his pupils, he tenderly stroked a *Mimosa*, and turned into one path, whilst Celia, to allay the tumultuous sensations the conference had excited, darted through another, overturning with the train of her gown a beautiful myrtle, just opening its delicate white blossoms, the sight of which might have discomposed even Mr. Bruce, who, having spent his childhood in Switzerland, of which his mother was a native, had imbibed in its romantic scenery an ardent passion for the beauties of nature; and though married to an amiable woman, was disposed to consider flowers as the loveliest, if not the best, part of the creation.



Impressed with respect for the real, substantial virtues of Miss Gladwin, he looked with tender indulgence on her extravagance, and never suffered his orderly muscles to be discomposed by her oddity to indecorous risibility. Although at first sight this singular being had the air of a recluse, she had lived in the world, and, being genteelly connected, was admitted with her small stipend to what is called the best society. Many a fashionable lady welcomed her to the toilette, who would not have been seen with the ill-dressed creature in public for all the world. She had correspondents by dozens, from whom she received long and tender epistles, in which she was addressed as the "best and dearest Celia;" the "one and only beloved." Sometimes, indeed, on her visits to these professing friends, she was struck with the disparity in their letters and their looks: but then, the recollection of some tender parting came opportunely to console her for the frigid meeting. Enthusiasm was transferred from the present to the absent; and still revolving in one circle of amiable egotism, her dream of life, like the shifting sands in the hour glass, changed its position, but not its course. For the last eight years, and almost from the commencement of her acquaintance with the afflicted relict of her cherished *first love*, all other confidants and correspondents had been secondary objects of interest; her *heart*, and even her *fancy*, seemed stationary at Beachdale. Nor did her friendship vary, when Mrs. Altamont consented to become the wife of the amiable Mr. Bruce; and since that event she had regularly spent some months of every summer at the vicarage, where she caught the spirit of her classical circle with child-like docility, and learnt to talk of the heroes of Greece and Rome with as much fluency as of Lovelace and Sir Charles Grandison. This pedantry flowed from sympathy, and like every thing in her character, was blended with romance; even her benevolence partook of this mixture; and after having diligently assisted Mrs. Bruce, in working for the poor, and comforting the afflicted, she found her recompence in imagining some state of society in which no misery should exist.

If ever there was a scene congenial to such Utopian visions, it was to be found in Mr. Bruce's study : the world was there excluded, and peace and concord reigned within. It was a scene of quiet, home-bred happiness, supplying a regular succession of cheap, salubrious pleasures. The room opened on a lawn, on which the syringa and rose acacia now intermingled their luxurious blossom. The lawn sloped towards delicious fields. A lofty amphitheatre of hanging woods rose on the other side, concealing in its first ascent the ambitious hill, whose summit bounded the horizon.

It was a sweet pastoral landscape, and never was wisdom presented under a more engaging form, than in this happy academy ; where, in his own domestic circle, Mr. Bruce almost forgot the Lake of Geneva, and the enchanting scenery of Lausanne. His two pupils, Herbert Altamont and Edward Vallaney, had each his classical pursuit. At her work table appears Mrs. Bruce, alternately occupied with her needle or her book, often casting an affectionate glance on her son, or exchanging a few friendly words with her ever-approved and approving husband. Near her sits Cordelia, the youngest of the group, now verging on thirteen, who has for some years been Herbert's *pupil*, and cheerfully pursues her allotted task, but always suspends her diligence when she hears the voice of her preceptor. It was the privilege of this little community, that though each had his independent pursuit, none was insulated from the rest ; there was no solitary interest, no undivided pleasure. When Mr. Bruce and his young friends dwelt with delight on some splendid classical passage, Mrs. Bruce, in noticing the expression of each animated countenance, had her share, and perhaps the largest share of the enjoyment.

Another privilege belonging to this social academy, was its perfect exemption from Pythagorean discipline. Even in the hours of study, no other laws and limitations were imposed on the liberty of speech, than those which good sense and good breeding dictated. In a larger circle such liberality might have proved pernicious ; but here, in this family of harmony and love, it

produced only that flow of cheerfulness, which is the purest source of benevolence ; and improvement was not really impeded, though gaiety and good humour were essentially promoted, by occasional digressions from books to the observations they suggested. Herbert was sparing in his use of this privilege ; but to Vallaney, it formed the first blessing of existence. Lively and desultory, he fluttered from page to page with such volatile rapidity, that he would seem to have tasted no beauties, when he had in reality extracted all. He had a strong relish for humour, and a most poignant sense of ridicule ; but this morning he was so unusually serious, that not even the entrance of Celia Gladwin excited his spirits. He had now entered on the last week of his residence at Beachdale ; and though by the sudden death of his elder brother, on whom he conceived both his mother and grandfather to have lavished undue partiality, he was himself put in possession of the rank and consideration he had formerly envied, he could not without regret relinquish his accustomed place in the friendly circle, where his heart had been first awakened by kindness to gratitude and sympathy.

It had been the intention of Lord Marmiton, who, on his son's death, had taken upon him the guardianship of his grandsons, that both Edward Vallaney and his brother, till they arrived at a proper age to be sent to college, should receive under his own eye a domestic education. Mr. De Lille, a gentleman who had been formerly useful to His Lordship in a diplomatic undertaking, was the person to whom he entrusted the care of their tuition. It was however soon suggested by this gentleman, that a separation between the brothers was absolutely necessary to their future welfare ; and it was owing to his interference, that Edward was sent to Beachdale, in whose amiable domestic circle he forgot to be perverse, and found no temptation to be angry, His literary progress corresponded with his moral improvements. Originally designed for the church, it was thought necessary to make him a scholar ; but now that his destination was changed, it was Lord Marmi-

ton's earnest wish that he should be ushered into society more conversant with the world. A few years ago Val-lancey would have hailed with rapture the approach of liberty; but now he was serious and Herbert almost dejected; for he had not only to endure the loss of his friend's society, but to struggle with his own eagerness to accompany him to college, to silence the whispers of ambition, and calm the ardent, aspiring soul that now languished at the name of tranquility.

Nor was even Cordelia without her cares; since Herbert, who, in common with all juvenile masters, was apt to be somewhat rigorous in his exactions, had lately taxed her with want of memory and attention, protesting his astonishment, that she, who had heard so much and so long of Grecian and Roman history, should yet know it so little. The timid girl, who, whatever repugnance she might occasionally discover to the requisitions of Mrs. Bruce, to him, at least, was ever loyal and obedient; after shedding some bitter tears, unseen, unnoticed, resolved to repel the charge, heroically resumed her studies, read by stealth, and with such ardour, that she almost fancied she had known the heroes of Marathon and Thermopylæ. She commented on what she had read, and, inspired by a mind superior to her own, soon produced a comparison between the patriots of Greece and Rome, which would not have disgraced her severe preceptor. This task atchieved, there yet remained another, of far greater difficulty—in what manner to present to his eye, for whom alone it was written, the honorable record of her diligence and docility. And now, how many plans were suggested and rejected; how many questions canvassed and dismissed; how many thoughts and feelings, till then unknown, were complicated in this first secret, and were harboured in her innocent bosom. To give it to him, might appear too bold; to slip it into his desk, too cunning; she fears not his censure, but feels she could not bear the cold, unthankful silence; or, bitterer still, the faint, forced praise. Already, on this delicate point, she has acquired a new faculty of discrimination, that



sense of dignity shrinking from intrusion, that pride mingled with humility, which asserts itself by gentleness and forbearance; that tender, timid consciousness, so sensitive to alarm, so jealous of reproach, which belongs exclusively to the female soul. The result of all her long deliberation, was to hide her performance in Mrs. Bruce's work-basket, leaving to chance alone to make the momentous disclosure.

Miss Gladwin, had also ample subject for reflection, in the expected communication. She took up the newspaper, but in reading the debates, at every animated speech, was ready to exclaim, "And such shall be Altamont!" Nor was she satisfied with adjudging to him the prize of senatorial eloquence. In FANCY she had long since burthened him with the oppressive charge of the budget; and being led by this reflection, to speculate on future blessings to be derived from his administration, she exclaimed, involuntarily, "What a consolation it would be to see the national debt paid off?"\* "For which," cried Vallancy, you require nothing more than the philosopher's stone!" "O yes," said Celia, who always overlooked raillery in her zeal for argument, "we require a patriot king, and an immaculate ministry." "Dear Madam, do you require only this? You believe then in the transmigration of souls." "Who, I, believe in any article not to be found in the church of England?" "You admit the existence of apparitions and dæmons." "Who, I? what do you take me for? I have no such absurdity." "You at least reverence the miraculous head of Januarius?" "Nonsense, Vallancy; what has the head of Januarius to do with Altamont's being Prime Minister?" "Altamont! and is it from him you expect a greater miracle than was ever wrought by all the saints of the calendar?"

Celia was preparing to demand an explanation, when an incident occurred which completely deranged the argument.

\* The observation of Celia will not appear so extravagant when it is known that it was made prior to the French revolution.

## CHAPTER II.

THE village of Beachdale was at some distance from any public road, and the white walls of the vicarage were so completely sequestered, that it was possible to spend in them the longest summer's-day, without being once reminded of the busy, turbulent world. What then was the surprise of its amiable inhabitants, when a chariot and four was deseried, heavily rolling over the green sward which impeded its progress, through the long winding lane, leading to the house. In one instant the family were all in motion. Even the sedate Mr. Bruce put down his folio, and took up his pocket telescope; and Celia herself was in such suspense, that for two minutes she stood still, and looked like other people. Conjecture was now ended; for the carriage stopped, and the person alighting from it was no other than Mr. De Lille, the father of Cordelia. He was instantly surrounded by the whole family, all offering the most cordial welcome. But De Lille was evidently impatient of every impediment to his mission; and after paying his compliments to all, and most obsequiously to Vallancy, he abruptly announced the object of his visit, which was to take back his Cordelia. At the same time he assured Vallancy that both his mother and Lord Marmiton were perfectly well, and expecting to see him in his way to college.

The tears started to Cordelia's eyes, which had been radiant with joy at her father's approach. To soften her regret, De Lille assured her she should return in a few weeks to Beachdale. "But surely," cried Mrs. Bruce, "you will not leave us to day." He was extremely sorry, it was very unfortunate, but it was absolutely necessary he should tear himself away. Here again his fine eyes were cast down, whilst a conscious smile of exultation stole over his countenance. But perceiving his daughter's dejection, he pinched her cheek, and pro-

mised not to detain her more than one fortnight : adding “ I have a thousand things to say to you.” Her eyes brightened at this assurance, but still her heart was heavy ; and though when felicitated by her friends on her approaching excursion, she tried to smile, she felt so much more inclined to weep, that she was glad to steal out of the room, softly murmuring to herself, “ Had it been but to-morrow, I should then perhaps for *once* have pleased Herbert.” And for that once, that all-precious moment, even fancy could suggest no equivalent. The heart is too tenacious to accept a compromise. De Lille, after glancing from one to the other, with a mysterious air, addressing Mrs. Gladwin, professed to have some commission with which to intrust her : and she, enchanted with any thing in the shape of a secret, instantly arose, and with great complacency permitted him to conduct her to an arbor in the garden. Val-laney followed them with his eyes ; and when he observed Celia's energetic gesticulation, and saw by the violent motion of her muscles, that she was in rapturous amazement, he exclaimed, “ If David Hartley had known thee, I should not have wondered at his theory of thoughts and vibration.” De Lille was in every respect the pupil of the graces, and strikingly exemplified the remark of Lord Chesterfield, that superficial elegance almost invariably extorts success before solid unattractive merit. Mr. Bruce was a man of sound learning, of correct taste, of strict piety, and unblemished reputation ; but his manners were cold and reserved, and though generally esteemed, it was necessary that he should be intimately known to be loved. A moderate competence had been the boundary of his ambition, and he seemed destined to live and die in quiet obscurity.

De Lille, with scarcely any advantage other than a captivating exterior, though originally without fortune or connexions, had shaped his way to something like distinction. In early life he had won the affections of a lovely girl of family, who for his sake incurred the parental malediction, and was renounced by all her connexions.

She possessed some fortune independent of her father, of which De Lille was put into possession, but which was soon dissipated in fashionable follies. Reduced to indigence, he was happily recommended as private secretary to Lord Marmiton, who was then going abroad in a diplomatic capacity. To this polite nobleman, De Lille was fortunate enough to render some essential services, and on his return to England was invited by him to superintend the education of his two grandsons, till he should be able to procure him a situation more worthy of his talents. De Lille contrived to render this office a sinecure, by getting rid of the younger Vallancey, whose brilliant capacity was but too formidable to a man of his moderate attainments. Here therefore he lived at ease, flattered and carressed by Lord Marmiton, who was happy to discover so cheap a mode of compensating former services, and trusted and courted by the mother of his pupil, who commonly resided with her father-in-law, under his immediate protection.

In the meantime, the unhappy wife of De Lille died, withering in her bloom at Beachdale, to which she had retired for cheapness and privacy; and with her last breath implored Mrs. Bruce to take her little Cordelia under her maternal care. Mrs. Bruce had so well performed her promise, that Cordelia scarcely felt the loss of either parent; she had indeed sometimes seen her father for a few days, and in common with every body else, thought him the handsomest man in the world: but it was not possible, during such transient interviews, to inspire all the filial love of which her nature was capable, and little could it occasion surprise, that she was alarmed by any intimation of being removed from the vicarage. It was the first time such a requisition had ever been made, and Mrs. Bruce had a painful surmise that the separation was intended to be final; she therefore awaited with some impatience the conclusion of the conference between De Lille and Miss Gladwin. When they at length returned, exultation was still more strongly imprinted in his countenance; Celia's eye sparkled with pleasure, and most unusually the crimson min-



gled with the yellow in her sun-burnt cheeks. "Surely," whispers Vallancy to Mrs. Bruce. "he has made love to her." Mrs. Bruce was in no humour to relish the pleasantry, and never was any surmise more invidious. Celia was the egotist of fancy, but her heart was pure from selfish feelings: nature had stamp'd on it an honorable singularity, for generosity and eccentricity. A disinterested being is seldom understood and appreciated.

Cordelia now throwing her arms around Mrs. Bruce's neck, spoke not, lest she should sob aloud: her friend, equally affected, pressed her to her bosom in silence; the agitated girl, spreading her hands over her face, and not daring to look back, was passively conducted by her father to the carriage.

"Very strange," cried Vallancy, "that my mother should not have written by him, and stranger still, that he should have come to day, when, had he waited till next week, we might have gone together."

"De Lille has acted with the utmost delicacy," said Celia, "he has left a letter from your mother, which he would not produce lest he should distress you; and he has taken away his daughter, lest the sight of her should offend you."

"Offend me! how can I be offended by Cordelia?"

"You may happen to be displeased with her father without a cause; for was he bound to sacrifice his own happiness, and that of a being dearer than existence? No! no! there are limitations to sacrifice."

"Of what sacrifice are you speaking?" "He has shewn his disinterested regard, since her jointure cannot be touched, and the remainder of her fortune he reserves only to the chance of survivorship."

"For heaven's sake, of what are you speaking?"

"You must exert your magnanimity; he is married to your mother."

"Married to my mother! impossible!" "It is true."

"What, the honorable Mrs. Vallancy, the sister of Baron Rouvigny, the discreet, prudent widow, who has lived in such strict retirement!"

"And that was the very reason. For one instance of

love in town, there are known ten in the country ;—then they livid in the same house, and love is all fatality.”  
“ Pray, Madam, let me hear no more of fatalities. I do not believe it.”

“ There’s your mother’s letter, then ; will you admit such evidence ?”

Vallancy tore it open, and discovering by the signature, that what he had heard was true, threw it down indignantly, exclaiming, “ Married ! and within two months of my brother’s death !”

“ A most unjust aspersion,” replied Celia, they were privately united two months before.”

“ What, steal a match too ! Worse and worse, the very climax of degradation ! and does my grandfather sanction this union ?”

“ Assuredly,—he has set you a noble lesson of moderation and magnanimity.”

“ Oh, spare me the eulogium of Lord Marmiton’s *magnanimity* ! As well might you celebrate my mother’s delicacy and propriety. No, if his Lordship chooses to harbor a paramour and a seducer, I shall not trouble him with my presence.”

“ Well, sir, that obstacle will soon be removed ; your mother and Mr. De Lille are going abroad.”

“ Oh, I am glad of it, I rejoice that they can yet feel ashamed.”

“ And is my sweet Cordelia to go with them ?” said Mrs. Bruce.

“ I believe so,” replied Miss Gladwin, “ but don’t grieve, she will be happy with Adela.”

“ Oh, that was my brother’s intended. Miss Rouvigny’s fortune was to have been kept in the family. I well know my mother’s motive for taking charge of her education ; she has at least afforded her a warning, if not an example.”

“ She may be your bride, perhaps,” said Celia, willing to soften his indignation.

“ My bride ! never ; may I perish if I ever take a girl who has been brought up under Mrs. De Lille’s aus-

pieces. As to Lord Marmiton, he must act as he thinks proper, but for myself, I never"—

Here Mr. Bruce entreated him to be calm. Mrs. Bruce wept. Herbert looked his feelings. Vallancy was so much touched by this commiseration, that, checking his violence, he only said; "Leave me to myself, I will endeavor to master the folly. I am not now fit for society." With these words he rushed out of the room, and retired to his own apartment.

Mrs. Bruce could not restrain her tears, at the idea that she had finally parted from Cordelia; and Celia, willing to divert her thoughts from the principal subject, reminded Mr. Bruce of the promised communication. He looked at his wife, as if he feared to afflict her, but she readily assented to the request; and whilst she left the room to fetch the *eseritoir* containing the manuscripts, her husband perceiving the surprise in Herbert's countenance, thus addressed him: "You are not ignorant that your father, Captain Altamont, was several years in America, where he married your mother, at that time in the bloom of youth. He returned to Europe previous to the commencement of hostilities between Great Britain and the Colonies: and that he might not serve against a people for whom he felt paternal affection, he sold his commission, and leaving his wife at Beachdale, adventured in an expedition to one of the new settlements, with the hope of soon realizing an ample fortune. Of the events which happened after his embarkation, it remains for your mother to inform you; and she will at the same time explain what our friend Miss Gladwin means by the mysterious benefactor." At this moment Mrs. Bruce returned; when her husband, having, as he hoped, facilitated her destined task, with that innate delicacy which nature frequently denies, and which education can never fully supply, quickly withdrew, unwilling to embarrass the expression of those feelings, which the recital must call up in the heart of his beloved wife.

Mrs. Bruce then produced her *eseritoir*, from which she took out a pocket-book inscribed with the name of

*Valsinore.* "In this pocket-book, Herbert, you will find a little narrative of our misfortunes, which, had it pleased heaven to take me during your childhood, was to have served for a memorial of our unexpected deliverance." Here Mrs. Bruce appearing affected, Celia offered to read the letter; and almost tearing the paper in her eagerness to favor Herbert with its contents, began as follows:

"My dear son, I have been in great and overwhelming affliction, of which you, the innocent witness, were happily too young to partake. Lest the hand of death should snatch from you your only remaining parent, she submits to paper, for your future information, the events which saddened the morning of your existence. I arrived in England with my husband, and for some months enjoyed perfect felicity. Hostilities now commenced with America; and your father, though fondly attached to military distinction, renounced all hopes of preferment by the disposal of his commission, which he was sensible he could not keep without serving against my native country.

An expedition of a commercial nature was at that time planned for the New Settlements, and my husband, but too zealous for my welfare, and that of his child, resolved to engage in it with the greater part of his property, not doubting but that he should soon return to me with affluence at his disposal.

Previous to his departure, he placed me in this quiet cottage, leaving in his agent's hands a considerable sum for my use. His temper was so sanguine, his heart so generous, that he seemed insensible to every thing but my comfort and security. When we parted, he promised to return in fifteen months; and though tears were stealing from his eyes, there was the smile of hope on his lips. I know not how I endured the separation. I mourned over him as if he had been already dead, till his first letter arrived; and when I saw his writing, and recalled his words, I seemed once more to live under his protection. But I was soon forced from our pleasant re-



treat, by the failure of the agent in whose hands he had placed the money destined for my support.

On this unexpected intelligence, I hastened to London, though totally ignorant of the forms of business, where I learnt that this base man had appropriated to his own emolument the money with which he should have ensured my husband's life and property; that he had absconded with the greater part of his effects, and was now sheltered from justice in a foreign country. Whilst I was still lingering in the metropolis, unwilling to communicate such intelligence to my absent husband, a dreadful rumor reached me, that the ship in which he had sailed was wrecked, and that all had perished. It may appear strange to you that I, who had before desponded, now resisted despair; that I clung even to doubt and suspense, with obstinate unbelief. But too soon the confirmation came of this fatal news, which rendered me the most desolate of human beings. I was left without money in a land of strangers; of your father's relations I knew nothing, but that he had renounced them; of his friends as little, for they had been estranged by his long absence. In the great metropolis I could scarcely challenge a single acquaintance. I was precluded from the provision to which, as an officer's widow, I should have been entitled, by the sale of my husband's commission. The agent's fraud had intercepted whatever benefit I might have derived from other resources. I had no means of returning to my native country, and had I even been transported thither, I should have found no home. My family were all scattered, many had perished, and the survivors were drawn to the Back Settlements.

“ By the disposal of my few valuables, I raised a small sum, very inadequate to our future subsistence. In a few months I became experienced in penury and misery, and having no other resource, took in plain work; in which I persisted, till I became afflicted with a numbness in my joints, which rendered me incapable of that exertion. Then, indeed, I saw no help under heaven, and often did I say, I shall see my child perish

in a land of strangers. We were lodged in a garret, whose smoke-stained walls were less disgusting than the squalid looks and coarse brutal manners of my landlady and her other inmates. Often, when no longer able to employ my hands in industry, have I stolen forth with you, dearest Herbert, happy to escape awhile from my loathsome quarters, by going to any church or meeting in the neighborhood. How reluctantly did I quit those sacred walls, where I was at least sheltered from wanton insult! with what bitter despondence did I turn from those doors, where only admission was offered to the wretched and the destitute!

At length, after having pawned every article of the smallest value, I was enabled to resume my employment, and had just procured a fresh supply of work, when my landlady, to whom I had been for some weeks in arrears, abruptly entering my wretched apartment, demanded immediate payment. Not having money enough to discharge the debt, I besought her patience till the morrow: she despised my entreaties, and after having cast on me the most odious aspersions, insisted that I should either pay, or turn out that very night. Terrified by her abuse, I promised to depart I knew not whither.

“Among other articles left in pawn, was an elegant seal ring, which I had hitherto preserved for you, as a last relic of your father’s memory, and which I prized far beyond its value, because it bore his name, and the crest of his ancestors. In this extreme distress, I resolved to dispose even of this last record, of my happy days. The shop in which it was left was at some distance; but I determined to go thither. It was a chill November evening, and much it grieved me to expose my Herbert to the damp unwholesome air; but to trust him from my arms was impossible. So, wrapping my cloak around you, I sallied forth, a sort of desperate hope floating in my mind that we might perhaps die together.

“We had not proceeded far, when there came on one of those dense fogs which sometimes cause real alarm. It was a dark and fearful obscurity; even the people,

who jostled me as they passed, till we came in actual contact, remained invisible. I knew not in what direction I was proceeding; I knew as little whether to advance or retreat; every moment terrified, abused or insulted, I exclaimed, "And is this England, the region of charity and benevolence!" I was at length pushed down, and must have been trampled under foot, but for a gentleman, who, discovering our situation, raised us both in his arms, and finding me stunned by the fall, conducted us to a chemist's shop, where he used proper means for my recovery. When I was restored to consciousness, my full heart relieved itself in tears. "Be calm, be composed," were the first words that met mine ear; and in a voice so deep, so clear, so harmonious; the first impression they gave me, was, that of being translated to a happier world. I looked up, and beheld a man, not aged, but venerable, whose countenance had in it something beyond frail mortality; so benign, so saintly, yet so noble, so majestic. Hope revived in my soul; and when, seeing my tears, he said, 'Take comfort,' I felt consoled already. He enquired whither I was going. I named the street, and he promised to be our guard and guide. When we reached the place, I will own I felt ashamed of my sad errand; but it was not for me to be thus delicate; so I asked for the ring, and begged to receive its full value. The man declared he had already advanced more than it was worth. At this news I staggered, and had almost fainted. 'Oh, God!' cried I, 'and what will become of me?' I had involuntarily turned to our conductor, and met those eyes that seemed to speak only of pity and benevolence.

"Let me see the ring," cried he, "I will be the purchaser." With these words he slipped into my hand five guineas, and then, as if to divert my attention, began to examine the impression on the seal. On observing the name of Altamont, he changed countenance. "Whose crest is this?" "It was my husband's." "And is this your name?" "That name Sir, belongs to me and this boy, who has now no other friend." "And have you then no connexions in this country?" "No Sir, I was



born in America ; my husband brought me to England ; he was then an officer, but sold his commission." A commission ! and was he not greatly your elder ?" " Only fifteen years." He raised his eyes to heaven, with a piteous expression ; then he breathed a deep sigh, as if his soul was departing : but he shed no tear ; and I felt that it would have been a sort of sacrilege to see him weep.

Turning at length to me, as if he had been suddenly roused from a dream, he exclaimed, " And you are my sister in affliction, bereaved and desolate ; let me guide your steps." I again leaned on his arm ; but he now shook so violently that I had to lend him support. At length he said, " I shall restore your ring, and to-morrow you must give me your history." When we reached my sordid door, I was abashed that he should see me enter such a place. Perhaps he guessed my feelings, yet he insisted on mounting to my garret ; he gazed all around on the dreary walls, the almost fireless chimney, the bare rug and uncurtained bed ; and, seating himself, exclaimed, " I feel I am punished for obduracy ; what a lesson for humanity ! Tell me by what strange fatality you are thus cruelly reduced."

My story was soon told, and when it was ended, I offered to confirm it by documents, such as the certificate of my marriage, and the instrument by which your father had sold his commission. He passed his hand over his forehead. " No, no, I want no other evidence ; I have that within." striking his breast, " which vouches for you : too well have I presaged that you were my sister in affliction. And that poor boy,—I perceive the resemblance ; he is like his family." " How !" cried I, with involuntary transport, " did you know my husband ?" He cast down his eyes. " I have seen him once, and in a moment never to be forgotten." These words were murmured in a low, deep tone, with fearful solemnity. A cloud passed over his countenance, and another piercing sigh burst from his heart. At length he arose abruptly. " You shall not stay in this purgatory another hour : come, my inn will supply better ac-



commodation for the night. To-morrow I leave this great city, never to return. I am like you, a wanderer, an unive sal alien." He then bade me follow him; and there was something in his manner which compelled obedience.

I suffered him to conduct us to an inn, where, at his request, a comfortable apartment was assigned for our use, with suitable accommodation. I saw him no more that night: the next morning the servant informed me, the foreign gentleman (for by that appellation only was he distinguished) was gone out, but had left word that he should expect to find me there in the afternoon. I waited with a conviction that he would not be unpunctual; nor was I deceived in my expectations: he came at the hour appointed, and his aspect was calm and serene. He enquired where I had lived on my first arrival in England, and earnestly recommended to me to return to Beachdale. He then restored the ring, but without any allusion to what had passed the preceding evening. He sat about half an hour; then rising from his seat, put into my hands a pocket-book, exclaiming, in a solemn voice, "Be this the memorial of our meeting." He then took you in his arms, and I perceived a tear drop on your cheek; but he soon put you down, without any caresses or any words of tender endearment; and before I could articulate a word, he said "Farewell!" and vanished. I started from my seat; I would have called him back, but an impression of awe restrained my impatience; I returned to the room, and opening the pocket-book, found the following letter:

"In this pocket-book you will find a paper authorizing you to claim a certain sum vested in your and your son's name, which will at least preserve you from penury. Cherish this last scion of a noble house, and may he prove a blessing to his mother, and an honor to his country! I am leaving this country, in which I find no place. I am a poor cast-away; but wherever I may be drifted by destiny, be assured of my fervent prayers for your peace and prosperity. It has pleased God to

make me your comforter, and thus to administer to my own consolation.

VALSINORE."

By these papers, I found myself entitled to claim three thousand pounds in the 3 per cents, to which, for our immediate necessities, our benefactor had added a bill for 80*l.* so carefully had he considered every circumstance in my situation. It will be needless to say how much I was oppressed by gratitude. It was some relief to my full heart to adopt his kind suggestion of returning to Beachdale; still better would it have satisfied me to have had some stronger test of obedience. It remains for you, my son, to discharge the debt I owe to this mysterious being, who has been to me a messenger of hope and mercy. May you but fulfil his wishes—and your mother must be happy."

Here Miss Gladwin paused, and Mrs. Bruce said, taking up the pocket-book, "I preserved for you this sacred relic of Valsinore." "And the letter!" exclaimed Herbert. "It is here," she replied: "I give it into your possession." Her son received it with reverence, and eagerly enquired if she had ever since seen him. "Never, Herbert, nor am I in the least degree able to divine his particular motives for showering on me such munificence." "He mentioned my father?" "Yes, but I am wholly unacquainted with any circumstance in your father's life which could have related to such a man; yet I cannot doubt that there was some secret cause for his agitation on discovering the name of Altamont. And now," continued she, "I have only to add, that on my marriage with Mr. Bruce, he insisted on securing Valsinore's bounty for your sole advantage. It is wholly yours; and I doubt not you will use it wisely." "And," rejoined Celia, who had hitherto been silent, "I trust nobly." She fixed her eyes on Herbert, who was at that moment so little disposed to bear the scrutiny that he suddenly darted from the room, and walked out, invoking the spirits of solitude and meditation to calm his perturbed mind. This romantic friend gazing

after him, exclaimed, " The spell works ; he has received the impression ; that letter shall be to him like the inscription on the bust of Brutus, ' Thou sleepest.' Brutus awoke, and so shall Altamont ; he is nearly eighteen, and ought to put on the manly toga. Ah ! I see it in his eyes ; he will restore the honors of his house. Trust me, he is born to be a peer of the realm, and to rival the noblest of his ancestors."



### CHAPTER III.

WHOEVER has been suddenly presented with a living example of virtue, long since cherished in the dreams of fancy, but never before attested on the records of experience, will easily conceive with what rapturous emotions Altamont contemplated the sublime character of Valsinore. Hitherto his sensibilities had been restrained by a situation which gave no scope for energy or enthusiasm. In the respectable Mr. Bruce, he had an object of esteem ; in his mother, of tenderness and affection ; in Vallaney he had a companion for his gayer hours ; but no where did he find the being who answered to himself, who could partake his higher feelings, and at once excite and satisfy his noblest faculties.

The mystery of Valsinore had revealed to him his own heart, and the ardent romantic spirit, so long latent and repressed, burst forth ; his mental horizon was suddenly expanded, a new glory seemed to emanate on the earth ; he felt ennobled by the thought that he belonged to the same nature with so exalted a being. " And shall I never see him !" cried he ; " this man of sorrows, as he calls himself, bereaved and destitute, yet lives to comfort the helpless and afflicted. At this moment even gratitude was absorbed in a stronger sentiment. He read and re-read the letter, and dwelt with mingled diffidence and pride on the passage in which he



was mentioned as a future honor to his country. For the first time he remembered, with complacency, the dignity of his family, and became ambitious, not only of distinction, but of excellence.

Nothing could have been more flattering to Miss Gladwin's prognostics than to have witnessed his perturbation; but when he returned to the domestic circle he had resumed his wonted self-command; and as he had the defect incident to all characters of extreme susceptibility, that of being disposed to distrust the sympathy of others, he struggled to conceal those high impassioned feelings for which he expected neither participation nor indulgence. In vain, therefore, did Celia watch his countenance, in which the strong impressions he had lately received were no longer legible.

In a few hours, Vallancy had also recovered his spirits, and freely indulged his satiric vein against the inconstancy of women. The next day he received a letter from his grandfather, requesting him to visit his mother, for whose conduct he seemed disposed to suggest excuses; for his lordship was the most candid of all human beings, whenever he had no interest to be otherwise. In the present instance he considered that the evil was without a remedy; and since he was fully sensible of his own serious obligations to De Lille, he was, perhaps, in his heart not very sorry, that his daughter-in-law had saved him the trouble of repaying them; finally he reflected, that his grandson's interests were not essentially injured, since of her jointure he could not be deprived; and of her remaining property, should she survive her present husband, she might dispose in his favor.

Luckily for the success of his negotiation, he concealed in his own bosom this consolatory reflection, or it would have produced an effect far different from what he wished in the high spirited Vallancy; who, after two or three other ineffectual attempts at reconciliation, at length graciously consented to meet his mother in London, on the express condition that there should be no witness of their interview. He was induced to make this restriction, by having discovered, in his corres-



pondence with Lord Marmiton, that his mother had transferred to him her interest with the young lady previously destined to his brother : and that much of her anxiety to effect the reconciliation arose from her zeal to secure Adela and her fortune to her own family. There was a natural perverseness in Vallancey's temper, which, though softened, was not subdued : to have persisted in open hostility to his mother would have given him pain ; but indirectly to thwart her views, and mortify her expectations, afforded him extreme pleasure.—He was happy to have found out the means of inflicting punishment at the very moment when he seemed to have overlooked the delinquency ; and when he met Mrs. De Lille, affected to have conceived an antipathy to her niece in childhood ; protesting he wondered his brother could have been induced to think of her.

He was infinitely amused by her solicitude to remove this prejudice : he listened with malicious exultation to her assurances that Adela was so much improved in person and manner that he could no longer know her ; and with contempt, to her repeated insinuations, that whenever he went abroad it would be incumbent on him to visit his uncle Baron Rouvigny, who was by birth an Irishman, but had entered the Austrian service, and held a post of considerable eminence under the Emperor Joseph.

Vallancey assented to all she said, secretly wishing that this visit should be deferred till his cousin's return to England ; for as great part of her fortune had been bequeathed by her maternal grandfather, on condition that she should marry an Englishman, the Baron had consented that she should always make her residence in this country.

Flattered by her son's concessions, Mrs. De Lille parted from him with strong professions of attachment, and two days after, accompanied by her husband, her niece, and Cordelia, embarked for Ostend, in her way to Frankfort. The latter sent, on this occasion, a

farewell letter to Mrs. Bruce, expressing, with much simple pathos, her grief and surprise at not having been allowed to revisit Beachdale: she begged to be remembered most gratefully to Herbert, but never alluded to the manuscript left in her friend's custody. She seemed already to have learnt reserve, and to have submitted to restraint.

Altamont would have missed his little interesting pupil, had he not been now completely absorbed by the idea of Valsinore. Since Vallancy's departure he had indulged a thousand romantic dreams in his solitary rambles, and was happy to escape from any society which interfered with these delightful speculations. Miss Gladwin observed the change with delight, Mrs. Bruce with alarm, her husband with regret. It was in vain to urge on him the necessity of choosing a profession; the young man revolted at its limitation: he no longer desired to go to college; he rather wished to explore some other country, with the vague hope of meeting with the mysterious stranger. At this time an incident occurred the most favourable to his wishes. By the death of his maternal uncle, a small estate near Lausanne devolved on Mr. Bruce, who having always hoped to spend his last days in Switzerland, joyfully resigned his curacy, and dismissing his two pupils whom he had received since Vallancy's establishment at college, prepared to fix his residence in Switzerland. Mrs. Bruce readily acquiesced in the change. Inured in youth to adversity, she submitted gracefully to all the lighter trials of domestic life; and though proud to consider her son as an Englishman, she had no difficulty in consenting to love her husband's country as her own. The only objection she could have formed to the proposal was obviated by the ardor with which Altamont offered to accompany them, and which rendered her satisfaction complete. But it was otherwise with Miss Gladwin, who ceased not to employ all her emphatic arguments against a waste of talents so contrary, as she conceived, to the wishes of Valsinore.

She had been one morning expatiating on this subject

with even more than usual energy, when a letter arrived addressed for Altamont. The character was unknown, and he tore open the seal with impatience; but great was his surprise when a bill for 150*l.* dropped from the envelope, which contained only these words, "Accept the enclosed to enable you to pursue your studies at college, to become an honor to your country,—from your father's friend."—"And does he really exist?" cried Altamont. "No doubt he does," echoed Miss Gladwin, who had carefully watched the variation in his countenance, "and he commands you to go to college."—"Surely," cried Mrs. Bruce, "this cannot come from our benefactor, the writing is so different."—"But there is the initial of his name on the seal," said Miss Gladwin.—"That V." rejoined Altamont, "might suit Vallancy, but then he is ignorant of the circumstance." Here Miss Gladwin pointed out the phrase "an honor to his country," so exactly corresponding with the sentence employed by Valsinore. This evidence appeared almost conclusive even with the rational, judicious pastor, when his wife suggested that the enclosure might perhaps come from De Lille, in return for her attentions to his daughter: and she fancied she had once mentioned the circumstance to Miss Gladwin in Cordelia's presence, who might easily have furnished her father with the necessary hints for assuming the character of Valsinore. The downright Mr. Bruce could see no cause for such subtle refinement. Besides, De Lille was too vain to hide his beneficence: Altamont recoiled from the supposition: Miss Gladwin protested against it; and the subject was finally dismissed for another equally interesting. It was decided that Altamont should lose no time in going to Cambridge, and that his visit to Switzerland should be deferred to a later period. His mother endeavored to subdue her selfish regrets, and Mr. Bruce, happy to observe that the mind was roused from its dream of romance, no longer insisted on the subject of a profession, but trusted to chance and opportunity for Altamont's making a final decision.



## CHAPTER IV.

THE reunion of the two young friends was a source of mutual pleasure: though essentially different in character, they were now associated in similar pursuits, and aspired without rivalry to the same object: but Vallancy, was still as little capable as ever of sympathizing in Altamont's romantic enthusiasm; and Altamont, to escape the raillery of Vallancy, was often at some pains to conceal his own feelings. Thus, though he had now communicated all he knew, he was far from confessing all he expected, of his mysterious benefactor; and Vallancy, though struck with the circumstance, could not help hazarding the facetious surmise, that the late donation had come from the presiding genius of love and marriage, the fairy Amatonda, by which name he always designated Miss Gladwin. "You forget," said Altamont, "that the amount doubles her income." "Really that is a very impertinent suggestion now," answered Vallancy; "however, who knows but she may be in possession of some wonder-working talisman?" "Who knows, indeed," said Altamont, "but I have been a changeling, and that I shall at some future period become an emperor."

With all these points of disagreement, there subsisted between the young men a strong and sincere attachment. There was no clashing of interest; no contention for pre-eminence. Vallancy was content with popularity; Altamont aspired to fame. The former slighted the muses for the graces, and was more ambitious of possessing wit than eloquence; he cultivated his taste for satire, and was always throwing out epigrammatic censures; not because he was ill-natured, but because he aimed at being *piquant*. Altamont on the contrary, employed no arts to extort applause; saw few by whose notice he could be flattered, and none with whose praise he should be satisfied. In one word as Celia once ob-



served, with her usual aptness at classical allusion, Altamont would have accepted only of the *triumph*, whilst Vallancy would have canvassed for the *ovation*.

The two friends spent the long autumnal vacation at Lord Marmiton's seat, which was distant about twenty-five miles from Beachdale. Among the other visitors collected by his hospitality, was a young man, some years older than Altamont, who had been lately recommended to his Lordship's patronage. His name was Woodville; born in the condition of a gentleman, and accustomed rather to confer favors than to solicit them, he was altogether new to the state of dependence. He had lost his father in infancy; his education was domestic; and the sensibilities of his soul had been fostered by maternal tenderness. Endued with exquisite sympathies, and a delicacy which should seem to belong exclusively to the female character, he wanted but the boons of fortune to have been the friend and benefactor of mankind; but his mother, who had been left encumbered with a law-suit, after a long interval of suspense, was suddenly by its unfavorable termination reduced to a small stipend, which being only for her life, secured no provision to her beloved Eustace. Being like the rest of his family, a Catholic, he was excluded by his religion from most of the professions: and by his habits of elegance and refinement, unfitted for ordinary pursuits and vulgar occupations. They had hitherto resided in a beautiful retirement, in the North of England; but it was too painful to remain in the same neighborhood, exciting pity, where they had formerly dispensed charity. They therefore removed to a village near London, where the affectionate mother flattered herself it was impossible, but with all their numerous and respectable friends, they should meet with some who were both willing and able to make exertions of interest in favor of her son.

Of all men, perhaps Woodville was the most irresistibly engaging; but the least likely to force his way to preferment: not only his delicacy revolted from the meanness of solicitation; but his honor, his integrity, and even his benevolence. He was always placing him-

self in the situation of those from whom he expected assistance: his candid mind suggested the various calls on their duty, the numerous claimants for their influence; he was grieved to occupy their precious moments; grieved to be the occasion of intercepting one of their social pleasures. But if his *friend* had to ask another *friend*, for his sake to be exposed to rudeness and repulse, he was oppressed by gratitude; he was overwhelmed with thankfulness; whatever success resulted from the magnanimous effort, his generous, susceptible soul could set no limits to the kindness and the obligation.

With such feminine diffidence, and susceptibility, Woodville was certain to be neglected and forgotten. In the course of a few months, he learnt from experience, not indeed to suspect a promise, (for of *that* his honorable nature was not capable,) but to distrust its performance. Still his heart resisted chagrin, in submitting to disappointment; he was so susceptible of enthusiasm, so tremblingly alive to the interests, the pursuits, the pleasures of others, he was so much gratified by participation, so accessible to all amiable and happy influences, that he seemed to share the felicity he witnessed; and when he was admitted to some cheerful domestic circle, forgot his own mortifications, and felt that he was satisfied. Hitherto, however, he was but little acquainted with real adversity. His mother's stipend, small as it was, secured them from penury; honor, delicacy, in some degree supplied to both the place of discretion. They contracted no debts, and cheerfully submitted to privations to preserve tranquillity. Woodville had still access to elegant society; and his mother, though she renounced the world for herself, yet for his sake, was anxious to preserve their common connexions; and when she saw his preparations to visit those she had once hospitably entertained at her own table, was flattered by a secret presage of his approaching fortune. Among his various well-wishers, he at length obtained an introduction to Lord Marinton, who was well pleased to add to his list of dependents, a gentleman of Woodville's appearance, and cordially invited him for the shooting sea-

son, to his splendid mansion. Woodville was so touched by the unexpected kindness, that without sharing in his mother's sanguine anticipations, he was full of gratitude and delight; for when he received from another that delicate attention which his own heart would have dictated, he rejoiced not merely for his own sake, but for the credit of human nature; and said to himself, "I am satisfied." Under such pleasing auspices was Altamont's acquaintance formed with Woodville, who was ever afterwards accustomed to consider this circumstance as one of the few bright specks in his existence. His society was an incalculable improvement to his young friend; since Woodville had wisdom for every body but himself, and condemned, by his precepts, even the romance he sanctioned with his example. In his private conversations with Altamont, he strenuously recommended him to pursue the bar, for which he possessed talents. "No man," added he, breathing a conscious sigh, "can so truly appreciate the advantage of a profession, as the man who is without one." He encouraged not the visionary hope of meeting Valsinore. "Make honor," said he "your first object, and leave to chance the rest."

With all his rationality, however, there were some subjects on which Woodville vied with Altamont in enthusiastic sentiment: he had an ardent belief in human excellence, and for human errors unbounded charity: never was there a more liberal or benevolent faith.

In this delightful intercourse nothing was wanting but mutual confidence; but the delicacy of Woodville's mind revolted from a full disclosure of his situation. Why should he sadden his friend with the representation of evils he could not redress? Why abridge the few brief moments of happiness, by anticipations of future care and embarrassment? This fatal period approached sooner than he expected. His mother was suddenly attacked by alarming symptoms, and he hastened back to her humble home, only to watch one night by her pillow, and see her die. On the first news of her illness, he had felt too much for her to feel for himself; grief exclu-



ded all sordid participation with care ; poverty was forgotten, and every want, or privation, of which the heart was not sensible.

On quitting Lord Marmiton's splendid mansion, he had made no provision for this event ; and His Lordship, who had never intended to offer any thing better than polite attentions, suffered him to depart with abundant professions of concern, and no allusion to his former promises, which Woodville never meant to recall to his memory. It was enough for him that he had received kindness : he had not only too much delicacy to be importunate ; he was too grateful to be intrusive.

Altamont heard with deep concern of his friend's domestic loss, and believed he fully sympathized in his feelings. Little did he think for what worse cares, what revolting pursuits, his pensive friend was compelled to forsake his cherished parent's lonely grave. Little did he imagine in what difficulties he was involved, or what bitter cause there was to mourn the loss of freedom and independence. The spirit of Woodville could not easily adapt itself to his fortunes. He still felt as a gentleman, even when forced to descend to revolting occupations for immediate subsistence. He still loved mankind when he was pining in neglect ; and even cherished dreams of benevolence, when he was himself the victim of selfishness and apathy. It is true he now shunned his former friends and associates, but it was to spare them the pain of witnessing his struggles with misery.

With Altamont, however, he continued to correspond, though always with the same reservation on his own affairs. But however he might suppress such facts, he was sometimes unable to disguise his feelings : and he occasionally wrote from the impression of the moment, but without any reference to his own destiny. " It is a great evil," said he, in one of his letters, " to have been born a gentleman. It is without wealth an attainder of all our useful and happy faculties." " It is dangerous," said he in another, " to cherish the dreams of fancy, for they make the heart sensible at every pore." In another letter, he said, " An unfortunate man bears



the curse of Cain: every one fears as an *enemy*, the wretch who is known to want a *friend*."

In general his letters were of a more cheerful turn: he continued to give Altamont the best advice, playfully observing, "that since prudence would not stay in his ark, he hoped she would take up her abode in the olive bower of his romantic friend." It at length happened, however, that Altamont was accidentally informed that Woodville was in indigent obscurity. He had just received a second remittance from his unknown patron, and immediately dispatched two thirds of it to his distressed friend, though by this frank liberality, he rendered himself unable to accompany Vallancy on his tour through Italy: and highly was that gay companion offended when he persisted in not leaving England till another year. But the transient petulance was soon subdued, and they parted with unaffected cordiality; nearly at the same time that the De Lilles, accompanied by Miss Rouvigny and her father, returned to England, and took up their residence in Beachdale. Altamont, who was no longer noticed by Lord Marmiton, spent his vacations in London, where he had hoped once more to enjoy the society of Woodville.

In this expectation he was disappointed; as never once, since his liberal remittance, had he received from him any epistolary communication. He could not doubt but that Woodville surmised from what quarter the bounty came, and was resolved, by this seemingly ungrateful silence, to restrain his future liberality. To console him for this chagrin, he had the satisfaction to receive a third annual remittance, with an intimation that this was the last time he would be addressed in England, since his friend wished him to spend two years on the Continent. He was then enjoined to return to his native country, where, if he was not wanting to himself, he might one day possess both fame and fortune.

There was something in the style of the last epistle which irresistibly brought Miss Gladwin before his eyes; but, recollecting her narrow circumstances, he instantly condemned the suggestion, and was happy to dismiss

an idea so little congenial to his romantic feelings. The bill now enclosed was for 300*l.* by which it appeared that the donor had nicely calculated the period of his absence. He prepared therefore for his journey with joyful alacrity.

Independent of his ardent longings to see so classical a country as Italy, he had the delightful anticipations of visiting Mr. and Mrs. Bruce, in their romantic retreat, and of being re-united to his friend Vallancy. Amidst these agreeable expectations, how was his joy enhanced, by hearing, just as he was on the eve of embarkation, that his friend Woodville, who had been for some months engaged as domestic tutor in a family in Ireland, was married to a young lady who had been one of its inmates, and who possessed a handsome fortune.

Of this report, as usual, half was truth, and the other falsehood. It was no mistake that Woodville had held the situation of tutor; it was equally correct that he had married; but the lady so chosen was merely a poor dependant, who, by partaking his chagrins, had insensibly stolen his affections.

Too generous to involve another being in his adversity, Woodville would have struggled with his own passion, had not the too susceptible girl so weakly betrayed her feelings to observation, as to incur for his sake the contempt and censure of her ungente patroness. Not only *love*, but *honor*, now impelled him to rescue his amiable victim from unkindness and reproach; but when he frankly offered his hand, he concealed not how small the sum of worldly goods he had to bestow; but poor as he was, he joyfully pledged himself to her protection; and unfortunate as he was, she rejoiced to become the partner of his poverty.

Immediately after this inauspicious union, he returned with his bride to London, intending, for her sake, to overcome his repugnance to solicit favors, and boldly to challenge assistance from his former connexions. Had he happened to meet with Altamont, he would probably have renewed his application to Lord Marmiton, but

ly to De Lille, she begged to have a few moments conversation with him ; he readily assented to her request, too happy to escape from the lynx-eyed suspicion that had thrown him into such confusion.

Mrs. De Lille could now think and talk only of Val-lancy, and she was ever fluent in his praise. Sir Frederic assented, but Cordelia was silent, for she was musing on her former preceptor. In about half an hour Mrs. Gladwin returned, with a face full of mysterious interest. Mrs. De Lille now very naturally turned the conversation on Adela Rouvigny, observing that, " though they had never met since they were children, there was in every point a remarkable coincidence between them ; they were both lively and sportive ; they had the same style in their conversation and letters ; and," cried she, " it is really curious, they even write so much alike that I have some difficulty in distinguishing one hand from the other."

Miss Gladwin listened with profound attention, then, suddenly raising her voice, exclaimed, " Depend on it they are too similar to sympathize ; *contrast* is the soul of *harmony* ; take my word for it he will fall in love with some pensive maid, devout and pure, some damsel that looks like a nun." Here her eyes glanced on Cordelia, who, recollecting her father's conversation, colored deeply, and unfortunately met Mrs. De Lille's scrutinizing eyes riveted on her countenance ; whilst Celia, wholly regardless of the sensation she had excited, with a sudden elastic jirk, bade them good morning, and hurried away to assist her old *protegee* in dispensing alms to some poor pensioner ; for at the call of distress she always descended from her imaginary Olympus, and instead of being the fool of fancy, became the agent of charity. That task performed, she resumed her original propensity to dreaming, and, in her own mind, created for those she had relieved a state of felicity to compensate for all their former sufferings and privations ; never were two beings more different than Celia in these two capacities ; her transformation was sudden, as that of the silk-worm spinning his web, to the giddy moth buzz

zing in the sun-beams, and sipping nectar from all the flowers of paradise.

Little did this benevolent being imagine that she had lodged a poisoned arrow in Mrs. De Lille's bosom. Jealous of her husband's views for Cordelia, she instantly conceived that there was some collusion between him and Celia, to the exclusion of Adela-Rouvigny. Cordelia herself was involved in her suspicions, and so poignant was her displeasure, that, forgetting her usual discretion, she exclaimed, "What paltry artifice! as if any body could suppose contrast produced sympathy. Pray, Miss De Lille, is it with such disquisitions she entertains you in these long confidential interviews?"

"Depend on it," said Sir Frederic, anxious to avert her indignation from Cordelia, there is no treason plotting between them."

"But you forget she was talking of my son Vallancy."

"And of Herbert Altamont," added Cordelia, now anxious to remove the impression, which she perceived to have sunk into Mrs. De Lille's mind.

"Oh, he was your tutor I think."

"Yes my first preceptor, and to him I owe the little knowledge I possess, of that language my father has interdicted."

"And was this long ago?" asked Sir Frederic.

"Oh, several years, but I have not quite forgotten his instructions."

"Your first preceptor has been most fortunate, in making his words indelible."

"Was my son also your tutor?"

"Oh, never."

"He set you no task, troubled you with no corrections?"

"He never troubled himself about me; and to confess the truth, I envied him a little, because," added she, coloring as she spoke, "he was always with Herbert."

Mrs. De Lille was charmed with this ingeniousness, but suspicion whispered that this might all be artifice.



was solaced with the friendship of Adela Rouvigny, who now lavished on her confidence and affection. This cordial union was equally displeasing to the specious De Lille and his manœuvring partner. The latter had that passive selfishness which takes shelter in obliquity, without venturing on any positive violation of rectitude; she would have shuddered at perjury, yet scrupled not to employ duplicity and deception: she would not have invented a calumny, but was always ready to propagate scandal; as she was strenuous in pursuing her own real or imaginary interests, she was apt to attribute the same sinister views to others, and consequently passed her life in ceaseless and often causeless perturbation and anxiety. In marrying De Lille she had offered violence to her own character, which was incapable of delicacy or generosity; nor was her passion sufficiently ardent to blind her to the defects of him for whom she had made the sacrifice: she was too quick sighted not to discover that her husband was anxious to captivate all woman-kind, the torch of love soon grew dim, obscured by the sullen gloom of jealousy.

De Lille, in whom vanity was the master-passion, was at once teased and flattered by her solicitude. He piqued himself, with some reason, on his powers of fascination with the female sex; and so highly did he prize his supposed supremacy, that he even lavished compliments on Cordelia and Adela, with the hope of enchanting them by his gallantry. To please his wife, he would often extol the beauty of her niece; and whenever he had a point to carry, he affected to treat his daughter with coldness and neglect. In spite of finesse and artifice, Mrs. De Lille, with her usual aptitude in imagining evil, imputed to him the design of uniting Cordelia to Vallancy, to the exclusion of her darling scheme of Adela Rouvigny. Whenever this suspicion possessed her mind, she was gloomy and intractable, and Cordelia was the first to feel that she had offended, without divining the nature of her transgression.

It is doubtful whether the matrimonial scheme so much depreciated by his wife, would have entered into De

Lille's calculations, had it not been so often mentioned in their altercations, that he began to consider whether it was not feasible, and was actually excited by her accusations to make the very effort she so much wished to prevent. Happily for his hopes, the Baron Rouvigny, after remaining some months in England was obliged to return to the continent, and his daughter was so much alarmed by his declining health, that she insisted on being his companion.

Mrs. De Lille was inexpressibly grieved by her departure ; but consoled herself with the reflection, that perhaps her son might meet with her on his travels ; or at all events, if she married a foreigner, the estate, which formed her greatest attraction, would revert to her own family. From this period, however, she grew more and more dissatisfied with her husband and herself. Vallancy became the object of her most bigotted attachment. She talked of him continually, and her eulogies were always accompanied by a disdainful glance at the innocent Cordelia.

A few day's after Adela's departure, Cordelia was cheered by the sight of Miss Gladwin, who, though no longer admitted to the vicarage, continued her annual visit to Beachdale, where she had found an asylum of peace and content for an old lady she was accustomed to call her *protegee*, and was through her means, admitted as a boarder to the family of a wealthy farmer, residing in the village. Miss Gladwin was cordially invited to Vallancy house, where she at first amused Mrs. De Lille with her eccentricities, as much as by her spontaneous admiration she flattered her husband ; whilst Cordelia was more happy than she could express, to converse with one who corresponded with Mrs. Bruce, and sometimes received a few lines from Altamont.

The genial influence of joy called up to her countenance so many nameless charms of animation, that De Lille, meeting her just after she had parted from Celia in the park, could not help exclaiming,

"Cordelia, how astonishingly you are improved since your return to England ! You are now ten times more beautiful than your mother ever was."

Cordelia felt her heart beat at this unexpected compliment, for she thought how much she should like to be now seen by Herbert.

Her father, tapping her cheek, said, "Play your cards well, and you shall be a viscountess."

"A viscountess, Sir?"

"It will be strange, indeed, if you are not preferred to Adela."

Cordelia now comprehending his meaning, said very seriously, "Heaven forbid I should ever interfere with the happiness of one I love."

"Pooh, don't you know she is rich, and may have the peerage at her feet; but you, Cordelia, have no fortune, and mine depends on contingency."

At this speech she cast down her eyes, abashed and silent.

"How now, girl, are you angry with your father, for wishing to see you a peeress?"

"Ah, Sir, angry is not the word I can ever use with you."

"But you are displeased, Cordelia."

"I was grieved, Sir," she hesitated for a moment; then raising her eyes, added with gentle firmness, "I would not for the world be accessory to the disappointment of one who loves you."

"Why, she loves not you, Cordelia."

"Let me at least be grateful to her for your sake."

"Well, well, do not be so pathetic, I only meant a little pleasantry."

"No," cried she eagerly, "I am sure you did not."

"But supposing I had been serious, what then, Cordelia?"

Too sincere to dissemble, she returned no answer. De Lille, flinging from her contemptuously, added with a sarcastic smile, "I suppose you meant to renounce your father. Thanks to Mr. Bruce and his pious wife, for having filled your head with such puritanical vagaries. Pity but you were a catholic, to be canonized."

Here, to the infinite relief of Cordelia, the conversation was interrupted by the appearance of Sir Frederic

Mowbray, who was one of the few visitors always welcomed to Vallancy house. This gentleman, who was now little more than thirty, had married in early life a woman of fashion, from whom he was soon obliged to separate. Respect for her connexions, or regard for his own interests, prevented his seeking a divorce. To divert his chagrin, he had plunged into political intrigues, and for some time acquitted himself with respectability in a post of some eminence.

By a change of administration, he was obliged to retreat from public life; and in this interval of leisure returned to St. Quintin's abbey, which was in the neighborhood of Beachdale. It was here he renewed his acquaintance with Baron Rouvigny, to whom he was related; and who, anticipating his own dissolution, induced her daughter to name him as her guardian. Sir Frederic accepted the trust, and was in consequence almost considered as a part of the family. Without being brilliant, he had much of the spirit of society, and was universally acceptable to his acquaintance. He had the happy art of putting people in good humor with themselves. He was every where dismissed with praise, and by every one greeted with complacency. Since he had been elected the guardian of Miss Rouvigny, he had affected to consider her as his pupil. Every morning he had some book to read, some drawings to criticise, or some music to correct; and Cordelia shared in his instructions, and at least divided, if she did not engross his attentions.

The sight of Sir Frederic Mowbray was at any time sufficient to restore De Lille to good humor; he therefore instantly resumed his smiles, whilst Cordelia, unwilling to betray her agitation, hastily withdrew to her chamber to meditate and weep. She was convinced that her father really meant what he had said of Vallancy; she felt ashamed and afflicted for his sake; she struggled in vain to think him worthy of esteem and confidence. A secret terror oppressed her innocent heart; she trembled, lest she should have admitted some improper suspicion, or harbored some unfilial sentiment.



She determined to compensate, as far as possible, by submission, for the involuntary failure of affection; and she longed to shew attention where she could not compel reverence.

For some days, therefore, after this interview she eagerly waited for her father's commands, and anticipated his wishes; she presented his favorite flowers, and played whatever air or lesson she had heard him approve; but De Lille was too much offended to afford her the satisfaction she coveted; his vanity was wounded; she had inflicted a pang on his egotism by manifesting her regard for Mr. and Mrs. Bruce, to whom he grudged even that esteem he thought not worth the trouble to purchase. Scornfully, therefore, did he reject all her silent pleadings, her amiable advances to reconciliation; when she practised his favorite lessons, he turned away in ungracious silence, or addressed her with a sarcastic look as *Saint Cordelia*. Mrs. De Lille perceiving his sullen estrangement, without guessing the cause, became, she knew not why, disposed to treat her with more kindness and complacency.

Sir Frederic, entering one day and perceiving her unusual dejection, took occasion to urge her to devote more time to music.

"Sir," said De Lille, "she scorns the gamut; nothing satisfies her but dactyles and spondees. Would you believe it? she seeks solitude, not to improve in any elegant accomplishment, but to pore over a dead language."

"Indeed, Sir," replied Cordelia, affecting to smile, "I do not think you can prove that allegation."

"Did I not detect you yesterday in explaining a musty epitaph?"

Here he looked at his wife, from whom he expected the most cordial support, well knowing with what antipathy she always spoke of a learned lady. To his surprise she was silent, and Sir Frederic said he should be proud if he might there also be permitted to assist her studies.

"Why surely you would not recommend her to waste her bloom in such unprofitable pursuits!"

"Consider, my dear De Lille, you have so much of her countenance, that she may be pardoned for stealing some of your *mind*."

De Lille was so well pleased with this compliment that he remitted his displeasure, and said he should be satisfied whenever she was with Sir Frederic Mowbray.

Scarcely was this cause dismissed, when a servant entered with a letter to De Lille, which appeared to cause him no small disturbance; it was neither very elegantly folded nor very legibly directed; "Who brought this?" "A poor boy, Sir." "And what is become of him?" "He went away directly, Sir." De Lille, who by this time had broken open the seal, changed color, but carelessly saying, "I see 'tis an application for charity," put it into his pocket, in evident perplexity.

"If it was an application for charity," observed his wife, "it is somewhat strange the boy should go without waiting for an answer." "If—" retorted De Lille, with unguarded vehemence, "it is impossible I should be mistaken in its contents;" and rising, he went to the window in evident displeasure. Mrs. De Lille threw on him a glance full of suspicion mingled with anxiety. Cordelia was alarmed by his unusual embarrassment. Sir Frederic had thought of twenty questions to change the subject, without pronouncing one, when the door opened, and Mrs. Gladwin appeared, her eyes radiant with joy, and every muscle moving with delight. She had just received a letter from Mrs. Bruce, to which was subjoined a postscript from Altamont. "They are all well," cried she, "and oh! Mrs. De Lille, love my Herbert, for he has saved your son's life?"—"My son, good heavens! and when was my son's life in danger?" "Oh! going on the water in a boat the other day, he fell into it, and had not Altamont, who swims like Julius Cæsar, jumped into the water after him, he must have been drowned; oh! trust me, Altamont will be a great man." Then turning abrupt-

ed, and many a creaking pew betokened impatience, and many a shrill cough intimated displeasure, whilst Mr. Quintin, with looks at once dolorous and indignant, endeavored to make the Reverend Mr. Bland sensible of his want of duty and decorum. The cause of the delay was soon explained, when four persons entered the De Lille gallery, in one of whom Vallaney discovered Lord Marmiton, in the second his mother; but of the third and fourth, a venerable old man and a beautiful young woman, neither he nor Altamont had any immediate recollection. "Surely," said the former, "it must be Cordelia;" "Surely," said the latter, "it cannot be Cordelia." "This looks like an angel," said Vallaney, "but the *Incognita* was a woman."

Altamont attended not to this observation, so much was he delighted with the object before him; not that her face possessed a faultless symmetry; the fine open forehead was somewhat too high, but that defect was concealed by her chestnut braided hair; her profile was exquisitely fine, yet an artist might have wished for a rounder *contour*. But criticism was disarmed by the eloquence of her eyes; all petty strictures were forgotten in contemplating a countenance so happily formed to express every noble, every tender sentiment, that it diffused the love of virtue with the light of beauty.

Vallaney was lost in conjectures respecting the cause of Lord Marmiton's appearance. As he wished to surprise his mother, he waited till she had left the church, and then stealing out with his friend at a private door, by a well known field path, quickly reached the house, and both had taken their station on the lawn, when Mrs. De Lille and her party alighted from the carriage. Lord Marmiton was again the prominent personage; he gave his arm to the matron, leaving the young lady to the venerable man, a Mr. Haller, who had in reality occasioned his Lordship's visit. This admirable being had been long distinguished in Germany for his active benevolence, and was indebted to Baron Rouvigny for his introduction to Lord Marmiton, through whose medium he hoped to recommen<sup>alms</sup>ce of his philanthropic plans

to the British government. His lordship received the proposal with his accustomed suavity and apathy: in his heart he cared for nothing but his own personal interest and the aggrandizement of his family. He was, however, willing to shower down civilities on Haller, whom he almost compelled to remain at his seat much longer than was desirable to his unworldly guest; who having at length expressed his anxiety to be introduced to the aunt and friend of Miss Rouvigny, his Lordship protested he would convey him to Beachdale, to enjoy to the last moment the privilege of his society.

They had now spent a week in the village, much to the satisfaction of Mrs. De Lille, and to the infinite delight of Cordelia, who already considered Haller as the first of human beings. At sight of her son, Mrs. De Lille utters an exclamation of joy, and then throws a look of solicitude on Cordelia. His lordship, comprehending the cause of her agitation, springs forward, but being somewhat purblind, opens his arms, not to Vallancy, but to Altamont. Mrs. De Lille reproachfully asks if he has forgotten her son. Vallancy, with admirable grace, removes the awkwardness this blunder had occasioned, by saying, "Lord Marmiton was right, for your son's preserver should be welcomed before your son." Lord Marmiton immediately paid his compliments to Altamont, whom though he had once well known, he appeared to have wholly forgotten; and Mrs. De Lille favored him with a most gracious reception. In the meanwhile Cordelia and Haller are left to themselves: she waits in vain for the recognition of Altamont, who still gazes on her with mingled admiration and incredulity. It is impossible to identify his little pupil, with the tall, graceful, dignified creature before him. "She must surely be older, or has Cordelia leapt into perfection? Imagination cannot improve her!" Cordelia at length perceives his embarrassment, and scarcely knowing whether to be flattered or mortified, advances a few paces, and offering her hand with an air of modest frankness, says in a voice whose every tone inspires delight, "And must I wait to be introduced to my old, ar



curtseying with an involuntary expression of archness, "my venerable preceptor?"

Altamont took her hand with seeming coldness; a sentiment of respect repressed the impulse of affection.

"You are, indeed, presented to me in a new form."

"And had you then quite forgotten Cordelia?"

"I know not how to reconcile the two Cordelias to each other."

"Oh! don't imagine you see a changeling; I could bring a thousand proofs to convince you I am the same creature who was so tenderly protected by Mr. Bruce, and so often *lessoned* and corrected by *you*."

Altamont was ready to protest against the word *corrected*; the pupil now appeared so perfect, so supreme in loveliness, that it was painful to imagine she had ever been otherwise.

And now, continued she, "as I can never be your preceptor, let me introduce you to Mr. Haller, who is worthy to have the best and noblest of human beings for his pupils."

If Altamont was grateful for this attention, Cordelia was grateful from the recollection of his former kindness; and each had unconsciously inspired the other with the same sentiment.

And now Haller, who had already learnt to translate the language of Cordelia's countenance, approached and received the stranger with an air of cordial friendship.

"Mr. Altamont," said he, with a genuine smile, "ever since I have known this lady, I have been under obligations to you; for you, she tells me, were her first preceptor." At this unexpected compliment, which from such venerable lips, seemed to descend like a benediction, Cordelia cast down her eyes, which glistened with delight; she could not but be proud to receive such praise from Haller; and she was prouder still, that the fair report was made to Altamont:—yet she breathed a secret sigh, lest she should not be found worthy of the precious distinction; but then she mentally promised to become so. Her heart was oppressed with gratitude and humility, and yet she almost held her breath, as if to

prolong the delicious sensation. Haller drew his young friends to a retired walk, leading to the park ; whilst Mrs. De Lille, who had been gratified by the division of her party, conducted Lord Marmiton and Vallaney to a summer-house opening on the garden, which was called the pavilion.

The philanthropist was delighted with his young companions ; active and cheerful, he seemed not sensible to the pressure of age ; he confessed, indeed, a slight degree of lameness, but it was scarcely perceptible to the nicest eye ; and as he leaned on his staff, his carriage was no less dignified, than his aspect was open and benignant. For the last two years, he had also found his hearing partially impeded ; but the sense of this infirmity, occasioned only the habit of inclining his head towards the person he addressed, which made his countenance appear still more gracious : and sometimes he extracted from this defect an excuse for shunning without sullenness the conversation of those with whom he felt he could have no communion. Then his eyelid gently falling, his head somewhat reclining to one side, he appeared to abstract himself from the present scene, and to take shelter in his own peaceful meditations. In Lord Marmiton's society, he had often occasion to sink into this attitude of abstraction ; with Mrs. De Lille he was not sorry to be somewhat dull of apprehension : but to Cordelia, he had opened immediately with complacency and cordiality, and almost at the first glance appeared to have given her his paternal benediction. To Altamont he shewed equal frankness ; and putting himself between them, he engaged in conversation with his new acquaintance on the countries they had visited, and was evidently pleased with the spirit of his observations.

Haller was one of the few old men who relish the enthusiasm of youth ; and when Altamont confessed, that he could not help regretting those classical ages of Greece and Rome, when the halo of glory encircled the head of genius ; he dropt not his eyelids, (that idiomatic expression of dissatisfaction) he merely inclined his head, an unconscious smile stealing to his lips, and after a

momentary pause, replied, "if you recollect that you are a Briton, you will not surely wish to have been a Roman." Though Haller never mentioned England as his native country, it was impossible to conceive that he belonged to any other.

This amiable conference was interrupted by Vallaney, who, escaping from his companions, requested Altamont to join him; and taking his arm, seemed to have something important to communicate. Haller looking after Altamont, exclaimed, with a sort of sigh, "That is a noble creature! but I fear he is reserved for bitter disappointment. Such a spirit as his accords little with the world." Cordelia, who had almost feared he would misconceive his character, thanked him with her eyes for doing justice to her first preceptor. Haller had a second time blessed her with the music of praise; and her heart was again attuned to joy; but she had now, no doubt, no diffidence, no humility; he spoke of her master and her friend, and in him her faith was firm and immutable.

Vallaney had called to Altamont, to observe a picture which had met his eyes the moment he entered the pavilion; it was a female figure in the character of Flora. On enquiring for whom it was intended, his mother had carelessly replied, it was a fancy subject copied by Cordelia." But," added he, "it is the most striking likeness possible, of the *Incognita*. I plainly perceive my mother is manœuvring; find out if possible whose picture it is, for I never can believe such a marked resemblance is accidental." Vallaney was perfectly correct in his conjectures; but the charge to Altamont came too late. Mrs. De Lille having in that interval separated Cordelia from Haller, to give her a strict injunction to secrecy, at the same time observing, that her son was obviously charmed with the portrait, Cordelia simply expressed her satisfaction; but Mrs. De Lille prepossessed with the idea that this innocent girl had formed the ambitious design of captivating Vallaney, and determined to thwart her supposed wishes, fancied she de-

ted some chagrin in her countenance, and exulted in the anticipation of her disappointment.

Being now assembled in the drawing room, Haller was for the first time introduced to Vallancy, who was still in his most amiable mood, and so gaily sportive that he could scarcely restrain the exuberance of his spirits. Lord Marmiton and Mrs. De Lille enjoyed his sprightly sallies; and His Lordship, always complimentary, said, "I do not know, Vallancy, that you could fill up a pause in a dinner at a Lord Mayor's table; but I am sure you will always be ready to amuse the house, when the right member is not at hand to support a motion."

"But, my Lord, I am not going, like Mr. Quintin, to be a trigger to the treasury bench; and I shall, I believe, be the first of our family (females excepted) who has ever entered the ranks of opposition."

Well, Sir, you are a young man, and therefore it is but natural you should be in a minority: but, take my word for it, Vallancy, when you come to be married, you will give your vote," looking significantly, "on the right side."

"Does your lordship mean to say, that a married man is merely his wife's proxy, or that he cannot be a *non content*?"

"Have a care, Signor Benedick," cried Mrs. De Lille, "or you will surely meet with your Beatrice."

"No, Madam, my vows are pre-engaged to a St. Cecilia, in Italy." Then, turning abruptly to Cordelia, he added with affected gravity, "Pray, are you very cruel to your votaries? for I saw more knees prostrated to you, than to our lady of Loretto. It is true, upon my honor, you are so very like a saint, who is worshipped from morning to night at Naples, that when I saw you at church, I fancied you had started from the canvass."

"Mrs. De Lille colored, whilst Lord Marmiton said, with much gallantry, "How can you compare her to any thing so inanimate? Shew me the artist who can do justice to nature?"

"Oh, my Lord, this picture was a happy sketch of



the fancy, a prefiguration of beauty hereafter to exist, or perhaps a reflection of beauty that had previously existed. It is very delightful to behold so many impressions of one beautiful face; for instance, now that figure of Flora, which you say is a fancy piece, is so like a face I have somewhere seen, that I should call it an original."

Mrs De Lille eagerly enquired, where he had met with the person of whom he was reminded.

"Where? Why I think, Madam, it was about two years ago, at Bologna."

Mrs. De Lille looked so dissatisfied, that the benevolent Haller, who had hitherto sat wrapped in abstraction, was just going to address her, when the dignified Mr. Quintin stalked into the room, and having heard of Vallancy's arrival, formally congratulated his mother on his happy return. The vivacious Vallancy, eagerly anticipating the end of the speech, started up, exclaiming, "My dear Sir, would you have recollected me?" Quintin, taking out his snuff box, and very deliberately putting into his nostrils the pungent powder, to apply a stimulus to his memory, replied at length, "Most assuredly, Sir."

"What a mortifying sentence have you pronounced against me. I had flattered myself I was so much improved, (pardon me, mother, corrected,) that I should no longer be recognized as the same person; but I see how it is, Mr. Quintin. you have not forgotten the court, where if a man is once pricked down on the black list, the gates of preferment are forever shut against him."

Lord Marmiton, now finding it impossible to be silent, observed, "It is a man's own fault to get upon that list. He has undoubtedly made a capital miscalculation in taking the wrong side of fortune. Such a man, Vallancy, must be a green horn, an enthusiast, a knave, or a fool."

"Do you observe, Altamont, His Lordship's paraphrastic translation of your favorite name of Patriot? Mr. Quintin, my friend and I have long carried on a controversy, which is still undecided, on ancient and modern times. We are very different, you perceive.

from other young men of our age. We have really spent our days like two students fagging to become senior wranglers. We have studied diagrams, instead of frequenting polite circles. We have been star-gazers, instead of dancers. We have scarcely opened our lips to a woman; and as to beauty, it is only since our arrival," glancing at Cordelia, "that we have been blest with the sight of it."

"Well, Sir," said Mr. Quintin, with inflexible gravity, "and may I presume to enquire the subject of your debates?"

"Sir, my friend, though he insists that there was more public virtue in the classical days of Greece and Rome than we can pretend to, yet insists also, that for the last fifty years, we have taken a turn for improvement, and are likely by degrees to lose all traces of the barbarism and ignorance of our poor grandfathers."

"Barbarism and ignorance!" reiterated Mr. Quintin, knitting his brows with much asperity, "and pray Sir," addressing Altamont, "in what modern fopperies does this boasted improvement consist?" Altamont, perceiving his friend's malicious drift, gravely answered, "You will, at least, allow a man cannot now be put into the inquisition like Galileo, for discovering that the earth moves round the sun."

"Sir, that is out of the question; we will confine the comparison to our own country. Can you sincerely affirm, that we are wiser and better than our fathers?"

"We ought at least to be happier; an old woman is not now liable to be burnt as a witch; and a learned man does not create artificial misery by musing on dreams, or casting nativities."

"But then," retorted Vallancy, "I maintain, that as soon as one stock of folly drops off, we are blessed with another. Credulity, like the Lama of Thibet, is immortal. There's quackery, supplies the place of sorcery. Instead of wearing a harmless amulet round the neck, we swallow down all the minerals and metals, and absorb into our own systems the elements of earthquakes and volcanoes. To be sure, there is no Sorbonne to de-

stroy us alive, but the College of Physicians supplies its place. We have escaped from the confessor, to be enthralled by the lawyer. And when we die, our heirs, instead of purchasing peace for our souls, have enough to do to liberate our possessions from Chancery."

"But the great evil of all," said Quintin, is, that a *gentleman* is not now to be distinguished from a *man* of yesterday. It is inconceivable in what ignorance all your young people are of their ancestors."

"Ah! Mr. Quintin, the greatest evil of all is, that we have lost so much liberty."

"No, Sir."

"I fancy that I can prove it, Sir, to demonstration."

"Sir, begging your pardon, the demonstration is impossible. The King has lost much of his prerogative."

"Then the Queen has gained so much more influence." The one sex has constantly gained ground upon the other. Formerly beauty might be marred even in youth; but now, a handsome woman, thanks to inoculation," bowing to his mother and Cordelia, "instead of being elected like the mistress of the robes for a single administration, as Sarah Dutchess of Marlborough, keeps her power like one of the twelve judges for life."

Mr. Quintin now first perceiving the irony, rubbed his eyes, and rapped his box, and was utterly discomfited. Lord Marmiton, enjoying his confusion, whispered, "Ah my poor pedigree." Waller was again going to speak.—his mild eyes announced something like rebuke to Vallaney. But at this moment an unexpected addition was made to the company, which rendered his interference unnecessary.

## CHAPTER VIII.

WHEN De Lille parted from Sir Frederic Mowbray, he mentioned his wife's intended visit to Kent ; which happened, however, to be nothing more than one of her usual manœuvres, with which from habit she was always amusing or perplexing her husband. De Lille had really motives for visiting the metropolis, and he was still detained there by serious business, when he heard of Lord Marmiton's visit to Beachdale. At this news, all other considerations were suspended ; and leaving his affairs unfinished, he travelled with such expedition, that he reached home before the hour of dinner, and made his appearance just in time to give Quintin an opportunity of retreating from the argument. De Lille had hastened to the drawing-room with such precipitation, that he was not apprized of Vallancy's arrival ; but scarcely had he paid his compliments to Lord Marmiton and Mr. Haller, when Mrs. De Lille called his attention to her son and Altamont. At the sight of the former, he experienced only a momentary embarrassment : but in receiving his friend he betrayed an unusual coldness ; it was some time before he enquired for Mr. or Mrs. Bruce.

“ How can he be so ungrateful ?” sighed Cordelia. “ Why is he so generous ?” thought Altamont, who attributed this air of constraint, to the consciousness of his secret donation ; and yet, could not help revolting at the conviction.

The summons to dinner proved a seasonable relief ; when Vallancy, all gaiety and gallantry, gratified De Lille by taking the chair next Cordelia, on whom he bestowed his undivided attention. Hitherto Mrs. De Lille had regarded her husband with unwonted complacency ; but now, though too discreet to raise her voice in anger, she shewed her dissatisfaction in various trifling circumstances, perceptible only to the nicest observation ; she



complainant who made me promise to serve in parliament." she sneaked, now thinking it incumbent on him to unite

The common cause, said, with the best grace imaginable, "I trust Mr. Altamont is too good a patriot to assist such a plea." Altamont *did not* resist; he was not too happy to obey; and his acquiescence diffused general satisfaction. Vallancy whispered to him to ascertain whether Miss Rouvigny was not the original Flora, and repeated his injunction of secrecy respecting the *Incognita*. Lord Marmiton then proposed that De Lille should accompany them, observing facetiously, he was a most successful canvasser with the ladies. The evening passed in perfect harmony. Mrs. De Lille was lightened of half her cares; her husband not divested of his hopes; Vallancy animated by anticipations of success; Quintin was gladdened by a bustle, which reminded him of a levee; Haller was pleased with the general expression of content; and Cordelia, satisfied with her father, charmed with her step-mother, delighted with her preceptor, how beautiful was her countenance! what lovely visions played around her fancy! what a tender delicious joy filled her heart! With those sweet, pensive features, those downcast eyes, how much more than gay, how happy was Cordelia!



## CHAPTER IX.

DE LILLE, though unwilling to lose the *eclat* of accompanying Lord Marmiton, from whom since his marriage he had never before received any mark of attention, was little satisfied with the arrangement, which left Cordelia so accessible to her first preceptor. Previous to his departure, he took an opportunity of repeating to his daughter all the encomiums Vallancy and his Lordship had pronounced on her beauty, again assuring her that Mrs. De Lille was incensed at her supe-

rriority to Miss Rouvigny. He then expressed his concern that the house was to be encumbered during his absence with such a young man as Altamont, not that he distrusted her *prudence*, on the contrary he was sure she would know how to preserve her own dignity and repulse his attentions, if he should dare to obtrude them. He concluded by saying, that he hoped she would defeat his wife's malice, whose aim it had ever been to keep her in humble obscurity. He then left her abruptly, unwilling perhaps to involve himself in any thing like an altercation, which might very naturally arise in her zeal for the vindication of her first preceptor.

Cordelia, it will easily be imagined, was no longer satisfied with her father, and when she returned to the company she was almost equally dissatisfied with Altamont. He had no longer that look of animation and enthusiasm ; she missed the ardent expression of admiration she had before observed in his countenance ; he now wore a grave, and almost a melancholy, aspect. Cordelia fancied he regretted his friend's departure, and wondered how it had come to pass that every body had appeared so happy yesterday.

When the canvassers were gone he retired to his own apartment, to write letters to Switzerland, or perhaps to indulge his own meditations. Till he was once more in Beachdale it had never seriously occurred to him, how little he had employed his talents since he left it ; and till he saw Cordelia he had never deeply regretted those illusions of fancy in which he had wasted his youth. To what purpose had he hitherto lived ? His talents were not known beyond the college, or the circle of his friends ; he had travelled ; he had acquired a fund of knowledge, and still he had lived for no honorable, no noble object. Those anonymous letters, those mysterious remittances, were now remembered with regret, almost with disgust. All these reflections were sufficiently obvious, but he was indebted for them to Cordelia : by a single impression made on the heart, the dreams of fancy dissolved in air, and returned to their primitive nothing. Nor was this his only source of painful reflection : he knew not whe-

ther to consider De Lille as ungrateful or generous. When he compared all the circumstances attending those secret donations, he agreed with Mrs. Bruce, that they could have been transmitted from no other quarter ; but, when he saw and heard the supposed donor, he almost subscribed to his friend Vallancy's opinion, that it was as likely to have come from the Genii.

This state occasioned such painful alterations of feeling, that he determined not, even if Cordelia should induce him, to remain at Beachdale, if he could not discover whether De Lille was or was not his private benefactor. Notwithstanding all these severe resolutions, his pensiveness vanished, he knew not how, when he had been half an hour in her society. But the cloud that had rested on his countenance passed to her's, when Haller observed, that having failed in the object of his mission to England, he should return to Germany in three or four weeks. Mrs. De Lille was profuse in expressions of regret ; and having exhausted all she had to say on the subject, somewhat abruptly asked, if he was not an Englishman. " In my father's right, Madam, if not in my own ; I was, I believe, born in this kingdom, but have spent almost all my life out of it ! " After this question he sunk into his meditative mood, from which he was only roused when Cordelia proposed a walk. He readily assented. Altamont was invited to join them ; and as Mrs. De Lille had happily no relish for such rural pleasures, they proceeded, without her, to a heath-covered hill, which had been Altamont's favorite haunt in childhood ; and was so celebrated for its salubrity, that applications were often made for the admission of patients to the farm-house, (the only habitation it afforded,) for their recovery.

The path wound through green lanes and delicious fields, presenting a constant variety of landscape. At first, Haller walked with his two young friends, equally delighting them with his funds of knowledge and thought, his refined sensibilities and unaffected benevolence. He never entered on political or metaphysical discussions ; he had a few simple principles to which

all his wisdom appended ; he loved to think that society like man was in a progressive state, and that virtue and truth were advancing their course. To talk long, however, even on these most congenial themes, seemed to fatigue his attention ; he required the freedom of silence and solitude for peace and meditation. When they reached the summit of the hill, therefore, he quitted his companions, and, stationed on a verdant knoll, contemplated the distant sea, so dimly seen, that its sublime storms were only present to the eye of fancy, whilst the wide expanse of country suggested images of peace, plenty and security. Altamont and Cordelia gazed on his mild religious aspect. “ The first moment I saw him,” cried Altamont, “ I could have wished to call him father.” “ That was exactly my feeling,” replied she ; then blushing with the consciousness that she might seem to reflect on her own parent, she added, “ for he appears to be the common guardian of the human race.”

“ Those very words,” cried Altamont, “ were on my own lips ; but why does he lead this melancholy existence ?”

“ Melancholy ! he is surely the most cheerful old man I have ever known ; and though he has neither wife nor children, he seems not a solitary being ; he creates for his heart so many interests, and he has so much tenderness, I should readily make him a confessor.”

Altamont’s eyes avowed that he tho’t she had no faults to acknowledge, but he checked the expression of his feelings, and, looking at her steadily, said, “ I believe I could convict you of an amiable treachery ?”

“ My conscience answers, not guilty.”

“ Is it not to you I owe”—he stopt, unwilling to proceed.

“ You owe me nothing. I am, and ever shall be, your mother’s debtor.”

“ Cordelia, yes, I must once more call you Cordelia, tell me truly, have you never heard of Valsinore’s munificence to my mother ?”

“ Till this moment I never heard his name.”

“ No !—then it could not be—and yet it must be.”



Here he appeared lost in perplexity. Cordelia ventured to enquire what he meant by his questions.

Altamont, who, since he had nothing else to offer, found it soothing to give his confidence to Cordelia, readily commenced his mother's story ; and perceiving that Haller had quitted his station, and was quietly resting in the porch of the farm-house, caressing the children of the family, who had gathered round him, he led Cordelia to a plantation of fir trees, where, in his boyish days, he had raised a swing for her amusement. Cordelia well remembered the trees between which the simple machine used to be suspended ; its place was now supplied by a rustic bench, where Altamont, inviting her to rest, soon finished his little narrative ; at which she was so much touched, that had he before distrusted, he must now have been convinced of her sincerity. He then mentioned all he had lately heard of Valsinore ; and as she had participated in his romantic hopes, she shared deeply in his regrets. " But still," said Cordelia, " I cannot understand why you should suspect me of treachery ?" Altamont was at first embarrassed by the question, but repulsing the disingenuous impulse which would have induced concealment, he confessed the mysterious enclosures ; adding, " under these circumstances, you will not wonder if I am grown suspicious of obligation."

Cordelia required no farther explanation, for she easily comprehended that he alluded to her father. " Let us yet hope," she answered, " that Valsinore exists ; of this I am certain, there is no one within my acquaintance, who has the power to confer such benefits. Be assured you have never yet seen your noble benefactor."

Here, perceiving that Haller was approaching, they rejoined their venerable associate, who was again disposed to relish society, and conversed with exquisite feeling on the poetical sentiment associated with picturesque scenery, and the inexhaustible varieties of nature. " Imagination," said he, " peoples every delightful scene with the virtues, most amiable, most beneficent to man-

kind. I am now shut out from a thousand avenues of hope and pleasure, I have lost many faculties of enjoyment; but this remains, for it is mental and immortal."



## CHAPTER X.

THE confidence reposed by Altamont in his former pupil had restored them to the frankness of familiar friendship. Cordelia secretly pronounced her father's surmises unjust; and exulting in the conviction of his honorable principles, she magnanimously resolved to prove that their mutual sympathy was not incompatible with the most disinterested attachment.

She had heard such modes of attachment stigmatized as dangerous and delusive; but though gentle and timid, she had too much imagination to subscribe, on all occasions, to the dictates of prudence. She was, besides, an enthusiast in the cause of virtue, and had a generous disdain of all sordid cautions, all vulgar suspicion. She had lived too much in her own world, to relish the truisms which melancholy experience has forced upon mankind. In short, she had all that sensibility which so often proves dangerous to its possessor; but her sentiments were always noble: her heart disclaimed communion with all but noble beings. Having decided that Altamont was to be her friend, she daily annexed to that title some new privilege, some still more sacred duty.

Recollecting that her father had stigmatized him as a dangler on Vallancy, she ventured in her turn to become the monitor, and urged him to embrace some profession which should give scope to his talents and ambition. She confessed how much her own childish pride had been mortified by his rebukes of her inattention, and by what exertions she had sought to regain his approbation.

Altamont almost felt compunction at the assurance that he had ever caused her to weep. Cordelia was certainly revenged for his former asperity : she gloried in the possession of such a friend, and resolved he should be forever the object of her sisterly affection.

The friend was not indocile to her admonitions ; he *did* think of the profession she urged him to embrace, and he sometimes thought, too, that Cordelia herself might at some future period recompence his exertions and bless his choice. Thus, if the first fantastic dream of youth was gone, another almost equally romantic, but infinitely more delightful, supplied its place. In the meanwhile he was happy in anticipations of happiness ; whilst Cordelia, on the contrary, wanted nothing to compleat her felicity, but the assurance that it should be permanent.

She often wished her friend would confide in Haller, but knew not how to suggest this wish. One morning, having expressed her eagerness to see the manuscript as a relie of his benefactor, Altamont presented it for her inspection, and she was gazing on it with reverence, when Haller, observing that none of the characters were visible, offered to restore them by a simple process with which he was perfectly acquainted. Altamont eagerly accepted the proposal, but now a delicate scruple took possession of Cordelia's mind. The manuscript was perhaps the depository of Valsinore's most secret thoughts, and was it right to force them from their religious sanctuary ? At the name of Valsinore, Haller listened with augmented interest ; he had himself heard of such a man, and his character was calculated to excite curiosity.

Altamont explained by what means these papers had come into his possession ; and Haller, after praising Cordelia's singleness of soul, promised if he discovered any charge of secrecy, not to penetrate beyond the first page. " But may I ask what excites in you so much curiosity for this Valsinore ? "

" Only," replied she eagerly, " that he was one of the noblest and most benevolent of human beings."

Altamont was silent: Haller enquired no farther, but took the manuscript into his possession and withdrew into his apartment. Cordelia wondered Altamont had not chosen to repose in him more confidence. He guessed her thoughts, and replied to them, "No, I could not relate to him the transaction; I would not seem to challenge interest, or claim assistance, even from such a man as Haller."

Cordelia now thought him right, and again listened to him with the deference due to her first preceptor. But this conviction of his superiority, by sanctioning her choice, served only to fortify and confirm her affection. In the evening, she was still prouder of her friend, when in their rural walk, he avowed his intention of accompanying Haller to London, to procure his admission to Lincoln's Inn, adding with a smile, he had but too long indulged his idleness.

Cordelia, though delighted the first moment, was not quite so happy the second; and the period for departure being so near, only three short days to intervene, she may be pardoned for this involuntary regret.

To increase her chagrin, Mrs. De Lille, who was now in daily expectation of Miss Rouvigny's arrival, no longer urged Altamont to return to Beachdale; for observing how agreeable he was to Cordelia, to whom she had given him unbounded freedom of access, it occurred to her, that he might happen to be equally acceptable to her niece; and as she was, when others were concerned, always anxious to nip folly in the bud, she did not, when he mentioned his intended excursion, think proper to remind him of his promise to consider her house as his home.

Cordelia was so chagrined by this forbidding silence, (purely, as she fancied, because it appeared ungrateful) that in the evening, when called upon to play during twilight, she could only think of melancholy tunes. "What a dismal ditty!" cried Mrs. De Lille, perceiving that Haller was more than usually abstracted.

"No," said he, "it is only too delightful. In listening to a sweet strain of music I am carried back as



in a dream to feelings and impressions which had lapsed into oblivion ; what is forgotten is not missed : regret is the gift of remembrance."

For the last two days, Haller was the most cheerful of the party ; but on the evening preceding their departure. Mrs. De Lille suddenly recollected that Altamont was her son's representative, and that she could not permit him to go without a solemn promise to return.

The motive of her hospitality is easily accounted for by her having received a letter from Sir Frederic, announcing Miss Rouvigny's farther detention ; and another from Lord Marmiton. in which, after congratulating her on her son's success, he mentioned his intention of revisiting Beachdale.

The delay was explained also by Miss Rouvigny having caught a fever during her journey, which, though not dangerous, rendered it improper to travel till she should have regained her strength. Sir Frederic, it will easily be supposed, was provoked at this unseasonable detention ; and with all his politeness, his letter discovered less concern for his ward's indisposition, than his own personal inconvenience.

Relieved from the fears of losing Altamont, Cordelia was now grieved at the departure of Haller, from whom she had vainly attempted to obtain the promise of correspondence.

" No," said he " an old man should have no intimacy but with those he can benefit. I came to England on a public mission ; I return to Germany with the hope of obtaining, for a private individual, an act of equity and justice. If I prosper in this, perhaps, last worldly business I shall have to transact, you will see me again ; otherwise"—He stopped abruptly—there was a mournful pause—no one ventured to renew the subject.

He did not restore the manuscript till the morning of his departure, when it was given into Cordelia's custody, who voluntarily engaged not to look into it without Altamont. Haller, smiling with benignity at her scrupulous integrity, observed, it would be much better they should read it together ; adding, she would dis-

cover it was written for her particular instruction.

“ But does it refer to Valsinore ? ”

“ The writer’s name is not divulged ; but it contains, in part at least, the history of some man who has tasted an excess of happiness and misery. And now, is not your curiosity excited ? ”

“ Yes ; but I shall still be faithful to my trust—I shall still wait till we can read it together.”

Altamont, it may be presumed, was not ungrateful for this artless association. Haller looked at them both with affection ; but though his eyes were bent on Altamont with kindness, their more tender expression was reserved exclusively for Cordelia.

---

## CHAPTER XI.

ALTAMONT had not left Beachdale without a struggle with inclination, for which he was, however, soon rewarded, by the consciousness of having acted in a manner that rendered him more worthy of Cordelia. As long as he indulged in his own meditations, or enjoyed the society of Haller, his hopes were pure and ardent. He could anticipate a period of recompence ; he could imagine a scene of happiness, which invigorated his efforts, and converted care to pleasure. But when he entered into company, he was sure to lose many of those bright illusions : the general tone of conversation never failed to lower his feelings—to enfeeble his energy. Every one had kept a register of those who had failed in the arduous undertaking. The old spoke from experience, the young from authority : one quoted precedent, another produced example ; and all concurred in representing a young man’s probation for fame as the most hazardous and hopeless of all experiments.

He complained to Haller of this discouraging language, and its injurious influence.

“ Regard it not : it is the fault, or perhaps the mis-

fortune, of your countrymen to want enthusiasm ; but, to their honor, they are as liberal in rewarding merit once acknowledged, as they are slow in its discovery. Let courage and perseverance be your motto, and you will triumph over discouragement. I am not indeed familiar with the details of your profession. but I feel assured, it is one in which real merit cannot long remain buried in obscurity. But you must forget the romantic visions of youth—every thing,” added he smiling, “ but Cordelia.”

“ And that vision,” said Altamont, “ is perhaps the most extravagant of all.”

“ Not to the man who shall really deserve her. Ambition,” added he, “ is a noble passion ; but let it find some object in the heart, and lose its native hardness, by mingling with the best and dearest affections.”

In such conversation Altamont insensibly forgot the disparity in their age, and poured forth his youthful feelings with ingenuous confidence.

Haller once said, “ The young accuse the old of want of sympathy ; but it is the old who are slighted and neglected, because their feelings can only be understood by those who have arrived at their own experience. The same passions which now reign in your soul have prevailed in mine : I understand their language, and am an adept in their idioms ; but I have since known feelings with which you have yet formed no acquaintance, and for these I should vainly ask consideration or sympathy.”

Altamont was sometimes reminded of his intimacy with Woodville, of whose character he gave a sketch with equal animation and fidelity. He lamented the lapse in their correspondence ; but consoled himself with the persuasion, that his friend was now enjoying ease and prosperity.

One evening as he was walking with Haller, conversing on this subject, and regretting that a man of such talents should have been lost to the world, he passed a person whose figure so strongly resembled Woodville's that he had almost pronounced his name, when he was start-

led by his ghastly haggard countenance. A moment's reflection convinced him this could not be Woodville. In his momentary view of the stranger, he had observed that he was shabbily dressed, and had the appearance of abject poverty ; besides, he looked so much older, that it was clearly impossible. The impression, however, dwelt on his mind, and he was unusually pensive, when Haller suddenly begged him to take the address of a Hamburgh banker, with whom he was acquainted, and through whose medium he might always hear of him whilst he continued in existence.

At parting for the night he bade him farewell, and shook his hand twice, but without intimating his intended departure ; nor was it till the next morning that he knew his friend was really gone, having left the house at day-break, and, as was supposed, with the intention of proceeding immediately to the place of embarkation.

Altamont was dissatisfied with this abrupt exit, in which he almost fancied he detected an eccentricity unworthy of so sublime a character. But he dwelt not long on this invidious subject ; he recollected his engagement to return to Beachdale, and with such precipitation did he prepare to fulfil it, that he took his seat in a coach which only went within fifteen miles of Vallancy house, when, by waiting another hour, he might have been conveyed within half a mile of the village.

On leaving the coach he was fortunate enough to procure a horse, on which he proceeded with such expedition, that before the close of the day he came within view of the hill to which he had so lately walked with Haller and Cordelia. The sun was again sinking beneath the horizon, and Altamont animated by love and ambition, contemplated the scene with unusual delight. He has now just entered a wild romantic heath, by many a childish ramble endeared to remembrance. It was here and there planted with trees, but more commonly chequered only with furze, and of so uneven and undulating a surface, that at every ten paces the traveller observed a new landscape ; and though within a quarter of a mile of a public road, perceived no vestige of any human habitation.



Altamont was galloping down a declivity, when he perceived before him another solitary horseman, to whom a footpad, who at that moment issued from an adjacent thicket, was presenting a pistol. He instantly spurred his horse to the spot; the gentleman was in the act of delivering his purse, when the robber, perceiving Altamont, dropt the pistol from his hand, and darted back to the copse, yet not so precipitately but that his features might be distinguished, and discovered again the pale haggard countenance so strongly resembling Woodville. In the meanwhile, Altamont's horse having taken fright at the pistol, which exploded in its fall, threw his rider with such violence, that his right arm was *dislocated*.

The person to whose relief he had arrived thus opportunely, and who was no other than De Lille, now advancing to the spot, assisted him to rise, and with many acknowledgements for his kind interposition, conducted him to a hovel on the other side of the heath, from whence he dispatched a boy for a surgeon, who lived in the next village; and then, as Altamont declined remounting his horse, De Lille left it with his own to the charge of the peasant who lived in this hut, and walked with him leisurely to Beachdale. On their way they could talk of nothing but the late adventure. De Lille observed, that often as he had traversed that heath, it was the first time he had ever met with any interruption; and then added, that to spare his wife and daughter unnecessary uneasiness, it would be well to suppress any mention of the intended robbery. "Not," added he, "that I do not wish to do justice to your gallantry."

Altamont readily concurred in the proposal; and De Lille added, "as to the wretch who attacked me, I could identify him at any time; had you not a view of his face?"

"I certainly had a glimpse of his features, and they strongly reminded me of a much esteemed friend, whom it is impossible it should be."

"'Tis a strongly marked countenance," replied De Lille, "and I should know it in any quarter of the globe."

He has a remarkable furrow in his forehead, probably occasioned by accident, which would distinguish him among ten thousand."

"Do you think so slight a mark decisive?" said Altamont, "for that I remember too in my friend."

"Oh, there are other marks," said De Lille, carelessly, "but for the present, we will say nothing about him."

Altamont was nearly exhausted when he reached the house, from which Cordelia happened to be absent on a visit with Mrs. De Lille; and he therefore missed whatever pain or pleasure he might have experienced from observing her countenance. In receiving the news, she probably exerted some fortitude, since her father, from that time, seemed to have dismissed his suspicions of her friend, and now mentioned him with cordiality and esteem. For some days he was confined, by the consequences of the accident, to his chamber; it was certainly tantalizing to be thus estranged from Cordelia; nor was he consoled by her father's daily visits, and specious but heartless courtesies, for the loss of her endearing society. During his imprisonment, he received a very sprightly letter from Vallancy, who appeared to have almost forgotten the *Incognita* in his parliamentary anticipations.

De Lille received an invitation to Lord Marmiton's, which he was too politic not to accept; and having now detected the secret of his wife's perverseness, he mentioned Altamont to her, in terms of praise very different from the language he had once addressed to Cordelia. This judicious stratagem succeeded; and when the invalid was sufficiently recovered to rejoin the family, which happened during De Lille's absence, he might have been struck with the change in her deportment, if he could have attended to any thing so insignificant in the presence of Cordelia. Not that he was immediately restored to all the privileges he had previously enjoyed.

Each had acquired a certain consciousness, which checked the flow of sympathy; and both missed the venerable aspect of Haller, in whose society they could

watch each other's looks, without betraying vigilance or fearing detection. This new situation produced not in each a similar change of sentiment. Altamont, observing in Cordelia so much more reserve, was secretly discouraged by her altered deportment; and as his passion increased, his confidence diminished. Cordelia from her anxiety to preserve his friendship, had a latent suspicion of his love; not that she admitted to herself, what she at once hoped and feared, and doubted and believed; but she dreaded her father's scrutiny, and, as she could not be disingenuous, his enquiry. She dreaded the possibility of seeing him treated by her family with rudeness and contempt. Above all, perhaps, she dreaded the suspension of that familiar intercourse, the loss of that endearing sympathy, at once so satisfying to the heart, so congenial to the fancy, from which she received such delight. In this dilemma of sentiment, love itself became her monitor; and as they were fully at liberty to select their own amusement, she requested him to renew his instructions; protesting she was ambitious to convince him that she could now be an exemplary pupil. A monarch could not have conferred on Altamont a title he held so dear, as that of Cordelia's preceptor.

But what shall be the subject of their studies? She has magnanimously resolved to forsake the Elysian fields of poetry, for the higher regions of philosophy. *Timidity*, for once, assuming the office of wisdom, involves in one ruthless proscription all the enchanting graces of the imagination; and that every thing leading to sentiment may be banished from conversation, she professes a desire to ascend to that mathematical sphere, so rarely explored by her sex. Altamont himself has little relish for this abstracted world; but any world becomes delightful with Cordelia. And now behold her listening with patient endurance, to such words as,

“ Isosceles and parellel,  
“ Words hard to speak, and hard to spell;”

whilst Altamont, with composed gravity, discourses on the radii of the circle. But little does this frigid language correspond with the impassioned enthusiasm kindling in his eyes, whenever he glances on the lovely pupil, who receives the lesson with a bewitching air of deference and docility, yet often fails to collect its import, from the attention spontaneously offered to the now indulgent and devoted tutor. The perusal of the legend is still postponed to some more propitious moment; it is perhaps an innocent device of the heart, to prolong by the anticipations of fancy, the precious interval of enjoyment. But this felicity approaches its close. Mrs. De Lille, with triumph in her eyes, announces the arrival of Miss Rouvigny in England, and instantly reminds Altamont of his promise to entice her Vallancy back to Beachdale.

Cordelia loved Adela; yet she could not rejoice at the intelligence, since she had a presage that her arrival was to be the signal for Altamont's departure. "She was too much fatigued to write herself," reiterated Mrs. De Lille; "but Sir Frederic, who is all impatience to return, promises she shall be restored in a day or two."

Cordelia changed countenance; her emotion escaped the wary Mrs. De Lille, but was observed by Altamont, so much more lynx-eyed is love than even suspicion.

The first moment she was alone with Altamont, she offered to restore the manuscript on condition that he should read it to her on the morrow. Altamont is too happy to escape from Euclid; his ardor for the manuscript is revived; for, of late, curiosity had been suspended, and even gratitude absorbed in a dearer object. Though delighted with to-day, he therefore longs for the morrow, which promises him so much enjoyment.

The morrow came; the family as usual assembled at the breakfast table, when both Altamont and Cordelia were struck with the perplexity in Mrs. De Lille's countenance, who, having hastily swallowed a cup of tea, arose, and darted through the park towards the Grange, the residence of the wealthy farmer Mr. Mapletoft, and for some years the retreat of Mrs. Gladwin's old *protegee*.



In the last three weeks, Mrs. De Lille had often visited this worthy creature, to whom for three years before, she had scarcely vouchsafed a single civility. It will be necessary to account for this change of conduct, though Mrs. De Lille herself would have been at a loss to explain the motives by which she was secretly influenced.

It may be remembered, that the introduction of Celia's friend to the Grange, nearly coincided with the period of Mr. Bruce's departure from the vicarage; and, like every other transaction effected by her agency, was conducted in the shape of mystery. Mrs. Winifred was no spinster, and expressions often escaped her, which intimated, that she had been peculiarly unfortunate in her conjugal connection. No mention was ever made of her family; she was obviously illiterate and uneducated; but, what was most surprising, she appeared to consider Celia as eminently her superior, though she paid for her board alone, a sum more than equal to the income of her nominal patroness; and it was soon discovered, that she dispensed alms to a considerable amount. Her purse was almost as accessible as her medicine chest, in which she took infinite delight. She made soups for the sick, distributed clothes to the naked, and was soon worshipped as the Lady Bountiful of the parish. In all but goodness, indeed, she was a striking contrast to her romantic friend. She was always attired with plain and scrupulous neatness; the cap and pinner never forsook her head; and a gown of plain grey silk was her constant uniform. Her dress was not plainer than her speech; she made no pretensions to literature; and, though she had once at Celia's request endeavored to wade through the History of England, she soon desisted from the task, alledging that, upon this occasion, she dozed so much by day, she could not sleep at night.

With novels she experienced not the same difficulties; and often did she sit in her easy chair, groaning over the sorrows of her distressed heroines, and raving at the diabolical tricks of their male persecutors. From

this exercise of fancy alone could it have been suspected that she was capable of one vindictive sentiment: but sympathy betrayed this secret of her heart, that with all her kindness, all her benevolence, and even her charity, she never forgot or forgave an injury; often, in her simple language, declaring, that she could sooner die than bless her enemy. In Mr. Mapletoft's household, she had happily found an object for her warmest affections, in a poor slighted youth, who had been transplanted from a numerous family; and who received his maintenance from his rich relation, as an act of charity. Feeble and sickly, with a decided aversion to all active pursuits, he was found wholly useless on the farm; and as Mr. Mapletoft chose not to throw away money on his education, he was left to himself, and stigmatized as a zany, and considered as an incumbrance, till he found a friend in Mrs. Winifred; who having nursed him in an ague, soon conceived for her docile patient the most tender friendship. Having discovered that he was fond of reading, she procured for him through the interest of Mrs. Gladwin, full access to the library at the abbey; where it was his fortune to attract the notice of Mr. Quintin, who sometimes employed him as a secretary, sometimes as a reader, and now and then gave him in return a lesson in the latin grammar, and a pompous dissertation on heraldry. The situation of Aleck Satehell (as he was called) was now changed. The Mapletofts, perceiving Mrs. Winifred's predilection, imagined he was to be her heir. Mr. Quintin, flattered by his docility, pronounced him a *prodigy* of application; and Aleck himself was perfectly satisfied that he should some day or other realize all the fond fantastic dreams of greatness, which had been, he knew not when, or how long since, impressed on his ductile fancy.

A visionary is almost always the outcast of nature; a being, whom fortune should seem to have excluded from happiness, and rarely admitted within the dear domestic circle; he has not shared in the rich, unbartered blessings of friendship; the cheap, yet precious, pleasures of home. He is not found in the lowest class of

poverty. Whoever has to earn the bread he eats is in no danger of wandering into dreams : but he who wants every thing which the soul requires, must inevitably become obtuse or fantastic. It was thus with Aleck, who during infancy had no play mate, having been adopted by a superstitious grandmother, who duly every morning shook her tea-cup, and descanted on her dreams. At night she was often disturbed with that little spider, whose *tick-like* murmur has been supposed to betoken death. She saw portents in the candle ; and if a coal bounced from the fire, believed it was a summons to the grave. She was accustomed also to calculate on years, even and odd ; and had a thousand other vagaries, which were dropt into Aleck's ear. She had taught him to read, and Jacob Behmen, and the History of Witchcraft and of Apparitions, formed his first studies. Once, too, this care-worn personage took him to a cunning woman, who told his fortune ; and predicted that he should one day be a great man. The grandame laughed ; but ever after, if she was pleased with the boy, would stroke his head, repeat the prophecy ; and then, looking into an old court calendar, count over the places by the possession of which, it might be accomplished. Aleck's natural indolence left him passive to impressions ; he insensibly acquired some vague conceptions, that he was born to no common destiny. He amassed in imagination a little treasury of hope, and was satisfied with his lot. When he was transferred to Mr. Mapletost's family, where he had no longer this fond flattering grandame, he endured every slight and mortification, still trusting, he knew not why, to this mysterious prophecy. Though not blessed with instruction, he read voraciously whatever books he could meet with ; some of these, the refuse of an old lumber chest, happened to be of a metaphysical cast. His early superstitions were clinging to his mind, but this new course of study taught him to despise their names, whilst he still nourished his fancy with their essence. A passion to account for every thing, suddenly took possession of his mind ; and, reflecting on his grandmother's dreams, he

began to think that if he knew the events of the day, he could easily predict the visions of the night. He pursued this fanciful enquiry with success ; for as he was persevering in his questions, he generally extracted an answer to correspond with his previous calculation. He now went one step farther ; he began to speculate on the composition of dreams, and at length fancied he could, by making certain impressions on the mind, induce any particular person to dream as he pleased. In this too he succeeded, for the same reason as before ; as by dint of importunity, he seldom failed to extort the concession he wished. It is seldom possible to retrace our dreams ; the effort of memory is commonly aided by fancy ; and with the uneducated people, on whom Aleck operated, one illusion is often mistaken for the other.

“ Why do we fall in love ? ” was once said sportively by a young man as lively as Vallancy.

Aleck began to ponder on the subject, which appeared to him pregnant with philosophy. He considered, that the general susceptibility to tender impressions could by no means explain the circumstance of particular predilection. The caprice of the passion was proverbial ; it was notorious that neither beauty nor talents extorted the preference ; and what determined the affections to one individual more than another, was often a problem to the understanding ; and the occult cause had often been resolved into secret sympathies, charms, spells, and incantations ; he observed that few people dived into this subject, without admitting the operation of a certain species of fatality, which supposed the attraction to be invincible. But might not all this, thought Aleck, be resolved into intermediate mental agency ? May not two individuals be impelled to think of each other, because they have been accidentally associated together in the mind of a third person ? Might not thought flow like light, and was not its action produced by vibrations ? This influence might hitherto have been accidentally exerted, though the existence of its principle was unsuspected ; as the magnetic property of steel existed long before its application to the compass. And might not



some superior mind. by intense, vehement, efficient application, acquire the steerage of the human affections?

To the obvious objection, that such power might be misapplied, he had an easy answer; that such power could never be exercised by any one, who was himself under the dominion of the passions; because it demanded that ardent and perfect devotedness to an abstract subject of which no impassioned mind was capable. The hypothesis once launched, solved a thousand things which had been hitherto deemed insoluble. It elucidated the fables of mythology, which he conceived to be nothing more than personifications of this principle: this medium of sympathy, was by him to be reclaimed for mankind. To this he attributed the attachment of the Spartans to their Lyncurgus, and the submission of Athens to her Solon.

“ It was by intense abstraction in these sages,” cried Aleck; “ it was by thinking constantly and vehemently of their fellow citizens, that they established their mental ascendancy.” Then he reasoned, that the being who should be sublime enough to compel the affections, might also in time be powerful enough to still the passions, which had been hitherto pernicious to the world; and the golden age of the poets, and the Utopia of philosophers, would be realized, whenever there should be a sufficient number of superior minds to balance and harmonize the moral sympathies. Enchanted with his theory, he put it to the test of experiment; and for this purpose, associated in imagination two young people of the village; thinking of them to the exclusion of every other idea, and with an ardent aspiration for their future felicity.

The result was flattering; for it happened that they were soon united. Charmed with his first success, he made the trial on another couple with similar results; and for the course of two years, operated on many more, some of whom proved refractory. But being once prepossessed with his faith, such failures did not depress his courage; and, by degrees, he resolved all such cases into unsuitable tempers, or previous attachment. Hi-

therto however, he had tried only on the young and susceptible. To ascertain the extent of his power, he deemed it necessary to associate in his mind two individuals of another class. There lived in the village a carrier, whose name of Nicholas was familiarly abbreviated into Nick. He was a tall lank figure; remarkable for nothing but his care and taciturnity; he trudged twice a week to the neighbouring town, at the side of a little light cart, drawn by a single ass. He had buried his wife, and appeared not to think of another. Indeed, he never wasted time in unprofitable discourse, even to his customers: and day after day jogged on, scarcely opening his lips, except to admonish his dog, or rebuke his ass.

In Mrs. Mapletost's household, was a tall elderly damsel, so staid and circumspect, that she was treated with the deference due to a matron. Aleck, being persuaded, that these two people would harmonize together, thought of them intensely; and even at church kept looking from Nick to Betty, by which unsuspected manœuvre, he really caused them to look at each other. Whether Betty mused on this extraordinary symptom of attention in Nick is not known; but the next day she was sent to the carrier, by Mrs. Winifred, with a small parcel, to which she attached some importance. The damsel found him too hoarse to speak: she reported his case to the kind-hearted doctress, who immediately sent a bottle of elder wine and a posset by the same messenger; various other friendly offices succeeded; and Aleck, who had devoted himself to the object with unremitted ardor, had at length the satisfaction to see them united; and often, on passing their snug little cottage, which had been neatly furnished by Mrs. Winifred, and by Betty's care was rendered light and tidy, he secretly felicitated himself on having been the unknown and unsuspected agent of their mutual satisfaction and tranquillity. This last effort was so decisive, that he hastened to Mrs. Winifred, to whom alone he divulged his discovery, and for whose satisfaction he now attempted to explain his principles.

To explain to another what he knows, or fancies that he knows, is always a severe effort to the visionary, who instinctively shelters the offspring of his brain in quiet obscurity.

Fortunately for Aleck, the person selected for his confidence, opposed no startling objections to his darling system, of which she did not comprehend the import. Fortunately too, he had learnt to invest his ideas with a dignified nomenclature, which materially softened their absurdity. In imitation of many other original thinkers, he enveloped his meaning in a pompous scientific phraseology, and talked of the *lever* of the heart, and the *momentum* of an impression: he talked of cogent, and passive agency; the equilibrium and the harmony of the affections. With these magnificent analogies, he seemed to have raised a substratum for his system, and in pronouncing certain words, he was himself astonished at his own fluency.

Mrs. Winifred listened with delight, conceiving all he meant to communicate to refer to some spiritual mission; and with honest pride, told him she always thought he would come to be somebody. Then, as from the crabbed words he used, she conceived his operations, whatever they might be, to be attended with painful efforts, she would rise from her seat, and bid him take her easy chair, whilst she went to fetch something to comfort his poor stomach. Cheered by her kindness, (for when does kindness fail to exhilarate,) Aleck again propounded and expounded, whilst his good old friend, looking sometimes up, and sometimes down, pursued her knitting, yet often stole a momentary glance at the speaker; as an old affectionate puss, sits blinking at a playful puppy, or more frolicsome kitten, gambolling round its own tail, then quietly shuts his eyes, and drops his whiskers, yet, still purring with fond, confiding complacency.

In the midst of Aleck's abstractions she would place her hand on his forehead, and turn back his hair, and smooth it again, without causing either disturbance, or displeasure; sometimes delighted with the sound of his

voice, she moved her lips after his ; but alas ! those hard words were not to be articulated by her feeble organs, and she muttered *mob* for *mobile*, and *mum* for *momentum*. The lever she constantly perverted to the cleaver, not without shuddering at the involuntary association. But his *divine harmony* she was pleased to hear, and it seemed to do her heart good to pronounce it after him. Sometimes as she gazed on Aleck, wondering what his fate should be, and whether he would be recompenced for his exertions in behalf of his fellow-creatures, a tear dropt on her knitting needle, and as she softly wiped it away, she sighed "God bless thee." It was a scene at once tender and ludicrous. The benevolent Haller would have raised his eyes to heaven, and secretly rejoiced that the human heart was so richly furnished with sympathies, supplying the place of intelligence : and that the simple and the wise, the illiterate and the learned, could interchange kind confiding affection, and amicably consort together.



## CHAPTER XII.

NOTWITHSTANDING Aleck's reserve, and Mrs. Winifred's discretion, it was rumoured in the village that he possessed certain occult powers. As a seventh son he was already entitled to some reverence : and, from the period of his establishment in Mr. Mapletoft's family, had constantly been solicited to furnish amulets for the hooping-cough and ague. Now, however, whether from some imperfect communications of his old friend, or some hints incautiously given to the married parties, it was whispered, that he could make people angry or loving, just as he pleased : that he could induce sleep or stupor : and cure either colds or fevers without medicine. The little boys were silenced at his approach, and their mothers often stilled their vagaries with his name.



Some of these rumors had reached the domestics in Valancy house ; and Mrs. De Lille, who sometimes listened to her gossiping maid, had been highly amused with the relation. The story was repeated with additions, and she still laughed, but wondered what could have given rise to such a belief.

Sometimes, in thinking of her son and Miss Rouvigny, she heartily wished that such a power as was attributed to Aleck, should be lodged with mothers, to induce compliance with their reasonable wishes when they could no longer extort obedience ; not that she gave the least credit to these tales, but she was curious to trace their origin. It might, perhaps, be possible to extract from this strange Aleck some useful hint to direct her own movements ; at any rate it was a harmless and diverting speculation. The idea floated in her mind, without exciting any correspondent action, till after her son's arrival at Beachdale ; then, sceptical as she was, she visited the Grange, courteously caressed Mrs. Winifred, and by professing a wish to see Aleck pursuing some honorable profession, obtained her complete confidence. At first, she could with difficulty refrain from laughing ; but when Mrs. Winifred called in Aleck, and desired him to impart his knowledge ; he spoke with such promptitude and confidence, avowed his own convictions with such unpremeditated energy, and so veiled their absurdity by scholastic or philosophical language, that Mrs. De Lille found herself utterly confounded, and instead of smiling, was lost in doubt and amazement.

Perceiving he had made a favorable impression on his audtress, he launched forth with unusual energy ; “ It is nothing occult or strange : it is what every where takes place. Every one possesses the faculties for this mental operation ; every one is unconsciously accustomed to employ it.”

“ Sir,” said Mrs. De Lille, “ do you mean to say such power as your's can be acquired at will ?”

“ I do, Madam. My secret is merely *attention* and *abstraction*. You have only to think intensely of certain

persons, *purely for their sake*, without any calculations of interest, any impulses of passion."

"Well, Sir, and shall I thus compel them to think of each other?"

"If there be nothing incompatible in their tempers, no previous prepossession, you will;—be assured, Madam, the thing happens every day, without our suspecting it."

Here Mrs. De Lille very gravely asked, if he really could name any particular instance in which this influence had produced an union. Aleck smiled at the question, arose, went up stairs, and presently returned with a book, in which he had entered the names, and detailed the progress, of every individual on whom he had operated. In facts there is always something that imposes respect. Mrs. De Lille was staggered, and it immediately occurred to her that the real object of De Lille's recent attentions at the Grange, was to engage Aleck's assistance in creating an attachment between her son and Cordelia; she sickened at the surmise, and even went again to ascertain if it was just.

Aleck never mentioned her husband, and she was at length persuaded her conjecture was unfounded; but, in the course of her conferences with the *Visionary*, she so often thought his system desirable that she began to think it feasible; she was too sensible to ridicule to commit herself on such a subject, and therefore carefully concealed all her newly acquired knowledge. But whilst Altamont was initiating Cordelia into mathematical truths, she was endeavoring to initiate herself into Aleck's subtleness, secretly resolving not to *trust* but to *use* him; to attend to his hints; to collect all his ideas; and, if possible, to operate with her own faculties in the manner she wished. In his instructions he exacted two things, almost equally difficult and repugnant to her character; that she should not think of herself, nor of any other being, with displeasure. Such abstraction as this was indeed difficult, if not impossible; yet Mrs. De Lille had now so strong a motive to use self-restraint, that, for a whole week, she was never out of temper.

The sight of Aleck was now essential to her tranquillity ; and, when she had so abruptly quitted the breakfast table, she hurried to the Grange, almost with as much ardor as Altamont attended Cordelia to the pavilion. This imposing name which had been given to an apartment open to the garden, fitted up as a study, and embellished with the portrait of Miss Rouvigny, in the character of Flora, had glass doors on each side, the one opening to the lawn, the other to the flowery parterres, which embalmed the air with delicious fragrance. Here Cordelia presented to Altamont the manuscript, precisely as she had received it from Haller. Altamont observed, at the commencement of the first page, these words, “ A legend for my children.” The writing was perfectly distinct : Cordelia took out her work, and he began as follows :

“ I was born on the banks of the Shannon, and caught from my nurse the patriotic strains of *Erin go bragh*. I was proud to trace my descent to a line of heroes, though conscious that, by inheriting the ancient faith of my fathers, I was for ever excluded from the best and dearest privileges of a Briton.

“ At the moment of my birth, the son of a Catholic, by professing the Protestant faith, acquired a discretionary power over his father's property, and usurped from his non-conforming brothers the rights of primogeniture. It happened, that one of my father's brothers thought proper, by virtue of this law, to engross an estate, which, in the established order, should have been divided equally in the family. The baseness of our unworthy kinsman was imprinted on my infant mind, and with it an inveterate prejudice to the heresy he had embraced.

“ These sentiments were nurtured by education ; for, as among other vexatious restrictions, no Catholic was permitted to exercise the functions of a tutor, I was sent to a foreign university, where I imbibed, from the classics, an impassioned enthusiasm for the name of liberty. I became loyally devoted to the house of Stuart, whom I had been taught to consider as the only true repre-

sentatives of our national sovereigns. To explain this contradiction, it should be recollected that, as an Irishman and a Catholic, I belonged to a degraded class of citizens ; and that from experience and prejudice, I attributed all the evils of which I had cause to complain, to the intrusion of a foreign dynasty.

“ At Rome I became intimate with the exiled princes, to whose cause I was attached. I was admitted to their familiar society, and once, in a moment of sympathy and confidence, tendered to them, whenever they should be pleased to claim it, my fidelity and allegiance.

“ During my residence at Rome, I was united in brotherly friendship with a young Englishman of my own persuasion, whose sister had lately professed her scruples to our communion, and avowed her preference of the reformed faith.

“ My friend Albert, deeply lamenting her apostacy, repeatedly employed his pen to combat her new principles, and sometimes engaged my clandestine assistance in the correspondence. In return for such petty services, he communicated to me her letters, which were sometimes unavoidably on the same subject. In her replies to his arguments, she often discovered powers of reasoning which extorted our admiration. It was impossible not to be charmed with the eloquence of her style, the energy and intrepidity of her sentiments.

“ But I was, at this period, too much the slave of prejudice, to relish in an individual of her sex such proofs of mental independence ; and when Albert once intimated a wish that it might be my fate to reclaim her to the primitive faith, and to receive her hand as the seal of her conversion, I secretly revolted at the suggestion ; and, though assured that she was young and lovely, still imagined for her a masculine form, and a harsh, repulsive aspect. I had, however, a strong curiosity to see so extraordinary a female, and, at parting from Albert, promised to visit him at his uncle's seat (where he resided with his sister,) as soon as I had seen my father, who, from cares and mortifications, was prematurely sinking to the grave.



“ I returned, then, to the dear native country which a long season of estrangement had not banished from remembrance ; but I received no joyful welcome. From the period of my uncle's usurpation, a schism had prevailed in our family. My elder brother had been a prodigal, and my father, overwhelmed with chagrin and disappointment, was about to make a voyage to Lisbon for his health, attended only by my sister, who had long aspired to the religious vocation. The moment of meeting was almost immediately saddened by that of parting ; and for what purpose was I returned ? The curse of banishment still pursued my steps. In this our beloved country, I was an alien rather than a citizen : I found no occupation for talents, no scope for ambition ; wherever I turned, some invidious cause of proscription opposed my progress ; to whatever I aspired, jealousy or suspicion stigmatized the effort and intercepted the recompence.

“ The love of fame, that noblest impulse of the youthful mind, that active spirit which vivifies patriotism, and scatters through a free people the germs of every generous and heroic sentiment, in me was but a self-amusing passion, fatal to my own peace, and boonless to the community. It was little to be excluded from power and privilege : I was debarred from hope ; I was not allowed to participate in national glory. The oblation I would have offered was rejected ; I was like a stranger in the land of my fathers ; I had no access to the temple of honor, and was almost robbed of life in being condemned to obscurity.

“ Under such circumstances, I determined to engage in the Austrian service, in which foreigners often rose to eminence and distinction.

“ On leaving Ireland I did not forget my friend Albert, who had reminded me of my promised visit, and was earnest in his entreaties to prevent my final expatriation. I determined to pass some time at his uncle's seat, and from thence to proceed on my foreign career. Having taken a silent farewell of the mansion in which I received my birth, I commenced my solitary journey ;

indulging a sort of mental intoxication, on which I cannot now reflect without astonishment. The painful circumstances in which I had been lately placed no longer operated on my mind. In imagination, I overleapt all narrow bounds and circumscription. I had a thousand visions of futurity, all vast and magnificent; my ambition was pure from envy; there was no pinnacle of greatness, to which another had reached, but my heart had secret aspirations for some nobler pre-eminence.

These splendid illusions of fancy were at length dismissed, when I arrived on the western coast of England, and, happy to escape from the limitation of a vessel, proceeded on foot to my friend's habitation. In retracing this passage of my life, an agitation like that of youthful hope trembles through my frame. The most minute circumstances are recalled with the vivid sensations of the moment, for of that delicious evening not one emotion is lost; not a look escaped; nor is one word, one thought forgotten.

“ It was twilight when I approached the house, and though unable to discern a single feature of the landscape, I had a general impression of its beauty. The vernal fragrance in the air; the luxuriant foliage interposing its grateful gloom; the mingling shadows of hills and dales, contrasted with the blue horizon; the dashing of a cataract, heard only in intervals of silence, when rural sounds, and all the little nameless notices of human neighborhood were suspended: all these conspired to create a picture for the eye, and to give a foretaste of future enjoyment.

The house had once been a priory, and was still approached by a long avenue planted with elm trees, which still gave it a religious aspect. I was here kindly greeted by Albert, who had been watching my arrival, and who, perhaps to prolong the first precious moments of confidence, conducted me by a circuitous route through the garden to the house. The room into which he ushered me was lofty and spacious. I perceived at one of the venetian windows a female figure, not one feature of whose face was now discernible. She was instantly an-

nounced by my friend as his sister ; the Susanna, with whose mind I fancied myself so well acquainted, but who welcomed me with so sweet and frank a voice, as at once disarmed me of half my prejudice. When she left the room to give orders for my reception I perceived a sort of gloomy void ; when she returned and renewed the attentions due to her brother's friend, joined in the conversation, with that modest frankness, that charming spontaneous courtesy, which belongs to innocence, I forgot where I was ; I had no faculties for any other object. Yet, whilst my eyes followed her graceful motions, and I listened almost with devotion to her enchanting accents, I wished to prolong the obscurity by which she was half concealed, with an avaricious love of pleasure. I almost feared to see her face, lest it should not harmonize with the image already traced by fancy. But the apprehension was unfounded ; her countenance revealed the loveliness of her character ; her fine features were always lighted up with intelligence and sensibility ; but at times there was in her eyes an emanation of soul, a look, an expression, all unearthly : not the transient lustre of youth, but the bright refulgence of immortality.

“ I retired warm with admiration ; and by a strange contradiction, I found the very qualities by which I had previously been repelled, among the most powerful and irresistible of her attractions. That a woman, so young and so gentle, should have been capable of such energy and intrepidity ; that she, who seemed from her delicacy and softness, formed for *love alone*, should have dared, from principle, to brave the reproofs, or, what was more, the affectionate persecution of her family,—it was this paradox in character that at once touched and subdued my soul : it was for Susanna alone to reconcile such contradictions : there could be no second Susanna in the universe !

“ Yet with all my enthusiasm, I sighed for her apostacy ; and, with a lover's zeal, determined to attempt her conversion. It was on a delicious morning, and during a rural excursion which had been planned for the purpose, that I entered on my arduous task. The most



voluptuous odour embalmed the air, the birds were singing around us, and the songs of the merry rustics resounded on every side. Never was there such a scene for polemical discussion, and never was there so lovely a disputant. But how was I astonished to discover, under her gentle, modest, unobtrusive simplicity, the most comprehensive powers of understanding, enforced by the most touching, artless, all-persuasive eloquence. Instead of reforming her faith, I endangered my own: her answers excited doubts never before admitted to my mind: for the first time, I learnt to distrust the imposing name of authority: love had given a lesson of candor, and I soon became so liberal in my concessions, that Susanna would say, with a smile, I was more than half a heretic. But our social hours were not confined to such subjects. The delights of her society were inexhaustible; her judgment was so prompt, her taste so exquisite, her impressions so vivid,—and yet so deep, so lively, and still so permanent; her sympathies were so widely diffusive, her principles so pure, her benevolence so expanded, she inspired virtue by her bold conviction of its existence. All her ideas were of spontaneous growth, and she scattered them with frank and guileless simplicity, unconsciously enriching every subject on which she touched.

“ Several months passed in this delightful intercourse, in which, without ever mentioning love, we mutually demonstrated affection. My intended travels were suspended, or rather forgotten. I became more ardently attached to liberty for Susanna’s sake: she infused into me a new soul: the mist of prejudice dispersed from my eyes: the leaden weight of bigotry was removed from my heart.

“ Albert had at first observed our friendship with pleasure; and he again intimated, that if Susanna’s conversion was effected, the disparity of fortune on my part would form no objection with his uncle, on whom he and his sister were equally dependent. But I was no longer anxious to accomplish this object; and I was too ingenuous to disguise the change in my sentiments. From



That moment, my friend assumed a different aspect. I was beginning to perceive the estrangement, when, fatally for me, the Pretender made his long meditated invasion, and recalled my former pledge of service and fidelity. Though far from having acquired just conceptions of the English constitution, I had insensibly corrected many of my former errors, and was no longer absurd enough to conceive, that the welfare and prosperity of those powerful realms should be hazarded, for the sake of one unfortunate, but imprudent family. Yet a promise was so sacred an obligation; to desert a friend in the moment of difficulty and danger, implied such dereliction of principle, such baseness of sentiment, that I could not decide to cancel the engagement. Albert, though he blamed my former infatuation, now not unwilling to see me separated from his sister, pronounced my engagement irrevocable by the laws of honor; and, by my romantic mind, the laws of honor were omnipotent. I could conceive no degradation so dreadful as the consciousness of deliberate treachery, and pusillanimous desertion. Rashly, therefore, I engaged in an enterprise, from its first movement devoted to destruction; madly tore myself from Susanna, though I witnessed her silent anguish, and discovered, even in her averted eyes, the assurances of tenderness and affection.

“ I pass rapidly over this act of folly, on which I cannot now with patience reflect. The fate of the expedition was soon decided; and for myself, I had hazarded and lost all for honor. I was known in the camp by a Scotch name, which I had assumed from motives of tenderness to my family, whom I was unwilling to involve in the consequences of my temerity. Under this fictitious title my person was minutely described, and a reward offered for my apprehension. Various were the stratagems I employed to elude discovery and pursuit; not for the sake of prolonging life, since I twice rejected the opportunity of escaping to France; but with the hope of once more seeing my Susanna, whose image, supreme in loveliness and truth, still threw a gleam of momentary bliss over my wretched existence.

Animated by this object, I encountered perils and hardships innumerable, till finally I arrived within a few miles of the spot where I had first known her. At this distance from the scene of hostility, I conceived myself safe, or rather had no further inducements for consulting safety; I therefore discarded the disguise in which I had performed the last part of my journey, and eagerly proceeded; not with the dejected aspect of an outiawed man, but rather with the ardour of the happy lover, who descries the goal of hope, and already anticipates the rapturous welcome. I approached the mansion, and though no longer greeted in the avenue, I almost mechanically struck into the same path by which Albert had led me to the garden; and without seeing a servant, or other human being, proceeded as before to the room in which I had first beheld Susanna, when I found it blank and empty. A sudden fear chilled my heart. I should have concluded the house to be desolate, had I not heard from an adjoining apartment, two voices in angry altercation. My own name was pronounced with churlish impatience; I scarcely attended to the import of the words, so intense was my solicitude for Susanna. As I listened, I heard an outer door recoil with violence; there was then a pause of silence, in which I had no power to move. A convulsive tremor shook my whole frame. I dreaded to hear that Susanna no longer existed. At this moment I was startled by a sigh, so deep, so plaintive, that it might have touched the most obdurate heart, but to mine it was the blessed harbinger of joy, for Susanna spoke with her own delightful voice.

“ ‘ Oh brother, how can you change from so warm a friend, to so bitter a foe?’ ”

“ ‘ I loved him, till he betrayed my confidence; and, with base hypocrisy, under the pretext of restoring your faith, inveigled your affections.’ ”

“ ‘ Cornelius is incapable of hypocrisy; how can you be so suspicious?’ ”

“ ‘ How can you, Susanna, be so credulous? Think not he will be constant in love; this apostate from his church; this hypocrite who deluded your brother; this

coward who conceals his name ; this traitor, who has contrived to make his escape, in some pitiful disguise, will not long think of the girl, who would sacrifice for him the honor of her family.'

" I could hold no longer, but transported at once with love and indignation, rushed into the room. 'No,' cried I, 'I assume no disguise. I attempt not to escape. Take my life. Satisfy your revenge.'

" Susanna, who was at first motionless with astonishment, now, throwing herself between us, exclaimed, 'Oh, my friend, my brother.'

" Albert haughtily replied, 'Fear not, Susanna, that I shall sully my sword with his blood ; but he is a rebel publicly proclaimed, and were my uncle present, he would deliver him to justice.'

" 'Impossible,' cried Susanna ; 'he could not be so cruel.'

" How, girl, would you sacrifice all your family to this apostate ? Are you not aware, that it would be at our peril to harbor him ?

" 'Heaven forbid,' cried I, 'that any should suffer for my unworthy sake. I came but to take one last and everlasting look ; and now let me go hence, no matter whither.'

" Now first feeling the loss of strength, I staggered towards the door : a mist gathered before my eyes. as I strained them to gaze on my Susanna. Terrified by my pale countenance, she caught my arm, and with gentle violence, compelled me to be seated. Albert himself, from an involuntary impulse of pity, brought a cordial, which his sister presented to my lips : at that moment he heard his uncle's voice, and with evident alarm, exclaimed, 'What shall we do ? he cannot be concealed. Fly, Cornelius ! I would not have him sacrificed.'

" 'No,' cried I, 'here would I die ; here would I obtain my release.'

" 'Madman, you must not die beneath this roof,' cried he.

" 'Oh, my brother,' cried Susanna ; 'go to my uncle, prevent his entrance, whilst I assist him to escape.'

“ He instantly obeyed ; and Susanna, opening a glass door which communicated with the garden, conducted me by a covered walk to a grotto, through which was a subterraneous passage to the Park, which opened to the country. Here bidding me remain, till she should send her nurse, a trusty old domestic, to convey me to a secure retreat, she hastened back to the house to prevent suspicion, and to watch over my safety. In about half an hour, her faithful agent arrived, and having furnished me with the disguise of a ploughman’s frock, conducted me by the subterraneous route to an old ruinous edifice excavated from a cliff ; which, being supposed to be haunted, was a place of impregnable security. Here she ushered me into an apartment, which, though dark and dreary, was to my surprise, furnished with various articles for my use. And I learnt from my attendant, that Susanna, having long expected my arrival, had chosen this spot for my sanctuary ; she added, that her uncle was soon to accompany Albert on a visit to a lady, to whom he was to be united ; and that she would then see, and restore me to liberty.

“ The next day she revisited me, with new admonitions to vigilance. Though I had happily not been seen to enter the house, my approach through the Park was observed ; and the pusillanimous uncle, jealous for his own exculpation, had lodged an information against me. She added, that Albert believed I was proceeding on my journey : and that Susanna conjured me, for her sake, to submit with patience to my dreary captivity. I was so careless of life, that I should scarcely have obeyed the injunction ; but for my ardent desire to have one more interview with my beloved. Even with this motive for obedience, I found the time intolerably tedious ; sometimes my attendant conveyed a book to my dreary apartment. I had my single lamp, my solitary seat ; sanctity alone was wanting, to render this a hermit’s cell. My impatience became extreme, and I was tempted once more to go boldly to the house, and extort my promised meeting.

“ One evening, when even my attendant had been for



two days absent, a light footstep descended to my gloomy apartment, and smiling like a benignant angel of peace and liberty, I beheld my Susanna.

“ ‘ At length,’ cried she, ‘ I am come to fulfil my promise. My brother, fully persuaded that you are now far distant, is gone on his intended visit. With the assistance of your incomparable guide, I have prepared every thing for your escape : your passage is taken in a vessel which is to sail to-morrow for Lisbon, and horses are now waiting to convey you to the port.’ At these words her countenance changed, and her voice faltered, as she added, ‘ Go then Cornelius, whilst you may ; and in your cruel exile sometimes remember Susanna.’

“ ‘ No, never,’ cried I, ‘ my life is forfeited, nor shall yours be endangered by having aided my escape.’

“ She began to use that language of entreaty, which from her was almost always irresistible. ‘ No,’ cried I ; ‘ since I was infatuated enough to join the standard of rebellion against the country in which you received your birth, let the folly be expiated with my blood. I should not shrink from common calamities ; neither poverty nor persecution would shake my fortitude ; but to have a gulph placed between me and happiness, never to return—never to hope for your recompensing love ; such a separation as this is despair. When I so part from thee, welcome death, for life is over.’

“ Here she hesitated—she cast down her eyes—‘ But suppose the case reversed, Cornelius ; suppose that I were the delinquent, and, like you, an outlaw, would you not make desperate efforts to redeem my life ?’

“ ‘ Susanna, you know I should not think it could be purchased at too dear a price ; and were I only doomed to exile, you would perhaps consent to leave your country for my sake. Susanna, I could be supremely blest with you in any region ; the love ——.’ There was a short but awful pause ! She trembled—she bowed down her head—her lips moved as if she labored for utterance, and at length, with half averted eyes, she said, ‘ Cornelius !’—but in a tone so low, so

plaintive, that as she paused, she cast on me a timid glance, uncertain whether she was understood, till, by my increasing agitation, she perceived that I had heard her; re-assured, she at length proceeded—“Cornelius! if you could do so much for me, think me not quite incapable of the same constancy: if you could renounce fortune, honor, fame, it is little for me to relinquish a country in which I have no longer connections or friends; from this moment, therefore, be our destiny the same; and if you accept me, Cornelius, I am wholly yours.”

“Amazement locked up my faculties, and for a moment I was lost in rapturous entrancement; but her generosity recalled my sense of justice; I resisted her offer; I even rejected her love; but she, who had now regained her native energy, continued:—“It was through me you incurred this penalty; but, for me, you would have been in another country, free, prosperous, and happy: you cannot banish from my mind the dreadful impression, that I have caused all your misery. The munificence of a friend, who died during your absence, has supplied me with a small sum, sufficient at least to secure us from penury. Though feeble by nature, I can learn, for your sake, to grow familiar with danger. Fear not my cowardice; even now we are almost of the same persuasion; let us taste the same cup of adversity, and our communion will be perfect.”

“With such arguments Susanna prevailed: I submitted to her guidance, and in three weeks we were both transported to another country; a sacred indissoluble bond attesting our union.

“We arrived at Lisbon in time to see my father, who frankly forgave my rashness, and bestowed on us both his paternal benediction. Though evidently dying, he had been persuaded to try the effects of a voyage to Madeira, and gladly listened to our proposal of embarking with him. My sister, who had at length taken the veil, remained in a convent at Lisbon; but her place was most tenderly supplied by my Susanna, who, as she looked at me, seemed to regard my parent with more than filial love. Grateful for her attentions, he was eager to aug-

ment our little treasure ; but he had been so much impoverished by his brother and his elder son, that he could only bestow on us the little property he had lately received from a relation who had died in Portugal, and to secure which had been one of his original motives for leaving Ireland.

“ But wealth was not wanting to us in our delicious retreat, which was situated on the first ascent of a mountain, and was indeed an earthly paradise. But it was not long permitted to my father to witness our felicity : he expired without pain, and his remains were buried in the church which has been erected on the site of Macham’s Cave, where tradition has placed his Anna’s tomb.\*

(Here Altamont found a sudden break in the manuscript ; the character appeared somewhat changed, the style still more altered at the recommencement.)

“ And this is Madeira still, the same island to which I bore her, and I am at this moment within view of that spot which contained our earthly paradise. It was here that, day after day, we contemplated the same beautiful scenes, and found our admiration constantly renewed. We breathed in an air soft and delicious as our mutual love, and friendly to all. The feverish dreams of ambition vanished from my mind. I was reconciled to the loss of glory, since it was replaced by truth, nature, and Susanna. Our quiet pursuits, our simple recreations, were all heightened by endearing sympathy : even our cares were converted to pleasures, by forming between us an augmented bond of union. So perfectly did we now harmonize, that I had a tender compunction in witnessing any superstitious rites and observances which might offend my beloved ; whilst she, for my sake, by degrees regarded, with somewhat of reverential complacency, the errors we now equally disclaimed.

\* Macham is supposed to have discovered the island in the 14th century. He had conveyed to it his mistress, who died of fatigue. The tale has been too often told to require repetition.



“ We had acquired a peculiar taste for happiness—a subtle and mysterious faculty of enjoyment. Our felicity reposed on integrity, confidence, and truth. With what delight did she listen when I expressed a generous sentiment! How refulgent were her eyes, when I confirmed it by an action of kindness and benevolence! To such bliss there was but one alloy, the fatal anticipation of its close.

It was from this rock, where I am now sitting, under the shade of a branched palm, which was then but beginning to shoot from its slender stalk; it was from this spot that I pointed out to my beloved the dale beside the church, where tradition has placed Macham's and his Anna's grave. How bitterly did we lament their fate; how gratefully contrast it with our own; how tenderly we wept for their sorrows, as if they were still conscious to love or pity. ‘ And yet,’ cried Susanna, ‘ it is a consolation to reflect, that one did not long survive the other.’ The same sentiment was on my lips, and at the same moment an agonizing pang of separation chilled our hearts. Neither of us spoke, but the image of death rose to our eyes; and, as Susanna sunk in my arms, we wept together.

“ ‘ But we are immortal,’ I at length said. ‘ Yes,’ rejoined she, with her wonted energy, ‘ God will not suffer two such hearts to be sundered forever.’ And is it really on this spot that I have tasted of happiness? By what strange mysterious process am I thus changed, that I can no longer pay any tender tribute to the memory of her who formed my supreme good. I, who could so freely weep for the sorrows of unknown, perhaps ideal, beings, have no longer a tear to give my own. My heart is dried up. The iron has entered into my soul, and it is benumbed forever. I may give alms in charity; I may even speak words of comfort to the afflicted; but I am no longer touched with distress; I am grown familiar to the contemplation of evil; I no longer desire good; here am I, wretched and desolate. What a dreary ruin, what a dark sepulchre is my bosom! I am so bereaved of hope, I have no new forfeiture to make to



disappointment. It cannot be that I have ceased to love; since, even in writing her name, the warm life-blood rushes to my heart. She is never absent from my thoughts; but I am banished from her presence. The sweet image no longer visits my dreams; I cannot bring her before my mind's eye; the features are ever vanishing; the shadowy form dissolves away. I have a conviction that she lives; yet for me, methinks, she no more exists. My faith is immutable, but hope is gone. I am so estranged from joy, I cannot imagine any thing fair or lovely. I know that I must live hereafter, but the aspirations for felicity are departed from me. I am ready to say, 'And who shall shew me any good?' I began these memoirs for my children. I fondly anticipated the moment when I should present them with this picture of their incomparable mother; but now for whom should I write or speak; there is no human being who can commune with me on the only theme that could give solace to my heart. That church, this rock, this palm, are the only objects that speak to me of Susanna."

Altamont had proceeded thus far, when his voice, long faltering from emotion, totally failed him. Cordelia was equally touched; ashamed of her tears, unable to restrain them, she reclined her head on her hand, concealing her eyes that they might not too strongly betray her feelings. "We will read no more now," said she, softly, perceiving the manuscript was not finished; "it is too much." "And yet Cordelia," cried Altamont, looking at her with newly inspired hope, "they were the happiest upon earth." A sigh escaped her; he took her hand, but was alarmed by its icy coldness. She assured him she was well, but her looks contradicted the assertion. Altamont bent over her with mingled anguish and delight; his soul hovered on his lips; he had no longer any power to suppress the communication; but at this moment, when, all impassioned, he had forgotten every thing but one object. Cordelia suddenly withdrew her hand, started from her seat, sprung to the door opening to the lawn, and, without a word or look, hastened towards the house with the utmost precipitati-

on. Altamont gazed in astonishment, uncertain whether to attribute her flight to terror or resentment ; but he saw not the real cause of her disturbance, which was no other than the appearance of Sir Frederic Mowbray ; who, at the moment of this unseasonable interruption, was approaching from the garden to the pavilion.

---

### CHAPTER XIII.

WHILST Cordelia retires in terror and confusion, and Altamont reflects with chagrin inexpressible on her precipitate retreat ; Sir Frederic Mowbray realizes all the chimeras which had ever haunted his diseased imagination. Till this moment, he had not suspected the exchange of names adopted by the two young men he had met in Flanders, when he was himself travelling under the assumed title of Baron Cromek. Mrs. De Lille had, in the first transports of congratulation, confessed her son was not at Beachdale ; and Sir Frederic, exhilarated by the intelligence, quitted the ladies (among whom was Mrs. Rivers, the late *chaperon* of Miss Rouvigny,) and passing through the garden, ostensibly to proceed to the abbey, indulging the hope of surprising Cordelia in her favorite retreat. At the same moment that she perceived his approach, he was himself appalled by the glimpse of a fine martial form, in which he easily recollected the young man he had seen in Flanders as Vallaney.

His first impulse was to turn from an object that caused him so much pain, and he hastily struck into a shady path, to conceal his agitation ; but he soon determined to confront this real or supposed rival, and again approaching the pavilion, found it empty. Not only was Cordelia flown ; Altamont had made his exit, taking with him the manuscript of Cornelius. Sir Frederic, so often the sport of imaginary terror, now obstinately

resisted the most probable evidence; and calmed his spirit by declaring, in the true spirit of tyrannic love, that none but himself should possess Cordelia.

Having repressed his agitation, he returned to the house, where he found Mrs. De Lille in almost rapturous delight, at the unexpected arrival of her son; who, repining at his long separation from Altamont, had accompanied De Lille to Beachdale. It was long since his mother had greeted her husband with such cordial smiles of complacency. For the moment suspicion was lulled asleep, and she was sufficiently composed and easy, to have practised the difficult lessons of Aleck. To complete her satisfaction, she now learnt, from the mutual recognitions which passed between her son and Sir Frederic, the history of their former meeting, and detected in defiance of the efforts of Vallaney, that her niece was really the original, recalled to his recollection by the picture of Flora. Elated with this discovery, she overflowed with good humor, and Altamont, on joining the company, was received with unusual cordiality and kindness. But Vallaney, who at once perceived her joy, and its latent source, and who had already half-discarded the *Incognita* from his mind, by a sudden revolution of caprice, was prompted to thwart her expectations; and without expressing the least desire to see his cousin who was closeted with Cordelia, walked out with Altamont, protesting he should now never look in Adela's face, without thinking of papers and parchments.

"The *Incognita*," added he, "was a charming girl, to while away an hour with; but this heiress, with all her leases, always came to my fancy like a clumsy Cybele with a tower on her head, instead of appearing a nymph or a grace."

"You are not romantic enough to quarrel with her for being rich."

"No, truly, if I could but forget it; but you may be assured, she has been taught to impute sinister motives to every man who speaks to her. Injustice to myself, I ought to treat her with indifference; so let us speculate on a tour to Ireland."

"Will you go without seeing her?"



"No, no; not so savage neither; I am really sorry to leave the poor thing shut up here, with my mother and old Quintin; and Sir Frederic not much better, since he is already encumbered with one wife, and pre-contracted to a second." Then without giving his friend time to reply to this remark, he started to another subject; "I forgot to tell you, I have heard of poor Woodville."

"And what have you heard? why should you call him poor?"

"Because he is poor, and miserable enough. In my electioneering expedition, I had occasion to spend two or three days in London, where I met with Jack Nevers, who knew Woodville in his prosperity; and afterwards saw him in Ireland, where it seems he married a girl without a penny. He has since been trying to establish an academy, but failing in that, he attempted to give lessons to grown gentlemen; that scheme failed likewise, and he has since accepted some insignificant clerk's place, and occasionally translated for the mails, or reported for the house."

"But where was he to be found?"

"That was my own question. His residence was not known, but he was to be heard of at the Chapter coffee-house. I had not time to make enquiries myself, so I desired Nevers to do it for me."

"And the result," cried Altamont impatiently.

"Ah, the result; to tell you the honest truth, the circumstance slipped out of my mind. Well, don't look so disconsolately, I have spoken for him to Lord Marmiton, and I will write to Jack Nevers, to find out where he is; and I will send him money."

"You must do it with delicacy. Woodville will never forget himself, however he may have been forgotten."

"Oh! do not think he would be so ridiculous as to refuse assistance, he has been in such distress; his wife takes in plain work; he skulks about, in dread of being arrested; and he is so altered Jack says, one should not know him."



"*I should,*" cried Altamont, now recollecting the person he had past, who so strongly resembled him; and shuddering at the involuntary impression he had received on the heath.

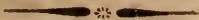
"What is the matter, Altamont? you look in despair."

"Nothing; but I would have given any thing I possess, to have had this information sooner."

"Well, well; I will write to Nevers immediately;" and this time he kept his word; whilst Altamont too much interested for his unfortunate friend, to trust again to Vallancy's memory, sat by him till the letter was sealed and dispatched to the post.

In performing his task, Vallancy mentioned Nevers as one of Woodville's early friends, who had since dropt his acquaintance, because he could not relieve his distress, and feared to wound his delicacy; in reality, because he was too indolent to make exertions in his behalf, and too proud, or rather perhaps, too mean, to sanction any claim of intimacy, from one who could no longer support the appearance of a *gentleman*.

Altamont was indignant at the description of such a friend. Had he consulted Woodville on this subject, he might perhaps have learnt, that from the associates of his prosperity, an unfortunate man seldom experiences so great a *kindness* as neglect; that calumny too commonly visits the house of poverty, and drags back to invidious remembrance, the wretch whom sorrow had dismissed to uncommiserated suffering, and unhonored oblivion.



## CHAPTER XIV.

ADELA ROUVIGNY, though older than Cordelia, possessed a more youthful aspect; her form was sufficiently light for an Ariel, her complection glowed with the animation of a Hebe, her soft blue eyes were radiant

with hope and joy. The buoyancy of her spirits gave a volatile rapidity to all her looks and motions ; yet was every glance engaging, and every movement graceful. In spite of the adulation which had been breathed into her infant ear ; in spite of the prejudices instilled by her aunt into her youthful mind ; her temper was sweet and open, her heart affectionate and grateful. Some faults she certainly retained : but charming as she was, it would have been impossible to wish her to aspire to perfection. Vanity had not destroyed sympathy ; and though she certainly was not satisfied without the homage of the other sex, she could have wished to obtain it, without exciting envy in her own. The most amiable of coquettes ; though she aimed at every heart, this love of empire was but the love of pleasure. She thought not of inflicting pain, but she was eager to diffuse delight ; and whether she was with the splenetic Quintin, or the elegant Vallancy, her syren voice was modulated by the gentle wish to please ; and her seducing smiles, animated by the consciousness of her own attractions, bespoke her own perennial gaiety, and irresistibly compelled participation in her enjoyment.

For the first five minutes, after meeting with Cordelia, she was saddened by the recollections of her father, and intermingled tears with smiles ; but the cloud was transient, she recovered her vivacity ; and having mentioned the expedient adopted by Sir Frederic Mowbray, of travelling under the name of Baron Cromek, she related the incident which had introduced her to Altamont and Vallancy ; confessing she had herself sportively devised the artifice which disengaged them from their companions. Instead of having gone to Dunkirk, they had taken a day's journey ; and on their return, had the satisfaction to find the travellers had followed their pretended route. " Imagine," added she, " my triumph on having thus secured the pleasure of a *surprise*, besides keeping within the pale of *decorum* ; and yet these righteous intentions of mine were ill recompensed ; for, in our little excursion some malignant genius visited me with the fever, which so long detained me from dear England."

Cordelia, in her turn, related with what interest Vallancy had contemplated her picture.

“ And pray what do you think of Vallancy ? ”

Cordelia was liberal in his praise, yet professed to have seen little of him.

“ And what do you say to Altamont ? ”

“ He is now here, and was, you know, my first preceptor.”

“ He is now here ! ” echoed Adela, adjusting the glossy ringlets that waved round her neck, “ he is now here, you say ; well, I have not yet determined which of them shall be my cavalier.”

Whether the information she had received, accelerated the operations of the toilette, or whether she at length recollected, how improper it was for her *chaperon* Mrs. Rivers, to remain so long absent ; certain it is, she finished her dress with great dispatch, and immediately proposed returning to the drawing-room. Cordelia, who had not the same motives for diligence ; and who, indeed, trembled at the thoughts of meeting Altamont under her father's eye, persuaded her to proceed alone ; vainly hoping, in this interval, to regain composure. This expectation was compleatly fallacious ; for the longer she thought of her precipitate retreat, the more she increased her confusion and regret. Innocence does not always inspire courage ; and when she at length quitted her room, it was with the sensations of a culprit. In the mean while Adela had been undeceiyed, and re-introduced to Altamont and Vallancy ; who gallantly reproached her desertion, whilst she sportively retorted the charge of deception.

“ I believe, said Mrs. De Lille, you must exchange forgiveness.”

“ *Forgiveness.*” cried Adela, “ is almost as hard a word as *obedience.*”

“ No,” said Vallancy, “ we will have nothing to remind us of any laws, civil or canonical. We acknowledge no authority but that of beauty, and no court but honor.”

“ Oh, yes, the court of honor ; and pray let us make



it something in the style of chivalry. I think, as no damsel ever entered the lists herself, I must remit my cause to Mr. Altamont; for though he is not my relation, I hope he will not cease to be my friend."

Altamont bowed, nor was Vallaney displeased with this courtesy to his own intimate friend; but finding he was an exclusive object of attention, he redoubled his efforts to extort the preference, to which vanity taught him to think he was entitled. "I know not how it happens," said he, advancing to his fair companion, but I certainly seem to have been long acquainted with you, and yet I am long likely to remain ignorant of the most interesting part of your character, for I suspect nobody will tell me of your faults."

"To save time and trouble, you may set down to my account, as many as to other people, who are not under any great or terrible temptations."

"No, that is infinitely too vague and unsatisfactory; I would give you virtues *en masse*, but not a single fault gratis; I class all my friends by their defects; not one enters my heart, without some such voucher of sympathy."

"So then, you would have them wear a black mark, to prove that they belong to you."

"Not black, I can be satisfied with the most delicate tint, be it of the *sapphire* or the *amethyst*; 'tis enough if the tint but marks the gem. As to my female friends, I can be content if I may but cypher them in sympathetic ink, which to no eyes but mine shall be visible."

"And pray is Mr. Altamont in this mysterious cypher?"

"I am afraid, if it was not for his romance and enthusiasm, he would be *incorrigible*."

"Oh! then, if such qualities will procure admission, Cordelia herself may be of your *corps d'elite*?"

"Cordelia perhaps; but for yourself I shall certainly exact a more liberal proportion of fallibility. I know you labor under natural disabilities to envy and malice; yet I don't despair, for I really think you have a strong propensity to mischief. The rattlesnake has lent you his most destructive property?"



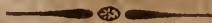
"You are too tantalizing to attribute to me the properties I most wish to possess. I admire enthusiasts, and you see (looking towards Altamont) I cannot fascinate them." Vallancy was, perhaps, not flattered by *this* attention to his friend, but he had no time to express displeasure.

De Lille, who had been playing chess with Mrs. Rivers, suddenly exclaimed, in a tone of vexation, "by heavens, here's Celia Gladwin!" "Welcome to Amatonda," cried Vallancy; whilst Altamont flew to the lawn, to greet his ever ardent and affectionate friend. Mrs. Gladwin approached not the house with her wonted complacency; for, having accidentally heard of Altamont's arrival, she had lost no time in travelling from Cumberland, to announce her surprise at his neglect, in not having himself communicated the important intelligence. He had brought a letter from his mother, which should have apprized her of this circumstance; but which having been entrusted to Lord Marmiton to be franked, had never reached the place of its destination. The circumstance was no sooner explained, than all her anger vanished: to say the truth, she had scarcely seen her hero, and contemplated his improvements, when she frankly pronounced his absolution; and joined the party with even a double portion of cheerfulness and pleasure.

De Lille, though evidently embarrassed, received her with his wonted courtesy; and his lady, knowing she had always a home at the Grange, was not disturbed by her presence. By Mr. Quintin alone, who was just arrived with Sir Frederic Mowbray, was she received with indifference; but to him she was peculiarly distasteful, as she seldom listened to his harangues, and had no reverence for his heraldry. Far different was the reception she met with from Cordelia, who, still struggling with timidity, was happy on her entrance to have so good an excuse for not noticing Altamont; and it was also some consolation to shower on his friend the kindnesses she was forced to withhold from himself. Sir Frederic now advanced, and, having smoothed his brow to perfect composure, addressed her with his accustomed ease, and

almost insensibly engrossed her conversation; whilst Altamont, attributing her late precipitation to displeasure, and seeing in her present estrangement not timidity, but coldness; far from attempting to divide her attentions, seemed to shun all opportunities of approaching her. The Baronet was not slow to perceive this distance; and, as he knew Cordelia to be incapable of artifice, imputed their mutual shyness to some concealed resentment; his own hopes were raised by this suggestion, and as he watched them both with insidious vigilance, he had a malicious satisfaction in anticipating for his despised rival, those jealous pangs which had so long tortured his own selfish bosom.

In the meanwhile, Altamont was honorably distinguished by Miss Rouvigny, who appeared willing to transfer to him the rights of relationship. It was impossible that any man should be insensible to the attentions of the charming Adela; he certainly wished too, not to appear ungrateful; and Miss Gladwin, who watched them both, was soon persuaded they were mutually enamoured. Happily her thoughts were not audibly expressed; happily too, they were not suffered by Mrs. De Lille, who was so much delighted with the unlooked for coalition between her son and her niece, that she overflowed with complacency; and was sufficiently composed and harmonized to have practised the lessons, and she now remembered them, of the mystical abstracted Aleck.



## CHAPTER XV.

“PRAY Aleck,” said good Mrs. Winifred, half rising from her easy chair, “why don’t you talk over matters with Miss Celia, who would talk to you again in your own way?”

This was precisely the reason why Aleck did not discuss the subject with Miss Celia; and he muttered, she was an *enthusiast*.

"I am sure," returned Mrs. Winifred, "she is a wise woman: and speaks just like a book!"

"Yes," said Aleck, "she is fluent; but she is a little *visionary*."

"I wish, dear Aleck, she knew all that is in you. By what I can understand, you are in many things much of one mind."

Alexander Satchell was blessed with a sedative sweetness of temper, a composed equanimity of mind, that nothing could ruffle or resist; but at this indirect comparison between him and Mrs. Gladwin, his spirit rose, the glow of ambition mounted to his cheeks; and he exclaimed, "he had lately thought of a new modification of his principle; and such as he conceived would be more useful to mankind. He had reflected, that to excite the human affections was seldom so desirable as to allay them; and he was convinced he had now discovered the true secret of usefulness and and felicity. In short, he added, he should in future study to produce tranquility and equanimity in his fellow-creatures; and leave to *such as Mrs. Gladwin*, the more obvious, but less salutary, influence, by which the dormant passions could be awakened into life." In reality, this idea had been floating in his mind ever since he had heard Celia assert, with vehemence, her conviction that there was a mutual sympathy between Altamont and Adela; she had even protested that they must love; she would defy them to help it. Touched by these words, and offended with any thing like approximation to his own peculiar science, Aleck had instantly reformed his nomenclature, and limited his own mental-actions to a province in which she would not attempt to participate.

Mrs. Winifred was pleased with the modification, since she could more readily comprehend the language in which it was expressed. She asked if his mental agency might not prevent law-suits? He evaded the question by observing, that law-suits were not *generated* by the affections. "That's true, indeed," said she, "there's nothing so good in them." As she promulgated this opinion she looked at Aleck, who uttered no repro-



ving sentence. She was so pleased, and so proud to find she could converse on such high matters, that she could not but feel endeared to Alceck, to whom she owed so new and delightful a perception; and for the rest of the day she thought only of this mental agency, and its wonder-working influence.

Three weeks have passed since the arrival of Miss Rouvigny; three short weeks have glided away, and Vallaney still remains at Beachdale; so much piqued by his cousin's indifference, that he totally forgets his resolution to shun her society; and though at first merely actuated by vanity, by degrees comes to experience the restlessness, if not the tenderness of love. Altamont, too, still lingers near Cordelia; but he no longer enjoys the privileges of intimacy and confidence; he no longer explains to her the problems of Euclid, or weeps with her over the fragment of Cornelius; he still sees her, but it is under painful restraint; he approaches her with embarrassment, and she meets him with equal reserve; he has lost the hopes that imparted to every object such delight; he is sunk to the vassalage of fear; his gallant, generous nature is attained with jealousy. For the first two or three days, he had imputed her estrangement to displeasure, at the too ardent expression of feeling which escaped him in the pavilion. In her caution and circumspection, he saw only a marked and studied discouragement. He was prompted to leave Beachdale; but there was still so much gentleness mixed with her reserve, that he could not resolve to renounce the delight of seeing her: and the recollection of the sympathy she had also betrayed for Susanna, convinced him that her coldness was at least not produced by insensibility. Cordelia perceived the change in his deportment, and even detected the cause; but she could not allude to the past, without hazarding the future. She observed her father's eyes watching all her movements, and to elude his vigilance, was happy to attend to Sir Frederic Mowbray, of whose passion she was unconscious, and in whose society she experienced all the care and confidence of established friendship.



She exerted all her self-command, to prevent De Lille from suspecting the interest she took in Altamont's conversation; it was for his sake, and with the hope of prolonging his sojourn at Beachdale, that she submitted to this restraint, and for him she could almost practise the duplicity her nature abhorred. Often, when engaged in a game of chess with Quentin, or a tete-a-tete with Sir Frederic, she was tantalized by the tones of Altamont's voice, when excluded from his discourse. Sometimes, indeed, she abstracted herself sufficiently to collect its import: whilst others heard, Cordelia eagerly listened, equally proud to remark his superiority over his companions; and to find the sympathy attested, by the assent which her heart spontaneously dictated to all his opinions.

In a few days however, she perceived a still greater change in his deportment: he no longer discovered any ardor to enjoy her society; whether her father was present or absent, he had the same reserved aspect; if he addressed her, it was in no peculiar accent; if they were ever accidentally left alone, they became mutually embarrassed. No allusion was ever made to the preceptor; there was no mention of the manuscript. As the future seemed abandoned to chance, the past was consigned to oblivion: nor could it escape her observation, that Adela lavished on him her most flattering attentions; if it was possible, she made him her companion in their walks, and she never seemed satisfied if he listened not to her conversation. Cordelia dreaded to ask which was the *Cavalier*, and for the first time thought an heiress a most enviable being. Whilst she suffered from this remote source, she was little aware that Altamont considered her almost as the property of another. Vallancy, with his usual carelessness, had casually mentioned what his mother had imparted to him on his first arrival at Beachdale, that she believed Sir Frederic was desperately enamored of Cordelia; and that whenever Lady Mowbray died, an event which could be at no great distance, there would be a marriage. Vallancy repeated his mother's strict injunctions to secrecy, and quietly

dismissed the subject from his thoughts. Altamont was at first incredulous ; but when he observed Sir Frederic's assiduities, and the facility with which she admitted them ; when he recollected that all her reserve, or displeasure, or embarrassment, could be traced from the day of his return to Beauldale ; his faith was staggered, his heart seemed to have parted from hope. Cordelia appeared no longer the faultless being he had worshipped, yet was she perhaps innocent of the engagement which had been formed with her father ; she was perhaps merely the object of attachment. But why extend to him such smiles of encouragement ? Again, was she arraigned and condemned : and every day he wished to leave the house, yet never once regretted that he had so long been its inmate ; on the contrary, he cherished every dream of departed pleasure, and found in fancy a balm for the wounds it had inflicted. Mrs. De Lille continued in her happiest mood. Her husband was perfectly satisfied with his daughter's conduct. Sir Frederic, not so easily deceived, still saw in the neglected Altamont his rival ; and, discarding delicacy with probity, resolved to leave no arts unemployed, to produce a separation between those conscious, though unacknowledged lovers.

The sportive gaiety of Adela was always creating some new and unexpected subject of amusement. In her company, it was scarcely possible to be tenacious of gravity or ill-humor ; even Mr. Quintin was compelled to smile at the follies of the age, and insensibly forgot his propensity to ominous predictions. Sometimes, indeed, his fair tyrant went farther ; and having heard him and Mrs. Gladwin expatiate on the grace and dignity, which, during the best of all administrations, had been exhibited in a court minuet, she insisted that they should delight their friends by walking one together, and, to their own astonishment, extorted their obedience. " Oh, sorceress," whispered Vallancey, " by what magical spell have you brought these two antipodal spheres in contact ?" " By a sound sweeter than the music of the spheres—with their own praise. Observe Mr. Quin-

tin," she added; "I protest he shall be my Cavalier."

"Observe Mrs. Gladwin," returned he; "ah, she is now dreaming of her admired Capt. Altamont."

Celia was looking at Herbert, whose eyes she fancied to be rivetted on Adela; and so full was she of this idea, that at the close of the minuet, she was beginning it again with great composure; but was stopt by Quintin, who exclaimed, that they were not *encored*.

"Yes, indeed, but you are," cried Adela; "since that blessed age cannot return, you shall at least give us a second representation."

Quintin turning abruptly from his partner, said, "She knows nothing of the court, poor thing. I do not suppose she ever saw the Louvre danced in her life. Do you think she steps like a countess?"

"No," whispered Vallancy, "but very like a queen at chess, when she sweeps, with a single move, from one corner of the board to the other."

Sometimes Adela engaged in an argument with Quintin on the rights and wrongs of women, till he was almost angry; and then soothed him into good humor by playfully repeating his pedigree. On those occasions it was usual for Vallancy to assert the prerogative of his sex, whilst Altamont and Sir Frederic affected to remain neuter. The most energetic disputant was Celia Gladwin, who always claimed for her sex pre-eminence in truth, fortitude, and constancy.

"Constancy, Madam," cried Quintin, they may have by dint of obstinacy; but to consistency, I believe a woman seldom has any pretensions, though I confess I wish you could have proved them to possess discretion."

"O! my dear Sir," cried Adela, "that is so common-place a quality."

"Not so, fair lady; in discretion I include prudence, propriety, and secrecy; now in my opinion, a love-sick girl is the only female capable of concealment."

"Mr. Quintin," cried Celia, rising with vehemence, "I predict, you will, ere many days, change your opin-

ion. What would you say, Sir, to *two* women dividing a secret between them for fifteen years?"

"Say Madam? That their secret would not admit of a subdivision; it must have been some partnership in fraud—some sisterly compact of iniquity."

"No, Sir, no—the prejudice is unworthy of you: I could bring witnesses; Mr. De Lille can vouch." Here, suddenly checking herself, she added, "Mr. De Lille could prove to you that women are capable of discretion."

"Very true, Madam; he has an example in his own wife."

Mrs. De Lille colored at this unlucky compliment, but her own consciousness did not prevent her remarking her husband's embarrassment, and she was revisited by a quail of suspicion. Adela, now anxious to close the contention, called upon Altamont to vindicate the character of her sex.

"I am not sure," said he, "that it would be any compliment to them, to allow that they equal men in every property of prudence. They have so few faults, that they are perhaps not equally circumspect in concealing them. Innocence is almost too ingenious for discretion."

"Through chrysal walls the slightest moth will peep."

"Their chartered virtue is modesty; and if to that we add generosity, truth, constancy, candor, and benevolence, I believe we shall not too much enlarge their property."

"A thousand thanks, Mr. Altamont," cried Adela, "for this kind interposition. May truth, constancy, and generosity be your handmaids as long as you are ready to protect them."

Altamont and Cordelia exchanged a momentary glance. Both thought of Susanna, but the latter had also an uneasy recollection of the word *cavalier*. Vallancy was by no means flattered; but Celia was enchanted; she translated this half sportive sally into a delicate intima-



tion of attachment ; and almost wondered Herbert could be so slow to perceive the lady's partiality, till she recollected that timidity and distrust were always inseparable from genuine love ; and with this solution she was satisfied.

Adela possessed rare talents for mimicry, and she would often imitate the tone and manners of some of the first theatrical performers with a felicity that indicated talents of no inferior order for the stage. She was one evening exhibiting in the comic style, in the pavilion, when Mr. Quintin suddenly made his appearance, and with reproving gravity contemplated her performance ; easily comprehending his looks, she suddenly approached him, and gracefully dropping on the knee, " Most potent, grave, and reverend signior,—" but, perceiving no smile, she arose, and retreating a few paces, " No, I will not be a beggar, but a queen : you shall confess I have a noble ambition, for I will be the daughter of the great Gustavus ; and you shall be my Lord Whitelocke ; and Vallancey, Prince Charles my successor : Cordelia is the Grace of my court ; and all the rest of you are English, with the exception of Mrs. Gladwin, who must condescend to be my lady of honor. Will this satisfy my guardian ? Will he suffer me to take a part in such a mask as this ?"

Mr. Quintin's dark beetled brows were instantly unbent : the furrow in his left cheek was softened into a smile ; and he again fancied himself in the atmosphere of a court.

The new queen unbinding from her waist a blue ribbon, suspended it from her neck, to designate Christina's favorite order of the Amaranth ;\* and stealing from Cordelia a sprig of myrtle, she seated herself at the upper end of the room, to receive the compliments of her illustrious visitor. Mr. Quintin advanced with much dignity, and bowed thrice to the earth ; the queen re-

\* The order of the Amaranth was instituted by Christina, and she was accustomed to wear the blue ribbon, which was its badge on every occasion.

turned the salutation with as many courtesies ; and having exchanged a few court phrases, in which the ambassador's gravity almost destroyed the composure of the spectators, the young queen, with a gracious smile, enquired if there was no English gentleman that would accept from her hands that badge of her favorite order of knighthood—the blue ribbon suspended from her neck, and the sprig of myrtle in her hair, which was to represent that paradisaic flower, the Amaranth ?

“ Whoever accepts this pledge,” said she, must be loyal to his sovereign, and constant to his lady. I trust, for the honor of your country, My Lord, you can present some one not unworthy of this fair distinction.”

“ I trust, Madam,” said Vallancy, “ you will not confer such a mark of favor on a foreigner.”

“ Oh ! prejudice of man, disclaimed by woman. Why should we limit virtue to our latitude ? I am a princess, it is true, but my proudest title is to be a philanthropist.”

The ambassador, with much ceremony, presented Altamont, to whom the queen offered her pledge of constancy. Altamont perceiving that Vallancy was uneasy, and, unwilling to excite in him even a momentary jealousy, would have declined the honor, on the plea that he was destined to be a vagrant.

“ The more reason, then, you should belong to this order of knighthood : take this symbol of hope, which is the fairest flower of paradise.”

Altamont.—“ Lady, I renounce the hope.”

Queen.—“ You cannot ; hope is winged, and, like Otho's falcon, which won her way from Elsinore to Cromer, shall follow you. Take, then, this pledge, and be happy.”

Altamont, bowing with appropriate gallantry, kissed the lady's hand on receiving the blue ribbon ; and with it the flower, which he immediately put into his bosom.

“ Given like a Queen,” cried Quintin, in an extacy of admiration.

Vallancy, who had been impatient at this sentimental trifling, advancing, demanded admission to the same order.

“No, Sir,” cried the queen, half reproachfully, “loyal you cannot be, for you are destined to reign: constant you will not be, since you are sure to conquer. You need not hope, since you are already rich in pleasure; besides all this, you are my heir, and I abdicate royalty in your favor.”

It was well for Mrs. De Lille that she was not present; Vallaney bowed and retreated with an air that bespoke displeasure: Altamont was embarrassed; Mrs. Gladwin could with difficulty repress her transports.

“Upon my word,” cried Quintin, “this was bravely acted.”

“Yes,” rejoined Vallaney, “to the very life,—’twas the *masque* of nature.”

Sir Frederic, observing with infinite satisfaction his ill-dissembled resentment, whispered to Cordelia something to which she was incapable of attending; whilst Adela, with an air of unconscious innocence, approaching Vallaney, begged he would now act his part.

“No,” said he, “when I act, I shall be a *friar*.”

“Well, pronounce any vow—but that of silence—”

He was again pleased, in spite of himself; but flinging from the pavilion, exclaimed, “Incomparable coquette! I will leave Beachdale.”

Altamont had made a similar decision; he recalled the last words of Haller, he fancied he had been deceived in Cordelia, and promised to waste himself no longer.

When the party assembled, every one but Adela wore a sombre aspect.

De Lille had gone out early on one of his secret expeditions, and to his wife’s inexpressible chagrin, was not returned. She had, indeed, no reason to impute his absence to any unfortunate accident, since he had charged his servant to inform her, he might spend two or three days from home; but the mystery recalled all her former suspicions, and whatever efforts she made, she found it impossible to appear in spirits. She sat, therefore in moody silence, almost as abstracted as Aleck, till she was suddenly roused by Altamont’s announcing his intention of going to London on the next day; when



Vallancey instantly declared his resolution to accompany him.

Similar expressions instantly burst from Mrs. De Lille and Mrs. Gladwin ; “ you will not go, *Vallancey*,” was energetically parodied by “ You shall not go, *Altamont*.”

Sir Frederic looked at Cordelia, and she changed countenance ; Cordelia stole a glance at Adela, and fancied her brow was clouded with care. Mrs. De Lille continued her entreaties ; but Altamont was firm, and Vallancey affected to be inflexible.

“ But when will you return ?”

Vallancey pretended to have a predilection to visit Ireland. Altamont, from a sudden impulse, professed an inclination to go to Germany. Cordelia’s eyes brightened, for she hoped he meant to join Haller, who had always been a point of union between them. Mrs. Gladwin considered a few moments, and then asked if De Lille would not be at home to-morrow ; but, as if suddenly illumined by a happy presage, added, “ Yes, I pledge myself for his return ; I have his promise, and that I am sure he holds sacred ; at any rate, delay would be dangerous. Herbert Altamont, by the memory of your father, I conjure you to stay till after to-morrow ; and then,” looking significantly at Adela, “ if you choose to go, I shall not oppose your departure. I shall expect all of you who are young, to accompany me to-morrow morning, on a little expedition, no matter whither. Mr. Vallancey, I shall not excuse your attendance.”

“ You have given me too strong a motive for obedience ; a mystery possesses for me a thousand attractions ; if I was ever to marry, it should be in the oriental fashion, without seeing my bride.”

“ Ah ! Mr. Vallancey, you have not yet learnt what it is to love.”

“ I confess, Madam, I am no apt scholar in acquiring that profound science.”

“ No,” resumed she, “ you have never yet seen the woman who could be your monitor.”

“ No, Madam, I am persuaded I might pass through



all the transmigrations of Indur, before I should meet with such a prodigy."

Here Mrs. De Lille, with some alarm, interrupted the controversy; and as Altamont had consented to defer his journey another day, she pressed Mrs. Gladwin to remain, during that interval, under her roof—a proposal which was gratefully accepted, as she confessed she wished much to see Mr. De Lille, previous to the excursion.

Vallaney, smiling at this idiomatic expression of secrecy, insensibly recovered his good humor; though he still preserved an air of sullenness towards his cousin, who resumed her vivacity. It was otherwise with Cordelia; she was still pale; she again saw only the stern preceptor; she longed to remind him of the unfinished manuscript; not that she was now interested in the destiny of Cornelius or Susanna: she could think but of one object, and to him she had, perhaps, appeared capricious or ungrateful. Why could he not guess her thoughts; why was not her heart transparent? Yet she wished not this. With all her tenderness and enthusiasm she would not for the world, have betrayed her feelings: so truly did delicacy supply the place of pride, and even of prudence, to Cordelia!

---

## CHAPTER XVI.

IT is painful to relinquish any habits confirmed by time and attachment, but particularly painful to renounce the commerce of the heart, to suspend the habit of familiar communication and unreserved confidence. Cordelia and Adela, who had been long accustomed, on retiring for the night, to spend sometime in walking together, did not depart from this established usage, though in the present instance, it certainly contributed little to their enjoyment. The conversation was languid and

constrained; each seemed afraid lest she should guess the other's thoughts, and instead of canvassing the incidents of the evening, they talked of Haller and of Germany; and Adela gave some interesting anecdotes of a first lover, whom she confessed to have made some impression on her heart.

Whilst they were thus engaged, Vallancy was also conferring with Altamont on subjects of a very different nature; his momentary jealousy had yielded to his friend's ingenuous conduct, and at the same time he recollected, not without compunction, how inattentive he had been to that friend's most earnest request, having kept for three days an unopened letter, from the person to whom he had written for information respecting the Woodvilles. Such carelessness was almost habitual with Vallancy, and might be called the indolence of prosperity. Naturally humane, he was not insensible to his error, and, in the present instance, reflected on it with real concern and regret.

The letter contained some interesting and melancholy particulars of the unfortunate Woodville. He had been arrested about a month ago, and, by some means unknown to Nevers, was enlarged. Since that period he had, by means equally unknown, obtained the situation of captain's clerk, and was just embarked for the West Indies. "If you wish to see him," added Nevers, you must set out instantly for Spithead, where his ship is now under sailing orders."

"And I will see him," cried Altamont. "You cannot," said Vallancy. "The ship sailed yesterday. Had I opened the letter sooner—but I will honestly confess I forgot to look at it.—Here's some information respecting his wife.—Nevers gives her address. Well, we will go and see her: we could have done him no good. Here, take the letter. Altamont; I am a shabby fellow, but I cannot help it." He then talked of Adela's coquetry, protesting he would not return without Altamont, to Beachdale. "Not that you can find much amusement here, I confess; for you won't laugh at Amatonda, and

there's no pleasure with Cordelia, she is so engrossed with the Baronet.

"I *shall* not return, Vallancy, I am resolved.

"But why?"

"Oh, never ask why; there are a thousand reasons."

"Now, Altamont, you have betrayed the secret, and my mother shall not see me here without you ——"

"I guess your surmise: it is wholly unjust. Mrs. De Lille has uniformly treated me with respect and cordiality."

"And her husband?"

"I have seen little of him—but he has behaved with perfect propriety."

"And are you cured of your romantic suspicions, Altamont? Do you now attribute to him those mysterious remittances?"

"No, no; on that subject I am satisfied."

"And what then can determine you, at this season, to leave Beachdale?"

"I am always a vagrant," (this unlucky word recalled to Vallancy's mind the expressions used by Christina, which had so lately offended him—he colored, and was silent,) whilst Altamont added, "and I believe I must answer in Amatonda's phrase, 'tis my *destiny*."

"O, well, I seek not to penetrate the mystery," cried Vallancy, to whom it now occurred that his friend had discovered in Adela some decisive symptom of attachment; but this surmise was so humiliating to vanity, he resisted it with all his energy, and these friends also parted with mutual reservation and concealment.

## CHAPTER XVII.

WHEN the family assembled at breakfast, it was discovered that Mrs. Gladwin was absent, having taken a walk to the Grange, to prepare for the projected excursion. She returned not till it was nearly twelve, at which hour the carriage was to be ready. She again enquired, with earnestness, for De Lille, and expressed great vexation at his prolonged absence. "However," cried she, "I have given my word, I shall not retract. Come what may come, I have crossed the Rubicon."

Vallaney, perceiving her uneasy looks and restless perturbation, forgetting his spleen to Adela, entertained her with a ludicrous picture of Amatonda's distress. "Pity but De Lille were present to answer her with corresponding looks. Could you not imagine them both transformed to two carrier pigeons, exchanging pretty billets? Pray enquire of her—

"Is it treason? is it love?"

"Tell me, tell me, gentle dove."

"Oh," cried Adela, "'tis neither love nor treason; 'tis simply plotting; and woe to you if the plot be not discovered."

"The great seal of England should not console me for the disappointment."

During these lively sallies, Cordelia, standing near the bow window, had hoped she would exchange a few words with Altamont; but just as he was approaching her, they were interrupted by Sir Frederic Mowbray, who had invited himself to the party, and who, under the mask of civility to the one, and of friendship to the other, was always harrassing their movements.

And now the clock strikes, the landau is at the door, and Celia, still repining at De Lille's absence, leads the



way, and is followed by her wondering companions. They were no sooner seated than she exclaimed, "Mr. Quintin should have been present, to be convinced that a woman was capable of discretion; but I will not anticipate," added she; "the secret shall remain to the last moment;" and indeed she was revolving in her mind in what manner to give the most theatrical effect to her intended discovery.

"But, dearest Madam," cried Vallaney, will you not favor us with some intimation of this prodigious mystery? Does no one share the burthen with you?"

She shook her head.

"It concerns not you, Vallaney." She then threw a significant look on Altamont and Adela, and relapsed into her reverie. The latter had her accustomed vivacity, and as all the rest of the party were pensive or agitated, she conversed almost solely with her cousin.

"Really," said he, "I think we are the only interlocutors among the *Dramatis Personæ*."

"And pray," retorted she, "do you assign me the place of a mute or a confidante? though, on recollection, the one is synonymous with the other."

"I make you the heroine—the *queen*."

Here Celia, roused from her musing fit, exclaimed, "The *hero* of the piece is Herbert Altamont, and here we are, at this spot we shall alight."

"What! here, Madam! why, we have come but four miles. Is this to be the scene of your grand *denouement*?"

No answer was returned, but the carriage stopped; Sir Frederic assisted Celia to alight, who, without his aid, must have fallen to the ground, from extreme perturbation. No poetaster hammering for a rhyme, no parliamentary probationer conning a maiden speech, ever shewed more perplexity; no *quadrille-loving* dame declaring the *sans prendre vole*; no hardy chess player, redeeming the game with a *stale mate*, ever experienced more agitation.

They alighted at the gate of a meadow, which led to a farm house. Celia, preceding the groupe, walked on

towards a plantation of firs, on the brow of a hill rising in front of this rustic mansion. At some distance appeared a bower, to which she directed her steps : it was called the hermitage, and was surrounded by a laurel hedge, the holly and the ewe, with forked arms, guarding the entrance ; the seats were cushioned with moss and ivy ; a grey stone was the only table, and on it was placed a clasped book, in which a silver peneil was enclosed. This lonely spot commanded a delightful view of the forest walks, bordered on either side with luxuriant corn fields. " Here," cried Celia, " you may see the whole demesne." Then taking up the book, she requested each of the company to write in it some sentiment suggested by the occasion.

Sir Frederic wrote,

" Happy the man whose wish and care  
 " A few paternal acres bound ;  
 " Content to breathe his native air  
 " In his own ground."

Adela being next challenged, hastily wrote,

" I seek not fortune, bring to me  
 " The mountain nymph, sweet Liberty."

Vallancy followed, with Mrs. Piozzi's paraphrase of the distich addressed by Johnson to Miss Aston :

" Expressions of freedom fall oddly from you ;  
 " If freedom we seek, fair enslaver, adieu !"

Cordelia expressed her secret unhappiness in a quotation from Mrs. Greville's ode to indifference :

" Nor peace nor ease the heart can know,  
 " That, like the needle, true,  
 " Turns at the touch of joy or woe,  
 " But, turning, trembles too."

Altamont, mentally alluding to Cordelia, wrote,

“ Where’er I roam, whatever realms to see,  
“ My heart, untravelled, fondly turns to thee.”

Celia herself added a line from Thomson, and taking the book under her arm, proposed they should proceed to a summer-house, at some little distance, originally erected as an object by the late proprietor of the estate before them; and which, by a private messenger dispatched in the early part of the morning, she had prepared for their reception.

No opposition was made to the proposal; and leading them down the gentle declivity, they were suddenly presented with a little romantic dell, fenced on one side with the light clematis, and over-arched by birches, alders, and aspens; on the other, the path was so narrow, that the company were obliged to separate; and it for once happened, in spite of all Sir Frederic’s precautions, that Altamont was next to Cordelia.

For a few moments they proceeded in total silence, but a thistle impeded her foot. Altamont stooped down to remove it, and as she thanked him she inadvertently called him Herbert. In an instant hope and confidence returned to his heart, as Cordelia exclaimed, “ You will not, surely, go to-morrow?”

“ Did you wish me to stay, particularly, over to-morrow?”

“ Only, you know, we never finished the legend; and” added she, hesitating, “ it was agreed we should read it together.”

Altamont was beginning to answer in a tone of delight, when the path widened, and Sir Frederic again hung on their steps. Yet not even his unwelcome presence could now divide them from each other; and though their conversation was suspended, they were restored, they scarcely knew how, to the privileges of intimacy and confidence; so completely indeed were they absorbed in their own feelings, that they heard not the dashing of a cascade at some distance, till Vallancy expressed his wish to explore the spot from whence the murmur issued. Altamont objected to this, that the sight of a



water-fall was commonly less picturesque than the sound. Vallancy advanced a few paces, and then returning, exclaimed, " I am clearly in the wrong: the source of all these *sentimental* murmurs was nothing but a mill, and my impertinent curiosity has cheated me of the pleasure of fancying this a second Tivoli. Even Nature owes so many charms to fancy."

He was here interrupted by Celia, who, having advanced before her company, now halted, pointing to a small octagonal building, which was to be the bourn of their excursion. It was simply constructed of wood, but had been so ingenuously painted as to represent antiquated stone, and was now nearly covered with laurel and ivy, which ambitiously aspired together, but afforded a snug retreat to the goldfinches and red-breasts, who divided their verdant premises with much concord and harmony.

The door stood open, and presented to view a winding staircase, by which the company ascended to the only apartment the house contained. It was lighted from the roof, but had one glass window reaching from the floor to the ceiling, and opened on the terrace beneath, with which it communicated by a narrow flight of steps, which were intended to represent the time-worn stairs of a ruinous edifice. The walls and ceiling were painted blue; the oak floor was of transparent brightness; a round table, covered with a damask cloth, and a few low sofas, comprised the whole of the furniture.

This building had been called Severn's Folly, but was this day named by Celia, Oberon's shell; and that none might mistake the appellation. it was placarded on a screen which stood in the centre of the apartment.

" Do none but fairies own this house?" said Vallancy, observing no traces of human inhabitants.

" You shall not find you need attendance," replied Celia, removing the damask cloth, under which a choice collation was prepared for her guests, the sight of which redoubled their good humor and cordiality.

" Surely," said Adela, " we are indeed served by the fairies."



At this moment a gale of fragrance, produced by pots of mignonette and other odoriferous flowers filled the room; and the slow vibrations of two *Æolian* harps were heard intermingling, in solemn accord, their wild mellifluous harmonies.

"Charming fairies," cried Vallancy, "I perceive the place is full of spells and enchantments. Dear Mrs. Gladwin, can you tell me of any charm by which to escape the danger of falling in love."

"You," replied she, "are in no danger; remember your boast of yesterday."

"Oh, trust not a boaster's promises; I assure you I am in great peril at this moment."

"I can give you a spell against temptation," said Adela archly.

"Lady, it comes suspiciously from *you*. I must expect treachery in the gift."

"'Tis no gift, but simply a prescription which is offered gratis: keep constantly talking, and you shall escape the fascinations of a *Circe* or a *Calypso*."

Vallancy instantly arose, and with his wonted grace, recited *Mercutio's* speech of *Queen Mab*. Celia instantly challenged *Altamont* to pronounce *Hamlet's* soliloquy. Adela herself followed with a speech from the *Tempest*, and surpassed them both. Sir *Frederic* was invited to take a part, but he was too much occupied in watching the *lovers*, to feel sufficiently at ease, for such an exercise of memory. "And now," cried Celia, unclasping the *Album*, "it is my turn to commence orator." She then deliberately read every sentence inserted in the book, till she came to her own, which was a line altered from *Thomson*; when raising her voice, and rivetting her eyes on *Altamont*, whilst her cheeks were flushed, and even her respiration interrupted, she exclaimed;

"This house, this manor, all, my friend, are *thine*."

Here she paused, and raising her hand, added, "Such is the oracle of destiny. The fair demesne you have seen, you may from this day consider as your's. You

are now in possession of 1500*l.* per annum, which you will hold on this single condition, that you use it wisely." Here she stopt, her heart too full for utterance, and burst into tears. Vallancy stared, Adela's looks bespoke incredulity, Sir Frederic reddened one moment and turned pale the next, when he beheld Cordelia, who had been seized with a sensation of faintness, and clinging to her chair could with difficulty save herself from falling on the floor. Altamont would instantly have flown to her support; but he was intercepted by Sir Frederic, who drew her to the window, where though he hung over her with ill-dissembled fondness, he almost trembled with rage, from the conviction that another possessed the heart of the woman he adored. Cordelia soon recovering, imputed her indisposition to the powerful scents diffused through the apartment, and hastily disengaging herself from Sir Frederic, whose attentions she for the first time observed with a sort of uneasy distrust, she took Adela's arm, and with her descended to the terrace, promising in a few minutes to return to the company.

Celia, who had at first been disconcerted by this interruption, now resuming her subject, confirmed her former assurances, of Herbert's good fortune. "'This,'" cried she, "is the secret so long buried in my bosom; a secret never revealed, but to the man whose assistance was necessary to its consummation. This estate, of which the title-deeds will shortly be put into your possession, is purchased for you by a friend, to enable you to pursue your political career in peace and glory. And now you will easily understand why I opposed your taking orders, since a clergyman is not eligible to Parliament; you will easily comprehend why I urged your being sent to college, and employed some artifice to persuade you that your mother's mysterious friend was still watching over your welfare.

"Through the same medium, I exerted my influence to induce you to spend some years in seeing other countries. It was my ambition to render you in every respect proper for public life. This was my *experiment*,

and it has succeeded; this was my labor, and it has prospered; this was my mystery, and it is unfolded. On the most interesting day of my life, I can proudly say, Cornelia had not more cause to glory in the Gracchi. I envy not a mother."

On another occasion, Vallaney would have smiled at the extravagance of this compliment; but now he was spell-bound in amazement; and Celia, the only person, perhaps, to whom silence gave encouragement, proceeded, "I make no boast; it is all owing to your own goodness, that my experiment has succeeded; yet suffer me to say, had you disappointed my hopes, you had forfeited your recompence. The estate is to be held in trust, for the good of mankind.

"Mistake me not; I do not mean to exclude you from the blessings of domestic life. I have discovered the woman formed to harmonize with you, to soften all your cares, and recompence your exertions. I can trace the progress of a mutual attachment, and I can venture to say, Pliny and Hispulla were not happier than you will be."

The gratitude and surprise of Altamont at an event so strange and unexpected, could only be exceeded by his confusion at this intimation; but while the name of Adela trembled on her lips, she was suddenly checked by her re-entrance with Cordelia. Altamont and Vallaney had equally their cheeks flushed with crimson, the one from perplexity, the other from resentment; both made an involuntary movement to the door, to prevent farther elucidation. Sir Frederic relieved their embarrassment by proposing an immediate return; and as Vallaney's servant had brought a horse, Altamont eagerly mounted him, to avoid any further allusions to a subject so distressing to his feelings. The rest of the party resumed their places in the carriage, but all were totally changed; all gaiety was dismissed; all animation had vanished. Adela was thoughtful, Vallaney taciturn, Cordelia looked ill, and Sir Frederic, in his fear of exciting suspicion or displeasure, constrained himself so much that he appeared perfectly frigid. Celia herself,

exhausted by her efforts, leaned back, scarcely able to restrain her tears, and now and then dropping a pithy sentence of morality, on the mutability of human sensations. "I expected it," cried she, "to have been a day of joy, but joy is overpowering. I wish those flowers had not made Cordelia ill; I have been saddened ever since."

On reaching Beachdale, she eagerly enquired for De Lille, expressing equal wonder and disturbance at his absence. She then joined Altamont, privately assuring him, that to-morrow he should have better evidence than her word, to convince him of the fact she had announced; for the present, she would not enter on particulars; besides, she wished to spend an hour at the Grange. She told him in confidence, it was to speak to Mrs. Winifred; and then admonishing him to entire secrecy, she resumed a mysterious air, and stealing through the park, proceeded by a circuitous route to her friend's habitation.

---

## CHAPTER XVIII.

HITHERTO it was not necessary to anticipate the communication which was to immortalize Celia Gladwin's pre-eminence in discretion; but now that the inevitable moment is arrived, it will be proper to explain the nature of that mysterious connexion, which had so long subsisted between her and the kind-hearted *protegee*. Her acquaintance with this artless creature had commenced in her youth, and during the annual visits she was accustomed to pay to some rich relations in Monmouthshire; she then shewed much kindness to Winny, at that time the contented wife of a petty farmer, who occupied a dairy; but soon after removing with his wife to another county, Celia remained for many years in ignorance of the changes which had occurred in her destiny.



After a long interval she discovered her in London, earning a maintenance by her daily labor, and steadily refusing to live with her present husband ; who having been an itinerant player, won her heart by a tale of distress ; wasted the savings of the good farmer's industry ; and, finally, kept another woman in open infidelity. Indignant at this last outrage, Winny vowed never to live with him again ; and, with Celia's assistance, procured the situation of housekeeper in a gentleman's family. Warm with gratitude for her benefactress, she longed, most ardently, to make her some acknowledgment ; and, by dint of frugality and diligence, saved enough to purchase a lottery ticket. The transaction remained a profound secret, till she discovered that it was drawn a first prize ; when almost overwhelmed with the intelligence, she flew to her good Miss Celia, and implored her acceptance of the ticket ; declaring she wished for nothing so much as to see her living like a lady, and to put herself under her protection. With equal generosity Celia resisted the plea, and there was a long contest of kindness between them. But Winny founded her plea on a point of English law, with which the lower orders are well acquainted ; that a woman after marriage is incapable of possessing any thing independent of her husband, and protested that she dreaded nothing so much as seeing the produce of her good fortune extorted from her by her now detested profligate. Celia, though highly applauding these heroic sentiments, refused to enrich herself by what would be termed a legal fraud, however defensible on the abstract principles of equity and justice. At length the matter was compromised between them, Celia consenting to receive the money to vest it in the funds in her own name ; to transmit to Winny an annual sum sufficient for her support ; and to let the surplus accumulate, to be hereafter applied to some great object of patriotism or charity. For herself she still rigidly refused to accept even the smallest recompence ; and was more happy in thus disclaiming fortune than another in possessing it ; she despised the personal risk incurred by her intrepidity ;

she gloried in the possibility of being persecuted for having dared to evade a law which, whether justly or not, she conceived to be among the *wrongs of women*. She was, however, soon sensible that Winny's apprehensions from her husband's persecution were not wholly chimerical. He had discovered her retreat ; and, wondering at the comfort in which she lived, insisted on living with her. Celia, at length by bribes induced him to desist ; but from that period she had deemed it necessary to use more precaution for her old friend's security.

The occasion was most inviting to her love of mystery, and though the importunate husband was now gone abroad, she suggested her dropping his name, and restricting herself to the appellation of Mrs. Winnifred, by which alone she was known in Mr. Mapletoft's family. Celia having been long persuaded that Altamont was destined to perform some signal service for the state, conceived it impossible that the estate should be more wisely bestowed, and proposed to her *protegee* the scheme she had formed for the benefit of mankind.

Winny, who had never ventured to consider as her own property what she owed to Celia's friendship, submitted implicitly to her decrees. Yet she was not without some repining wishes that her poor dear Aleck might have shared with Altamont, but this condition she never ventured to suggest ; for such was her gratitude and her probity, that she never conceived the possibility of resuming any rights she had once surrendered to her protectress ; and fondly as she doated on Aleck, she presumed not, even for his sake, to make any claim to the prejudice of her first engagement. Of bonds and settlements she knew nothing, and to legal forms had an invincible abhorrence ; but to her upright mind a word was equally binding with an oath ; the promise that had passed her lips could only be cancelled by injurious treatment ; yet she never blazoned this religious faith with an imposing name. A simple Christian, she merely aspired to perform her duty ; and the point of honor was with her but the test of conscience.

## CHAPTER XIX.

THE predilection which Mrs. Gladwin had, almost from the first glance, conceived for De Lille, united to the necessity of some assistance in her project, had determined her to entrust him with Winny's design. He was flattered by the confidence; gave her unbounded promises of service, and every assurance of fidelity. At her earnest request, he had secretly purchased the estate contiguous to Vallaney manor, which had occasioned so much speculation in the neighborhood. The title deeds were at present in his possession, but were finally to be transferred to the intended proprietor. This confidence was not, however, mutual; and the incident of the letter, which excited such uneasiness in Mrs. De Lille, might, had she been prone to suspicion, have inspired in Mrs. Gladwin equal distrust. From that period, he had been less cordial and ingenuous: he never spoke of the intended donation with any glow of pleasure; and he was always suggesting some reason for protracting the term of probation and concealment.

On the return of Altamont to England, however, Cecilia had resolved that the communication should take place; but De Lille alledged that there was still something wanting to make the conveyance complete.

In their last conversation, perceiving her somewhat irritated, in reality, from her lively conception of Altamont's secret conflicts and sufferings, (the pangs of hopeless love) he promised in another week to be ready for the *eclaircissement*; yet on the morning after he had given her this assurance, he went on his private excursion.

It was not her intention to have proceeded without his concurrence; but having been thrown off her guard by the resolution expressed by Altamont to leave Beachdale, and proceed to Germany, she had hastily precipitated her promised elucidation; considering that though she could not produce the title deeds, she could pledge

her word for their existence. She was also somewhat piqued by De Lille's procrastination; and had consequently the less repugnance to hazarding this step without his approbation. Besides all this, the secret she had so long preserved with such ease, was no longer supportable with patience. From the moment she had approached the crisis of discovery, she was occupied with her theatrical *denouement*.

The mystery now pressed for developement with an *impetus* which was not to be resisted; and she mistook the impulse of her own ardent nature, for some secret inspiration omnipotent and inevitable as destiny.

On approaching the Grange, she longed for sympathy and reciprocation with her good old Winny. Surprise and doubt had appeared to absorb Altamont's pleasure; and her own anticipated raptures were strangely intercepted; but with this kind-hearted confidant, she expected to taste unalloyed delight. A trifling circumstance again thwarted her wishes: Winny had been induced by Aleck to ride out in a chaise he had borrowed from the Abbey; and was gone, according to her charitable practice, to visit some sick person at a short distance from the village. Celia now recollected that her friend had mentioned in the morning her projected excursion; commenting, with much complacency, on the readiness Mr. Quintin had shewn to oblige Aleck; but neither the information nor the reflection made the slightest impression on Celia's mind at the moment. Now, however, that she sighed to disburthen her heart, she would gladly have followed Winny wherever she might be, to enter on her purposed explanation; but the Mapletofts were out, the servants knew nothing of her friend's movements; there was no remedy but patience, and of that virtue she was the least capable. For the first time she found solitude irksome; and in this interval of suspense, almost regretted that she had been so precipitate with her disclosure.

She yearned for her affectionate Winny's assurance, that whatever she did was consistent and best; she, for once, distrusted her judgment, and doubted of her own



faith ; she was even visited by some compunctious scruples, for having so frankly disposed of another's property ; and determined to stipulate for some conditions in favor of Aleck. She even missed the secret, over which she had so long brooded, that to part from it would make a chasin in existence.

All these gloomy reflections were occasioned by not finding Winny at home ; it was a check to the buoyancy of expectation ; and fancy, for once, left the heart subdued to nature. On this day of her triumph,—this interesting epoch of her life, she wept ; and after having spent some hours in expectation of Winny's return, at length rejoined the circle at Vallancy House ; not to enjoy society, but to cheat suspense of its lingering torments.

---

## CHAPTER XX.

“ SHALL I advance or retreat, Edward ? ” said Altamont, perceiving his friend seated at a writing-desk, and apparently insensible to his approach.

Vallancy having exhibited unequivocal symptoms of ill-humor during dinner, had withdrawn to his own apartment, in order, as he said, to write some letters previous to his journey. Altamont suspecting the true cause of his estrangement, determined, by a frank *eclaircissement*, to put an end to his suspense. “ Vallancy,” repeated he, “ will you not spare a quarter of an hour to a friend ? ”

“ Oh, Sir ! Mr. Altamont, I perceive, ”—There was no playful affectation in this formality ; it was the genuine expression of strong displeasure.

“ Mr. Altamont ! what a rebuke to my want of decorum ! I suppose I must in future send up a servant to announce my name, with all due punctilio.”

“ In future every thing will be different from what it has been ; there is a revolution since yesterday. When

am I to wish you joy? for among other changes it seems you are likely to become my kinsman."

"I thought to find you in a more serious mood."

"I was never more so in my life. It is you that still choose to be something for which I really can't find a name,—cautious, circumspect, *enveloped*. For my part, I don't understand obliquity,—or shall I call it delicacy; and really should not scruple asking an old friend if he was going to be married?"

"And do you sincerely imagine I am going to be married?"

"And why not, when the lady smiles, fortune jumps from the bag, and nothing but the lawyer and the bishop are wanting? I'll tell you what, Altamont, among other novelties, do get a new habit of ingenuousness; that cautious air of mystery is necessary to the man who drudges at a profession; and for that very reason is disclaimed by every one who has the privilege to be *born a gentleman*."

"I hardly know how to answer you, Vallancy."

"Oh, you might know, for you possess all the compound tenses in perfection; there is no elaborate phrase, no elegant artifice in language, of which you are not a master."

"Come, come, this is all the captious petulance of a dissatisfied, restless lover."

"Oh no; don't imagine I am a lover. I like a coquette to while away an hour with; I don't pretend to be stupid or invulnerable as a beetle; but you are really over nice about Miss Rouvigny. You might have safely entrusted your mutual attachment; I never cared for her enough to have put her in competition with a *friend's* welfare; never would have risked for her my integrity; no, no, though I may have laughed at romance, I hold honor sacred, though I might never affect patriotism, I really did believe in the existence of honesty; and could so far stretch my imagination as to give a man credit for unequivocal sincerity."

"To what does all this lead?"

"Oh, merely to elucidate a point in question, Whe-

ther three months after you have been presented at court, (you and your bride,) you may not be speaking in the House in praise of all you have hitherto abused? Who knows but you and I may sit on opposite sides, at once complimenting and controverting each other?"

"So then, if I should really have this accession of fortune, I am to lose your friendship."

"If *you should*. Oh, subtle casuist! Where is the contingency? Your friend asserts the fact, and my father-in-law, it seems, is to substantiate the assertion. The estate is obvious to view, and still you express a doubt or a surmise. Nay, Altamont, don't take the girl's word that she loves you, but exact an affidavit properly and regularly attested."

"If I could not find an excuse for your spleen, I should think it strange you did not rejoice in a friend's prosperity."

"But where is there a friend, Altamont? A friend should be an equal; a partner, entering with ardor, into all my pursuits; sympathizing in my tastes and wishes; loving even my faults, and respecting my weakest prejudices. The friend should be my other self; the same life's blood should flow between us. Now, Altamont, such an union has never subsisted between us; you were always aiming to be the *benefactor*, and I brooked from you admonitions and reproofs I could not have endured from a *superior*."

Here Vallaney paused. Altamont preserved a cold silence. Irritated by a forbearance he attributed to contempt, Vallaney resumed, "No other being should have usurped such authority; but the tutoring seemed to satisfy your punctilious dignity, and I therefore frankly submitted to the yoke." Vallaney again paused, and was again unanswered. "Yet though I repined at your reserve, though I was always sensible to your want of sympathy, I would not have believed a tale to your prejudice; I had an obstinate faith in your integrity; nor would I have admitted, on any authority but your own, that you were capable of disingenuous artifice—seeking what you affected to disclaim, and engrossing the very

object you professed to despise. No reasoning, no rhetoric, not even your own eloquence should have persuaded me to believe this."

"And do you seriously suppose I have stooped to such duplicity?—that I have sought what I disclaimed, and engrossed the object I professed to despise?"

Altamont repeated these words with deliberate solemnity; and Vallancy, shocked by their import, in his turn was silent.

"These are strange words to come from the associate of one's childhood, and include a charge which, allow me to say, I should better know how to answer to any other than you."

"If I have transgressed decorum, Sir, I am ready to make the reparation due to the feelings of a gentleman."

"No, Vallancy, I shall not accept the permission to inflict on one of us everlasting remorse. My courage, at least is not suspected; and I warn you no provocation on your part shall ever make me attempt the life of one, I have so long considered my friend."

Vallancy, recollecting that his own life had been preserved by the person he had just abused, stood abashed; conscious of his error, but not noble enough to avow his feelings.

"I can account, however, for your petulance," resumed Altamont, "and in part forgive the caprices of a lover."

"I disclaim the title!"

"'Tis in vain! Nothing but passion could have so perverted your judgment, that you should not discover you were yourself the real object of Miss Rouvigny's affection."

"My dear Altamont."

"I wish not to excite your presumption, but as we are so soon to part, I repeat she loves you."

"What strange vagary is this? Does she not treat me with indifference and caprice?"

"Because she distrusts your steadiness; she loves you, but sees your faults, and has too much sense and spirit to suffer inclination to prevail over judgment."



“ And I like her all the better for it ; but still, my sapient casuist, how should you see through her heart ? ”

“ Because I had an interest in your happiness. I observed that her eyes always brightened at your approach ; and that whoever was the person she addressed, her animation was increased by your presence. ”

“ But her attentions to yourself,—was that mere coquetry ? ”

“ Yes, a coquetry the most innocent. Consider the disparity in our situation ; and what a coxcomb must that man be, who under my circumstances could impute her politeness to interested motives. No, Miss Rouvigny esteemed me too much, to suppose I was capable of such egregious vanity. As a last proof, since this morning her behaviour is changed. ”

“ But may not that be from the delicacy of affection ? ”

“ Vallancy, you are surely in love. By this diffidence, this distrust, I see you are really capable of the passion ; now I heartily forgive your injustice. ”

“ Forgiveness is not enough, Altamont ; you must forget my folly. ”

“ I know not that I ought to do so ; your heart prompted some bitter things ; you intimated, that we had never been truly friends. ”

“ Forget those foolish words. ”

“ You will, I know, remember longer than I shall resent them ; yet, one thing I must say, should I ever be thrown on adversity I could not now, without meanness, find anchorage in Vallancy. ”

“ Well, but you shall never be thrown on adversity. ”

“ I could never dismiss the recollection, that you remembered our inequality ; never persuade myself to challenge your services ; never, without incurring my own reproaches, permit you to tax my gratitude with unrequited obligation. ”

On rejoining the family, they found, sitting quietly together, Mrs. Gladwin and Mrs. De Lille, who had been but imperfectly apprized of the incidents of the morning, and was musing on her husband's absence and her son's

intended departure. Adela was playing to Cordelia, who stood by her side overlooking the music, when Altamont enquired, if she was recovered from her indisposition. She blushed, from the consciousness that her disorder had been occasioned by the interest she took in his destiny. Her emotion was not unobserved; and hope, the more delicious for being imperfect and restrained, once more stole to his heart. He began to flatter himself, that all he heard respecting Sir Frederic was erroneous, but however this might be, neither honor, nor delicacy now forbade the avowal of his own attachment.

To one who has long pined in concealment, the privilege of disclosure is comparatively the termination of his sufferings. Altamont seemed once more to communicate with Cordelia, and, by a single glance, to divine all she would have said. The music suspended conversation, and was this evening acceptable even to Vallancy, who now hoped to descry in Adela some marks of affection. She happened to play a march, to which Haller was partial; when Altamont rising from the sofa, in which he had been indulging some poetical dreams of happiness, asked if she still wished to finish the manuscript of Cornelius. Her assent was so unequivocal, that he ventured to propose their resuming it, on the morrow morning, in the pavilion. As she had no time to start objections, and tacitly confirmed the engagement, Altamont had now sufficient matter for speculation.

On this important morrow too, he was to learn from Mrs. Gladwin all the mysteries of his fortune; but this circumstance at the moment escaped his recollection; he thought only of being permitted to dedicate fortune, fame, his faculties, his feelings, his hopes, his joys, his life, and all that ennobles life, to Cordelia.

## CHAPTER XXI.

CORDELIA, always accustomed to be punctual, a habit she derived from that moral sympathy, which is ever prompting a delicate consideration for the ease and comfort of others ; was this morning ready long before the hour appointed for the interview ; but fearing, as woman is naturally born to fear, she might seem too importunate for the promised pleasure, she remained in her own room, till within a few minutes of the time ; and then, descending to the garden, glided over the lawn without once glancing towards the pavilion ; though sometimes stopping unconsciously, with the persuasion that she heard Altamont's step, since she could not but believe he had been long watching her approach. To her surprise, however, she received no summons ; she met with no interruption ; she slowly returned ; and with due precaution, deigned to look towards the pavilion, which she instantly perceived to be empty. Deeply chagrined, half offended, she again sauntered towards the park, but beheld not the object of her pursuit ; and after spending some time in these fruitless expectations, she was joined by Adela, and sorrowfully relinquished the engagement.

The summons to breakfast was much earlier than usual. For Adela had a fancy to be a gleaner, and called herself Phœbe ; whilst Vallancy, with much pleasantry, supported the character of Touchstone. Cordelia heard not one word of their conversation, till she saw Altamont enter so pale, so languid, so unusually pensive, that all her purposed vengeance was suspended, and when he approached, she addressed him involuntarily in a low voice as Herbert. Both rose from the table as soon as possible, and separating from Vallancy and Adela, strolled towards the shrubbery, appearing mutually to shun the spot, which should seem to remind them of their lapsed engagement.

"If time could but return," cried Altamont; if to-morrow could be like yesterday—'Twas all a dream. My romantic friend invested me with a visionary good. 'Twas an ice-palace, and is now dissolved. My 1500l. a-year is completely dissipated; yet I repine not at the privation, since it reverts to a man, in some respects, nearer to my heart than any relation upon earth." Cordelia looked her surprise. "This is no time for explanation. The moments are too precious; perhaps this may be my last hour of happiness."

"Good heavens! what mean you?"

"Not that I am dying," returned he, with a melancholy smile. "I may long consume days and years, and yet survive life; for when hope is gone, the heart is dead forever; yet, Cordelia, I shall never lament having missed wealth or splendor. There is but one man I should ever envy; and that man, whatever his cares or privations, in a desert or a prison, I should deem the happiest upon earth."

Cordelia answered not; but there was in his voice a tender touching solemnity her heart taught her to interpret; yet she cast down her eyes, still fluctuating between hope and distrust; still dreading to hear, what she most wished to believe.

"If such a being exists," cried Altamont, my fate is indeed decided; and whether I remain in this country or seek another, I must be an alien from hope and happiness every where."

Cordelia now looked up with unaffected perplexity; but before she could proceed to make the enquiry, which might forever have dispelled from his mind the suspicion of Sir Frederic, they were interrupted by De Lille, who, bowing stiffly to Altamont, and smiling sarcastically on his daughter, desired her to look in the study for his pocket edition of Shakespeare; and long before she could execute this commission, had drawn her companion to another part of the garden, evidently engaged in a conversation of too serious a cast to warrant intrusion.

It is proper to explain why Altamont failed in his appointment. He had gained the pavilion, as Cordelia



divined, long before the hour of meeting; and was standing at the entrance, when he found his arm grasped by Mrs. Gladwin, who, begging a few minutes conversation, led him down the chesnut walk towards the village, and eagerly entered on her intended explanation. She was never gifted with brevity; her thoughts spread into so many ramifications; and in the present instance, she was so often impeded by sentiment, that they reached the end of the avenue, before she came to Winny's ticket. Then leaning against the park pales, which were just opposite to the Grange, she proposed stepping out, to ask if her old friend was returned. Said and done with her was the operation of the same moment; and greatly was she rejoiced to observe, at the window, the object of her search, who eagerly throwing up the sash, besought her for God's sake to come in for two moments.

"Worthy creature," cried Celia, as she crossed the threshold; "I have pledged myself, my dear Altamont, that you shall provide for Aleck."

They were met at the door by Mrs. Winifred, whose countenance bespoke not joy, but perturbation and sadness. "Ah! dear, dear Miss Celia, I have such a tale for you!"

"You may speak freely before Altamont. He knows all. I have told him every thing."

"I am sorry for it. It was not my fault; no, nor poor Aleck's neither; he meant all for the best. But what shall I say to this good Mr. Altamont. Oh! dear Miss Celia, you will never forgive me." Then wringing her hands, she sunk back in her easy chair, whilst both Altamont and Mrs. Gladwin said every thing they could suggest to give her encouragement. At length they learnt, that she had yesterday attended Aleck to visit a dying man, who had lodged for the last three weeks in the farm house on Cordelia's favorite hill; so celebrated for the salubrity of its situation, Mr. Framp-ton having heard of Aleck, who was supposed to possess some occult art in the cure of diseases, expressed a strong desire to see him. Aleck was introduced, and

immediately became strongly interested in his recovery.

Nothing is so mortifying to a generous mind, as to have any power attributed to it which it does not possess. Aleck's heart was touched by this appeal to his kindness, but his fancy instantly kindled at the suggestion, and with his accustomed facility, he began to speculate on the possibility of administering relief. Might not the malady originate in some diseased affection of the soul; and would not the lungs be healed with the heart? Fraught with this idea, he repeated his visits to Mr. Frampton, thought of him incessantly, and often talked of him to Mrs. Winifred, who delighted to find that he had at length an object intelligible to her apprehension, and proud to co-operate in so good a work, repeatedly sent, by his hands, jellies and conserves to the afflicted patient. Mr. Frampton now heard, in his turn, of Mrs. Winifred, and naturally expressed a desire to see her. Aleck, who accounted her a wonderful *Leach*, and simply believed her recipes availed beyond the doctor's skill, pressed her to accompany him; and to obviate her only objections respecting distance, procured a one-horse chaise from Mr. Quintin for her accommodation.

Gladly did Winny alight from the carriage, contemplating, with maternal complacency, her benevolent Aleck; but she was not a little shocked to learn that Mr. Frampton was materially worse. The curate, Mr. Black, came down stairs to meet her, and by him she was ushered into the sick chamber. The first object she beheld was a couch, on which the sick man was reclining; beside him sat a person writing from his dictation: his hostess followed Winifred, making many apologies for the littered apartment.

"Make no excuses, my good friend," said Winny; "we must all bear with one another."

At the sound of her voice the patient, raising his head, exclaimed, "it is my wife!" and Winny, with a piercing shriek, discovered her husband, of whose death Mrs. Gladwin had, as she imagined, received decisive evidence. The recognition was instantly made;

and the supposed Frampton said he should die in peace if he might but obtain her forgiveness. "And then," said Mrs. Winifred, "he looked so terribly, and spoke so pitifully, that though I never believed I should cease to hate him, I could not help being sorry to see him suffer. And then he asked me if I was not enriched by a lottery ticket; and as I could not tell a lie, I answered nothing. And then he said, 'I know it is so.' And he desired the man who was writing, to shew me a letter he had received without a name, which gave him the account. And then he said, 'You did not well to deceive me so long. I speak not for my *own* sake, but yours. I have a nephew who would not let me want for any thing.' And just then who should come in but your friend, Mr. De Lille, who turned up the whites of his eyes at seeing me, and could scarcely believe I was his *uncle's wife*."

"His uncle's wife!" exclaimed Celia, "that is impossible!"

"But indeed, for all that, 'tis true; there's the parish register to prove it. Mr. De Lille's father was my husband's own brother."

"But how could Loyle be De Lille?"

"Oh, 'twas called *Loyle*, but it should have been *Lisle*, and that he changed it to *Lille*; for what cause he knows best: but certain it is he was my husband's nephew; and the man in black who was writing so fast, shewed me the copy of a bond he had given him long ago, to take to himself all the property he either had, or should come to have, in the world: and my husband said he was glad I had never been found out, for that then that deed would have been put in force against me." She then proceeded to relate, that, being overpowered with the discovery, she was conveyed to an adjoining apartment, where De Lille joined her, protesting his concern, and declaring he was not aware who she was. Here Celia shook her head, with strong indications of incredulity.

Mrs. Winifred then briefly concluded her narrative: the surprise occasioned by her presence appeared to have



brought on a violent paroxysm, in which the patient breathed his last. She was again removed to another room where De Lille paid her most assiduous attention, and repeatedly assured her of his friendship; offered to concur in any scheme for Aleck's establishment; and finally brought her home at a late hour, with as much respect as if she had been a queen.

"But now," cried she, "what shall be done for good Mr. Altamont? for you know the law spares nothing, and I shall only have my own dower; for Mr. Bland and the man in black, both said Mr. De Lille was my husband's natural heir; and you know he has every penny in his possession."

"Surely," cried Celia, "Jaspar De Lille will not be so base as to take advantage of a crooked turn in the law? What! can you believe him capable of committing an act of which a felon might be ashamed;—of abusing trust and betraying confidence?"

"But he says, dear Miss Celia, that if he should decline the property, the next heir would take it; so there's no end of vexation. But you shall hear what he says himself; for, not knowing you were at his house, he left this letter for you, which I saw him write; and indeed it came from his pen as if it had been before indited."

This *indited* letter being produced, was given to Altamont, who, at Mrs. Gladwin's request, read as follows:

"My dear Madam,

"In a moment of extreme agitation, I employ my pen to explain to you the most painful occurrence of my life. I will lay open my heart, and throw myself on your candor. The most generous of women will not distrust the purity of my motives, or the disinterestedness of my conduct."

(Here Celia, jumping up, exclaimed, "I told you so; I knew he would be noble and disinterested.")

"It is curious to reflect, that my present uneasiness arises from a source whence it could be least suspected; that it is produced by your confidence; and that what was at first my supreme triumph, is become the instrument of my most exquisite torment."



(Here Celia's eyes brightened; Altamont looked down, unable to disguise his disapprobation of such fulsome flattery. Winny looked up, as if she would have asked, What is all this to the purpose?)

"By what fatality have you been influenced, by what mysterious inspiration were you directed to repose such unlimited trust in the person you should have been most anxious to avoid? That I have not voluntarily betrayed your trust, is now my only happiness and consolation."

("Ah, how elegantly he writes! what magic in his pen!" murmured Celia. Nobody contradicted her. Winny was seized with a fit of coughing, which for a short time suspended the reading.)

"It is necessary to explain to you the circumstance which occasioned the delusion under which we have both acted; a circumstance which involved the most momentous event of my life—the only secret I have not reposed in your faithful sympathizing bosom."

(Ah! sighed she; ah! thought she, his wife is not a woman to confide in.)

"I am descended from a clergyman of the name of Lisle, which custom corrupted to Loyle. Separated from my family in early life, I had no intercourse with any branch of it but my deceased uncle, the unworthy husband of your excellent friend Mrs. Winifred. Though unacquainted with his blameless wife, I was aware of his flagitious conduct, and I trust it was from no improper or unbecoming pride, that I wished not to acknowledge so disgraceful a relation. The slight change in my own name, which had been adopted in my youth, in a great measure shielded me from exposure, and I hoped to pass through life without even participating in his reproach. Yet though tremblingly alive to the delicacy of reputation, I was not callous to the claims of humanity; and when this distressed kinsman, seven years ago, implored my aid to save him from the horrors of a jail, I did not withhold assistance; but having supplied his wants, procured him a situation abroad, to which, with a view of escaping from his creditors, he went under a

fictitious name ; and by these means you were induced to credit the rumor of his death.

“ It was during this interval that you reposed in me your confidence, and that I became entrusted with the property to which my uncle was legally entitled. That I had no suspicion of this fact is, however, not extraordinary ; for as, with that discretion for which you are so eminently conspicuous, you disclosed not Mrs. Winifred’s surname, it was impossible I should arrive at such a conclusion : I therefore entered into negotiations for the estate, which appeared so desirable a purchase ; but of which, owing to the minority of one of the parties concerned, no conveyance has been formally executed in Mr. Altamont’s favor. Whilst maturing your suggestions for his advantage, without knowing why he was thus selected, I received another application from my unfortunate kinsman, who had returned to England with a broken constitution, and was again pursued by a merciless creditor, whom he had previously softened with promises of payment. In this extremity he threw himself on my charity ; and you will easily conceive I was unable to resist the supplication. Sincerely did I deplore the circumstances which rendered his introduction to my own family impracticable ; heartily did I wish it had been possible to shelter him under my own roof, and to sooth the complicated sufferings of age and infirmity. Precluded from this satisfaction, I procured him an asylum within a few miles of my own house, where, to escape the importunity of his creditors, he lived in the strictest privacy, known only by the name of Frampton, and only visited by a medical attendant. The state of his health excited most serious alarm, and called for every possible indulgence. To procure farther advice, I clandestinely accompanied him to London, where the first physician of the age pronounced his case hopeless. This sentence I carefully concealed, but redoubled my former cares and attentions.

“ It was at this period that he communicated to me many interesting particulars of his wife Winifred, of whom he had so long lost all traces, that he supposed

her to be dead. He had formerly been informed, by an importunate creditor, that she was possessed of considerable property, the produce of a prize in the lottery. He now received an anonymous letter to this purport, from some person who had penetrated his fictitious name, and who intimated that this money had passed from her hands to those of a stranger.

“ He construed this passage into an intimation of her death ; and, to do him justice, expressed much contrition for his former transgressions : yet, conceiving himself somewhat indebted to my kindness ; conceiving too, that he and his heirs were at least as fully entitled to the property as strangers, he caused a bond to be executed in my favor, by which I should, at any time, be enabled to seize on the effects (whatever they might be) so long sequestered from his use.

“ It was at this period that, for the first time, I had even a surmise that the person for whom I had acted as a trustee was Mrs. Winifred. I resisted the suspicion ; and on my return to Beachdale, anxious to escape the predicament in which I must be placed by such a connection, I made no new researches, I used no means of enquiry. I am persuaded your memory will supply a thousand instances in which I have shunned the subject I might have so easily elucidated. The discovery which has at length taken place, was produced by means independent of my agency, and appears to have been solely the work of destiny. My unhappy kinsman was evidently drawing near his end ; yet, with that sanguine spirit which belongs to his malady, still cherishing dreams of recovery, and still sighing to prolong existence. He had heard of the salubrious air of the neighboring downs. I removed him thither. He there heard also of an extraordinary young man, who was supposed to possess some occult power, extending far beyond the limits of medical science. Mr. Satchell was introduced to him, and, unsuspected by me, induced Mrs. Winifred to visit the dying patient. What followed was inevitable. My unfortunate kinsman is now at rest. In the last moments of life, he at once experienced the pangs of remorse and the tenderness of consolation.



" I now come to the most painful part of my task, the publicity of this transaction having rendered it impossible that I should continue to participate in a legal fraud. As heir-at-law, I am to perform the rigid duties of an executor, which are, I conceive, in total opposition to the intended donation to Mr. Altamont.—Happily the conveyances have not been executed in his name, which will prevent some confusion: happily, too, your incomparable prudence has withheld from him those expectations which must now inevitably terminate in disappointment."

Hitherto Celia had listened with some sentiments of complacency, but now she suddenly broke forth:—" For all this, if he does not make it all over, he is the veriest wretch on earth!" She then snatched the letter from Altamont, adding, " Either he is a great man, or a great villain."

" Good Mr. Altamont," cried Winny, happy had it been for me to have died ere it had come to this."

Here Altamont, touched by her distress; besought her to be comforted; adding, that he should heartily rejoice in Mr. De Lille's acquisition.

" How!" cried Celia, " would you connive at iniquity and injustice? Was not this money obtained through the bounty of others? was it not destined through your medium, to diffuse blessings to mankind?"

" My dear friend, you are deceived by the ardor of your affections. Had I sooner known in what manner this property was obtained, I should have, pardon me, voluntarily declined a donation so repugnant to the nicer feelings of honor. I am not going to discuss the principle of abstract right: I readily allow the laws are unjust, but I scorn to evade them."

" Ah, dear Miss Celia," cried Winny, why would you not take it to yourself? all had then been well. Mr. De Lille indeed offers, in this letter, to settle part of it on you; and he said something about compromising matters (that was his word with Mr. Altamont;) any thing to avoid a law suit."

" Nothing," returned Altamont, " should induce me



to litigate with Mr. De Lille ; but I should feel degraded by listening to any terms of compromise. There is here no difference, no arbitration necessary ; one judge is sufficient ; the verdict is already given, and there lies no other appeal."

" Good, excellent young man !" cried Winny ; " oh, may you find your reward !"

" Noble creature !" reiterated Celia, forgetting even disappointment in her admiration of his magnanimity ; " and can you so easily relinquish ease, pleasure, interest, and love ?"

" The last word probably, recalled some painful impressions to the mind of Altamont ; but forcing a smile, he was about to answer her in a soothing strain, when he perceived De Lille issuing from the park, and unwilling to confront him at such an awkward moment, hastily withdrew, just in time to escape the rencounter, returning by a circuitous route to Vallaney house.

De Lille approached the Grange with no enviable sensations. At the moment when he was felicitating himself on the success of one stratagem he was baffled in another ; Celia's premature discovery, by thwarting his views of concealment, had wounded the stronger passion of his little soul—his vanity ; and he came with a determination either to win her to unbounded submission, or to provoke her to open enmity. He found her standing in front of the door, holding in her hand the half-read letter. Winny sat moaning in her easy chair, and Aleck, who followed his steps, placed himself on a low stool in an opposite corner. On his entrance there was a momentary pause. Celia waving her hand, said " Well, Sir, I am sure you will do all that honor requires ?"

" I trust," replied he, " I shall do my duty."

" 'The first duty is to fulfil your engagements ?'

He began to recapitulate the sum of his letter, which Winny said had been long since *indited*. She listened with downcast eyes, violently struggling with her angry sensations. When he spoke of Winny's fulfilling her intentions in favor of Aleck, a smile of contempt parted

her lips : when he alluded to terms of compromise with Altamont, her cheeks flushed, yet she controuled her speech : but when he ventured to repeat what he had also previously intimated, that he wished she also should receive a gratuity, she raised her eyes, and vehemently exclaimed, “ Jasper De Lille, my soul disdains thee ! measure not your views with mine ; oh, man of little faith and low desires ! Know, Altamont also contemns your pretended terms of compromise ; keep the property you have purloined from unsuspecting confidence and virtuous integrity ; keep your money, it is not for us—we barter not our honor :” then tearing the letter, she strewed it over the floor, adding, “ Thus be our friendship sundered forever.” De Lille attempted to sooth her, but she was intractable. He then retorted her own breach of faith, in having accelerated the discovery without his knowledge or approbation. Impatient of rebuke, she retorted with acrimony, observing, if he was sincere in his professions, he might administer to the property, and restore it solely to Winny, who would know how to render it useful to society.

De Lille perceiving this was the critical moment, and that since she could not be appeased she must be braved ; fired at her insinuation, chafed again, and made the breach eternal. Yet, on quitting the room, he had the address to take Aleck aside, and to assure him, that had he acceded to Celia’s proposal, Mrs. Winifred would be accessible to other claimants, by whom she must eventually be involved in a ruinous litigation. Then repeating his offers of service, he left the house, happy to think himself rid, on so fair a pretext, of one who, as a friend, might have made such claims on his generosity as he was little disposed to allow ; and who was too notoriously eccentric to have any power, as an enemy, to injure his reputation. Yet his satisfaction was far from being complete ; and scarcely could the prospect of acquiring so much property console him for the publication of his real name and connexions.

His father and uncle were the two elder sons of a Welsh curate, who struggled hard to maintain a numer-

ous family. The former was enabled, by the partial munificence of a maiden aunt, to obtain an ensigncy ; his brother, repining at the drudgery of an attorney's office, entered the army also, but under very different auspices ; he enlisted : and, to the grief of his father, was sent abroad before any efforts could be made for procuring his discharge. The father of Jaspar embarked for the East Indies, and during the voyage captivated a young portionless lady, who was going out under the protection of his colonel's lady. A clandestine marriage was the consequence ; a reluctant reconciliation with the lady's friends took place. The young man was beginning to hope for some advancement of fortune, when he was carried off by a *coup de soleil*, just after his wife had brought into the world a son, who was called Jaspar.

It was not likely that so young a widow should long pine in weeds ; her protectress suggested that the infant boy should be sent to England to the father's relations. The widow resisted, till she was addressed by a man of fortune, and then consented. Jaspar was conveyed to England, remained three years in Wales, and seemed destined to pass his life in humble obscurity. In the meantime the younger De Lille had also met with his adventures, and, having obtained his discharge, was finally re-established in his father's house. He became fondly attached to his nephew, and discovering that he possessed a talent for music, cultivated it with such care, that, before he was six years of age, he was distinguished by the appellation of the Little Minstrel. About this time his uncle learnt that his mother, who since her husband's death had formed a splendid establishment, was returned for her health to England, and resided at a beautiful seat in Somersetshire. Anxious for the welfare of his brother's offspring, he contrived to introduce him to his lady's manor ; presented him as a prodigy in music : and perceiving she was captivated with his skill, divulged the relationship between them. Volatile as she was, she could not be wholly insensible to the tender pleadings of nature ; and she fondly detained the boy to

be brought up with her two other children, lavishing on him the same luxuries, without reflecting that he was reserved for a far different destiny.

Under her auspices, Jaspar acquired elegance and fluency, a keen relish for pleasure, an exquisite tact in cunning, and above all, an inordinate degree of vanity. His education was injudiciously expensive; but his mother flattered herself she should be able to provide for him advantageously in India; and she instilled into his mind the same agreeable expectations: but her unlooked for death destroyed these first visions of youth. Jaspar was left dependent on the guardians of his half-brothers, whom he secretly hated and envied, and by whom he was in turn suspected and condemned: finally, he was dismissed with a thousand pounds, and an ensigncy, and left to shape his way to fortune. He was now almost an outcast on society, for as he was unwillingly owned by his mother's connexions, he could scarcely bear to acknowledge the remnants of his father's house. The curate had long since paid the debt of nature; some of his descendants were reduced to the lowest station; but his uncle, the only being besides his mother who had ever shewn him affection, still claimed a recognition, which was yielded with reluctance.

After passing through many vicissitudes, this man, at length, became an itinerant player, in which situation he neither asked nor received notice. Jaspar had ambition, or rather that vanity which aspires to ambitious distinction. His profession giving no scope to his passion, he took a trip to France, softening his name of Lisle into De Lille. At Paris he engaged the affections of a lovely girl, who was just withdrawn from the convent, and destined by her father, an English baronet, for the son of that lady in whose house she was now an inmate. To escape from an union to which she had conceived an insuperable aversion, Miss Mordaunt listened to De Lille's solicitation for a private marriage, and accompanied him to England, where she was entitled to receive a handsome legacy, which was eventually her only fortune.



The father incensed by this act of disobedience, and shocked to discover that she was united to a man of low family, formally renounced his daughter; and that he might not be tempted to revoke his vows, fixed his residence on the Continent.

The De Lilles were in a few years reduced to indigence; the elegant Jaspar found it necessary to dispose of his commission, and gratefully accepted that ambiguous situation which procured his final establishment with Mrs. Vallaney. A short time previous to his marriage, he was appalled by an application from his uncle, and eagerly purchased his silence and dismissal, by procuring for him an appointment in the West Indies. During his absence, it was reported that he was dead; and it was under this persuasion, that Celia consulted De Lille on the means of purchasing an estate for Altamont.

The return of Lisle to England, his ill health, the persecution of his creditor, his supplications to his prosperous nephew, and the relief he obtained, all happened precisely as he had detailed in his letter to Mrs. Gladwin. His first stipulation for concealment was prompted by vanity, but to this was soon added a stronger motive of interest. He had originally accepted Celia's confidence, for the pleasure of exciting her enthusiasm and receiving her adulation. He had paid little attention to her ravings of Altamont, and undertook to promote her views, purely to have the *eclat* of disinterested generosity. But in conversing with his uncle, he was apprized of circumstances which soon convinced him, that this destitute kinsman was the husband of Mrs. Winifred. His views were then soon extended. Vanity was almost supplanted by cupidity, and he was solely occupied in devising plans for securing to himself the money, so invitingly placed within his reach. His first impulse was to divulge the transaction to his uncle; but on second thoughts, he reflected that he might not be benefited by securing his independence; that the property might be disposed of among poorer relations; and that in this case he should have sacrificed his own repu-

tation without obtaining a recompence. In this dilemma of selfishness he had recourse to a refined and elaborate system of artifice. He affected to feel for his uncle the most affectionate solicitude, and besought him to remain on that sequestered spot, for the facility of frequent communication.

The elder Lisle, whose health was really in a perilous state, and who had been chastened by adversity, was not insensible to kindness, and readily acquiesced in the suggestion. As his malady gained ground, De Lille thought proper to convey to him some intimations of his wife's clandestine wealth. An anonymous letter was fabricated for this purpose, which being received in London, and at the time he was staying there with his nephew to receive medical advice, rendered him anxious to return to his former retreat. De Lille confirmed him in the persuasion that his wife was dead, and that the property had passed into other hands. He lamented the circumstances which must render any personal interference on his part hazardous to his personal security, and suggested the expedient of a bond being given to himself, which, should any traces of the effects be discovered, would enable him to take the most rigorous measures for their recovery. With this proposal the elder Lisle, who could have no suspicion of his latent views, cordially acquiesced, and the legal instrument was accordingly put into De Lille's possession.

On the patient's return to the Heath, he grew worse; and as Celia began to manifest great impatience, De Lille determined to bring about the discovery, by means so simple and apparently so natural, that no evidence should be adduced of his immediate interference. The removal to the White House, the mention of Aleck, and the final interview, all followed in due course; and as Celia had always withheld from him Winifred's surname, he took advantage of that circumstance to disclaim all consciousness of the relationship between them.

In withholding the estate from Altamont, he was sheltered, not merely by the privilege of being heir-at-law, but by the specious plea, that were he to relinquish his

own rights, he could not annul those of the other relations. He was aware, that he might safely offer a compensation to Altamont, whose high spirit would never stoop to incur pecuniary obligations. To the accusations of such a fantastic being as Celia, he attached little importance. She had certainly been accessory to a legal fraud, a charge which was revolting to the public ear. Romantic generosity was always scanned by the world with suspicious distrust ; and experience might lead him to expect, not only to divert censure from his own conduct, but to fix it on the very person who had been duped by his artifice and duplicity.



## CHAPTER XXII.

DE LILLE had at first disliked Altamont, from the idea that he was an impediment to his views of interest ; he then distrusted him from the consciousness, that he was himself undeserving of confidence ; and he now hated him, from the conviction that he was one whom he had injured, and from whom he could not extort esteem. Vanity was always his master-spring of action ; and this restless passion now suggested another motive for augmenting his prejudice to Altamont. He had not been blind to Sir Frederic's passion for Cordelia ; and as he appeared to him in many respects more disirable, as a son-in-law, than Vallancy, he often contemplated, with rapture, the probability of so splendid an alliance. From the combination of these circumstances he was greatly displeased to observe the lover-like appearance of Altamont and his daughter, whose circumspection had hitherto eluded his vigilance. No sooner, therefore, had he dismissed the latter, than he haughtily asked, if Altamont participated in the sentiments of his friend, Mrs. Gladwin ? Altamont replied, that excellent as she was, he must disown many of her prejudices ; and

then, with a grace, a candor, a frankness, which it was scarcely possible to resist, disclaimed all pretensions to the property in question. De Lille complimented his liberality ; but not doubting that he expected from Cordelia his reward, was more than ever desirous to expel from his house so dangerous an inmate. Unluckily too for Altamont, he happened to express his satisfaction, that Aleck was to be benefited from Winifred's liberality. De Lille's vanity was instantly offended, and when the ingenuous advocate added, that he trusted, her interest in the property was secured under every possible contingency, he coolly replied, the whole would be submitted to the arbitration of Mr. Quintin and Sir Frederic Mowbray, through whose medium he wished to offer to him some recompence for his disappointed expectations. Altamont negatived the proposal with so much spirit, that De Lille's pride was wounded ; and, in spite of himself, he envied and esteemed, where he hated and contemned.

During this conference, Mr. Quintin having heard the story from Aleck, came purposely to talk of it, and to his great delight, found his news had not been forestalled. His details were not long,—but his comments were most copious. He expatiated with delight on the ignorance of women in business, and their incompetence to any transaction of real importance. His dogmas were no longer controverted by Adela ; and he had no other interruption than that of seeing his auditors one by one glide away. Mrs. De Lille, agitated by doubt and hope, went in quest of her husband. Cordelia, overwhelmed with various feelings, withdrew to her chamber. Vallancy, also, having loudly inveighed against De Lille's duplicity, rushed out to deposit his indignation with his injured friend. Adela too rose, and Mr. Quintin, not relishing a tete-a-tete, returned to the Abbey.

Vallancy found Altamont reading a letter, which appeared to have deeply affected him. He put it into his friend's hands, saying, “ My mother is perhaps by this time again a widow, in a land of strangers.” The let-



ter was written by a friend; and announced that Mr. Bruce was so ill, in consequence of a paralytic seizure, that a few hours might probably terminate his existence. In addition too to this melancholy intelligence, it contained an intimation, that, owing to the neglect of some legal formalities, it was doubted whether Mrs. Bruce might not forfeit the income, which her husband had intended to be a provision in her favor.

"You see, therefore," said Altamont, how much my presence is required. My mother is so ill fitted for such struggles, that even with my assistance, she will almost sink under grief and care. I have therefore not one moment to lose, and must instantly proceed to London."

"I will accompany you thither," cried Vallaney, touched with genuine sympathy, adding with a new perception of delicacy, "I was already going; and but for you, must have had a solitary journey." Altamont thanking him for the kindness, began making the necessary preparations for his departure, whilst Vallaney ordered his phaeton with all possible expedition.

This second news spread with no less rapidity than the first; and when Altamont, fully equipt for his journey, returned to the parlor, with the single exception of De Lille, he found the whole family assembled. With what different feelings did he now approach that sofa, on which he had so lately sat indulging every dear romantic vision of hope and love. Absorbed in the idea of his mother's sufferings, he entered with a mild composed aspect, and paid his farewell compliments to Mrs. De Lille and Miss Rouvigny, with dignity and propriety. Hitherto his eyes had not sought Cordelia; but he suddenly perceived her leaning against the window, in a distant corner of the apartment. He approached with a serene, though melancholy, smile, which seemed to attest his resignation; but, when he saw her pale looks, and touched her cold trembling hand, the artificial smile vanished: the heart almost forced a tear; and, with a glance that spoke volumes, he said, in a low voice, "Cordelia!" then, breaking away, he followed his friend to the carriage. They stopt but for two

minutes at the Grange, to apprise Mrs. Gladwin of their sudden departure ; and then proceeded with the utmost expedition to London.

---

## CHAPTER XXIII.

NEVER, since early youth, had Altamont and Vallancy been so truly cordial, as during this journey. The recollection of their recent difference served only to endear their present union. It impressed Vallancy with augmented respect, and disposed Altamont to be more affectionate, lest he should seem to harbor any remaining resentment. Vallancy poured forth invectives against De Lille, demanding of Altamont, when he should have suggested any thing in extenuation of his conduct, if he could defend his duplicity to Mrs. Gladwin ?

“ Certainly not.”

“ And would you have taken advantage of the most crooked part in the law, to steal a fortune to which you had no right ?”

“ Nay, never appeal to me,” rejoined Altamont, pained to hear any thing to the prejudice of De Lille, whom he still wished to respect as the father of Cordelia ; let us rather talk of my mother.”

Vallancy remembered her affectionately ; and, though checked by the recollection of his friend’s late assertion, that should he ever be thrown on adversity, he could no longer find anchorage in his affection, ventured to intimate, that he should in future expect to be admitted to a friend’s most honorable privilege.

Altamont easily guessing his intentions, replied, that he was just going to solicit his assistance. Vallancy’s eyes sparkled with pleasure.

“ Yes, I must make you my bondsman, to fulfil the engagements I had formed in my own mind with Mrs. Woodville ; for I have been romantic enough to dispose

of part of my visionary property before it came into my possession."

"This is the kindest thing you ever said to me. What shall I give her?"

"I had intended to remit to her for the present year 60 or 80l."

"Pooh, I owe Woodville 100l. for having neglected him; here's a 50l. bill, and a draft on my banker to the same amount; take them both, and in future suffer me, as you have often chidden my idleness, to pursue the profession of a banker to one individual, at least." He stopt, checked by the gravity of his friend's aspect, "I am pleased with this importunity, since it is so honorable to *your feelings*, that it ought not to be unwelcome to *mine*; but you know my sentiments on this subject, and they are immutable." Then fearing lest his friend should think he retained any latent displeasure, he forced a smile, and began talking of Miss Rouvigny.

"Unparalleled coquette!" exclaimed Vallancy.—  
"And do you really think she is well affected to me? Come, come, you don't believe she loves me."

"Put that to the test, and don't trifle with happiness."

"Happiness! 'tis so ridiculous,—and this is the very girl I had determined to dislike."

"For which very reason you are bound to make her ample reparation."

"Why, yes, I begin to think there's a fatality in it, as Mrs. Gladwin says; yet the little witch is not beautiful,—she is so low of stature."

"So is the Venus de Medicis."

"Then her visage is so round."

"Doubtless you have never seen her dimples."

"She certainly is not half so handsome as Cordelia."

To this remark Altamont made no rejoinder. Vallancy resumed.

"Apropos,—I never told you Sir Frederic has at length obtained a dispensation for taking a second wife. He received the account of Lady Mowbray's death yesterday, and for that reason was not of our party in the

evening. It is, perhaps, well for me she did not set him at liberty sooner, he might have angled for Adela instead of Cordelia."

Altamont had, two hours before, believed he could renounce hope ; love, for the moment, yielding to the imperious dictates of nature ; but he now felt an unutterable pang, which convinced him, that if he should resign hope, he could not escape fear ; and that jealousy, at least, had still access to his bosom. His emotion was not perceived by his companion ; who, having returned to the subject of Miss Rouvigny, after all his affected disparagement, became fluent in her praise, and found the theme so copious, that it was not half exhausted when they reached London.

---

## CHAPTER XXIV.

HAPPY to escape from the restraints of uncongenial society (for how can sorrow sympathize with hope,) Altamont, leaving Vallancy at the hotel, proceeded immediately with the offering of his munificence to Mrs. Woodville's lodging. It was situated in an obscure court, surrounded like a prison by other buildings ; and it was not without difficulty that he ascertained which was her penurious habitation. He entered by a low door, and having descended by a dirty staircase to the second floor, was ushered into a small room of the most gloomy aspect ; its close unwholesome atmosphere seemed loaded with care, and on the smoky walls you might trace the dreariness of desolation, darkened by the shadows of disappointment ; yet in spite of the low ceiling and tattered carpet, the three or four rush-bottomed chairs, and the crazy wainscot table, it exhibited some indications of taste and refinement : a few perishing flowers appeared in a glass goblet ; a few shells were arranged on



the mantlepiece, and some elegantly sketched patterns were strewn on the floor.

Mrs. Woodville was fondly hanging over one sick child, and endeavoring to appease the clamor of the other. At the sight of a stranger she started, and a faint color tinged her pale cheeks ; but her eyes brightened when Altamont announced his name ; and she eagerly exclaimed, yes, she had often heard her husband speak of him. Gratified by this proof of remembrance, he now enquired when she had parted from Woodville, and when she hoped to hear of him. She sighed deeply at these enquiries, and confessed she scarcely hoped to hear till he should be arrived in the West Indies. “ I will, then, transfer to you Madam, the commission I am charged with, and which has occasioned you to be troubled with this visit.”

Mrs. Woodville turned pale ; for she had been so long accustomed to calamity, that she fancied in every object the harbinger of evil.

“ I hope, Sir,” said she, and she paused and trembled.

“ A friend of mine, who has been long indebted to Mr. Woodville, returns you this in part of payment.”

A weight seemed removed from her heart—her respiration was again free, she begged him to be seated, flew to reach him a chair, and apologized for the homeliness of his reception. One of her children had been dangerously ill, and she was most anxious to remove to the country for his recovery : this she hoped now to do. Altamont instantly presented to her the pocket-book, a benevolent expression beaming in his countenance.

She took the book respectfully, but seemed loath to examine its contents, unwilling, perhaps, to discover the precise limitation to those latent hopes which once more arose in her bosom. She then spoke of her Woodville ; and looking as if there was something she feared, yet longed to communicate, added, “ Yes, indeed, Sir, your name is familiar to me ; we shall ever have occasion to remember it.”

Altamont expressed his chagrin at his friend's os-

trangement. Mrs. Woodville frankly confessed that they had lately known many cares, but she trusted the worst was over. "But why should I not tell you all? my husband was lately on the brink of a prison, when some friend of yours—some angel in the form of man, who had heard of him through you, paid the bill, and set him at liberty."

Altamont had no difficulty in attributing this benevolence to Haller, but he was surprised he had remained in London so long after his supposed departure. On further enquiry, he learnt that Woodville had seen him on the very day when he was committed to the Fleet; and that he had no sooner asked his name, than he enquired if he was not acquainted with Altamont. He had then dismissed the writ, and left a small sum for their immediate relief. On the same day Woodville had met with an old acquaintance, who offered him the choice of going to the West Indies. Haller had changed their destiny, and Mrs. Woodville gratefully imputed every thing to his influence; yet she seemed conscious that, in thus frankly disclosing their distress, she had offended her husband's scrupulous delicacy; and she confessed (coloring deeply) he had not wished these particulars should be communicated to Altamont; not that he was unthankful, but he was always so much afraid to appear intruding. "But had he seen you," she rejoined, "I am sure his gratitude could not have been suppressed."

Altamont, wishing to relieve her embarrassment, described Haller's character, and related in what manner he had been introduced to his acquaintance. At the name of Beachdale, Mrs. Woodville smiled; and how soon was her satisfaction reflected to Altamont, when he learnt that the place to which she purposed going was no other than the White House, on that favorite hill from which she might descry the mansion that contained Cordelia.

There was instantly a revulsion in his feelings; he was again only sensible to hope and love; and whilst Mrs. Woodville, now yielding to unreserved frankness, mentioned her having been lately employed in drawing

patterns, an occupation which, as soon as she should be supplied with orders, she could pursue with equal advantage in town or country. Altamont, scarcely hearing what she said, recollected that she might find a benefactress in Cordelia—recollected too that he could not have wished for a more happy moment to address her. Elated with this thought, he suddenly interrupted her, to desire she should convey a note to Miss De Ville, to introduce her to Vallaney House; and in the same breath extorted a promise, that she should transmit some account of herself and his friends immediately on her arrival. At this moment it occurred to him, that he had another pretext for writing to Cordelia, having in his precipitation left behind him the legend of Cornelius. He was cheered by this reflection, merely because it seemed to form a link of communication between them, and gladly accepted pen and ink for his *first* billet to Cordelia.

He was now roused from his pleasing abstraction by an exclamation from Mrs. Woodville; who having at length opened the pocket-book, was rapturously contemplating its contents. She gazed on the bills; turned, examined them; and being at length satisfied that it was no illusion, caught her children in her arms, and, to make them partake her joys, lavished her caresses. But her transports were checked by the reflection that her Woodville could not share her happiness. She grieved that he had not been provided with more comforts for his voyage; yet she was consoled by thinking, that she could easily send out any articles he wanted. Then she recollected his debts, and she longed to dedicate the whole sum to discharge them; but, looking on her two sickly children, she believed it sent by heaven for their aid and preservation. She had a thousand uses for the gift, and each of them was sacred.

Altamont, strongly reminded of his mother's trials, could with difficulty restrain his tears; but having urged his request to hear of all his Beachdale friends when Mrs. Woodville should be settled in her new habitation, and committed his address to the pocket-book (precious

depository of her new treasure.) he took his leave, and returned to the hotel with his heart lightened of half its cares.

He was preparing to reward Vallaney with the description of Mrs. Woodville's raptures, but found, to his surprise, that he was leaving London, having been summoned to attend his grandfather by a special messenger, who had followed him from Beachdale. "I must hurry away, my friend, and have only time to beg you to present this trifling token of remembrance to your mother, (putting into his hand a large gold snuff-box,) and let her not cease to remember her hare-brained Vallaney. As brief parting, like a quick operation, is the best, we must now separate: there will soon be tides between us; but remember, as there are some things you cannot forgive, there is one being I can never forget. Farewell."

With these words he shook hands with his friend, and hurried away, leaving him surprised, but not displeased, at his abrupt departure. He was, indeed, relieved by his absence, since it gave him liberty to meditate on Cordelia. Willing, however, not to neglect his friend's memorial to his mother, he took up the snuff-box, but found it fastened by a secret spring, which resisted his efforts to open. Accident, in this case, effected more than exertion. Happening to let the box fall, the spring was touched by the shock, he saw the lid open, and immediately drew out an elegant gold purse, on the ribbon appended to which was delicately wrought the name of Sir Frederic Mowbray. This name was of all others the least acceptable to Altamont; but as he recollected to have seen the purse in Mrs. De Lille's fingers, he had not a doubt that it had been inclosed in the box by some mistake of Vallaney, whose volatile temper rendered him perpetually liable to commit such blunders. His immediate impulse, therefore, was to restore it to the right owner; and inclosing it in a blank paper, properly directed, he immediately took it to Mrs. Woodville, whose wretched lodging was not far from the hotel.

In this second brief interview he reiterated his entrea-



ties that she should write; and she, imputing all this solicitude to his affectionate interest for her Woodville, thanked him again and again; and, happy to relieve her grateful heart, by performing for him even the smallest service, received the purse with mingled pride and joy, promising to guard this second deposit with no less fidelity than that to which she owed so many blessings.



## CHAPTER XXV.

FOR a few days Beachdale appeared deserted. Sir Frederic thought proper to absent himself from Vallan-ey House, and spent that interval in London, whilst Mrs. Gladwin returned to her friends in Cumberland. De Lille found himself in an awkward predicament in providing for his deceased kinsman's interment. To avoid the mortification of making a public acknowledgment of their consanguinity at Beachdale, he caused his remains to be removed to a village fifteen miles distant, which happened to be the next parish to the lonely house in which he had so long resided. The funeral was conducted with all possible privacy; but now a second difficulty might have occurred with regard to mourning; happily, however, most happily as he thought, a prince of the blood had just paid the debt of nature, and almost the meanest subject, from the poor paralytic in her easy chair to the child lisping the alphabet, was invested with the sable garb. The only remaining difficulty was in what manner to behave to his uncle's widow, who certainly was entitled to some consideration from the family; but he had the satisfaction to find that Winny prized independence far beyond such ambiguous honors. She had always feared Mrs. De Lille, and in spite of his friendly professions, harbored, she knew not why, some distrust of her husband's sincerity. With regard to the discovery, she was satisfied that it was purely ac-

cidental; and her husband being now dead, she felt so much softened towards his memory, that had Altamont been rewarded, and Miss Celia *satisfied*, she would not have been sorry to enrich his relations. Two circumstances conspired to render her thus indulgent; the first, that Aleck, who secretly liked Mrs. Gladwin less than any human being, had been flattered and conciliated by the De Lilles; the second, that Cordelia who, from the sweetness of her nature, always lavished endearing attentions on age and infirmity, was, in her eyes (after Aleck,) the most engaging of all human beings; and the affection irresistibly inspired by the daughter, extorted some complacency for the father. Then, with regard to the property, she was perfectly satisfied with the share allotted to her; and as De Lille, anxious for his reputation in this single instance, secured her interests in the estate, the conveyance of which was now duly executed, she seemed much richer than she had ventured to be whilst the money was locked up for Altamont. Nor was she insensible to the privilege of being able to hoard for Aleck's sake, and repeatedly wished Miss Celia could be as well pleased as herself.

In the meanwhile, De Lille suggested to Aleck, through the medium of Mr. Quintin, a strong desire to visit other countries. To gratify this inclination, it was necessary that he should acquire some other language than latin and English; and to facilitate this acquisition, good Mrs. Winifred, as she was still called, consented to leave Beachdale, to which she had conceived a superstitious prejudice since her husband's death, and cheerfully accompanied him to London; where, resuming her former habits of activity, she officiated as his house-keeper and seamstress, boarding for his sake, and dedicating the fruits of her economy to his future good; yet still reserving a portion for her dear Miss Celia; and always speculating on some second prize which, in the revolutions of fortune's wheel, should turn up for Altamont. Aleck was the object of her tenderest care, her fondest hopes; but her heart was peculiarly formed for gratitude and affection, and she deeply regretted

that her beloved benefactress should have been so cruelly disappointed on the very verge of conferring benefits and enjoyment on Altamont, whose merits were additionally apparent from his invariable attention to the object of her own fond partiality.

The desertion of so many of the inhabitants of Beachdale threw a temporary gloom over the scene; and for ten days Vallancy House had scarcely any other visitor than Mr. Quintin; the young member being still detained, much against his will, by his grandfather; and the wary Sir Frederic still remaining, for the sake of decorum, in London. On his return to the Abbey, he became impatient to observe how Cordelia bore her separation from Altamont. At the first glance, she appeared not more thoughtful than Adela, who certainly sighed for more company; but he soon discovered in her mild, uncomplaining look, a quiet, unrepining sorrow, a placid yet settled dejection. She affected not to decline society; she continued to listen with complacency, but spoke with reluctance; assenting to the opinions of her companions without interest, and smiling at their sprightly sallies without gladness. Sir Frederic's jealousy was now envenomed by wounded pride and vindictive resentment; and to undermine this absent favorite in her esteem, to strike at the very roots of her bigoted attachment, became almost as much the object of ambition as of love. But whatever hatred he might nourish against Altamont, he was too well practised in duplicity to have any difficulty in disguising his sentiments; and artfully contrived, by significant looks and half-broken sentences, to insinuate his regrets for the past, and to impress her with the belief, that he did justice to her early preceptor; but he was once indiscreet enough to speak of him with compassion.

Cordelia's cheeks glowed with indignation, as she coolly replied, that "A man of talents ought not to excite pity, but admiration."

"Oh, I merely mean that he has no profession, a situation of all others most perilous to a young man of quick parts and generous feelings."

“ He is not too old, sir, to acquire that distinction.”

Sir Frederic dropt the subject with the unwelcome conviction, that this was no ordinary love, no evanescent impression of youth, but an ardent, enthusiastic sentiment. Yet was he less than ever disposed to renounce hope. His passion was irritated by opposition; and sometimes he was so much provoked to find how little he could give her pleasure, that he almost wished for the privilege of inflicting pain. The return of Vallancy restored gaiety and animation to Beachdale. He, at first, so far resented De Lille's conduct, as to take up his quarters at the Abbey; but the representations of Sir Frederic, and what was more, the secret influence of Adela, induced him to forbear noticing the duplicity of De Lille; and though he no longer made Vallancy House his home, he was almost its constant guest.

At first, Adela, who had been unusually serious ever since Altamont's departure, and whose gravity sometimes created a most painful sympathy in Cordelia, appeared not to resume her animation; and even became more serious than she had been in his absence. But one day, following Cordelia into her favorite retreat, (the classical pavilion,) she exclaimed with all her native gaiety, “ Would I had a confessor, in you, Cordelia.”

“ I fancy your transgressions are of no very serious nature; conscience has at least no power over your smiles.”

“ No, my dear, I have not the grace to feel penitence. I have sinned because I was a woman; and yet I am half sorry to have played false to you.”

“ Played false to me, that is impossible! What can you mean?”

“ Why, I understand from my trusty Cerberus, Quintin, that Mrs. Celia Gladwin, that nectar cup of confidence, the chain bearer of Cupid, as Vallancy says, took it into her head I was sighing for Altamont; now I do really and verily believe you were of the same opinion. Nay, now I am sure you did, by that blush, so don't be honest by halves. You really were cheated as much as Celia.”



"If I had not perceived your attentions to him I must have been hood-winked."

"Hood-winked you must have been, to think I cared for him; do you think I would stoop to conquer? No, the excess of my attention was the first symptom of my indifference."

"I perceive you do indeed want a confessor, Adela but really cannot in conscience give you absolution."

"And will you cruelly persist in giving that vile name of coquetry to the charming art of pleasing? An art, Cordelia, so fine, so elegant, so liberal, and above all, so natural:—how can you be so censorious?"

"But suppose you should have endangered his tranquillity?"

"It is perfectly impossible: he is too dignified to be a lover; as Beatrice says, he is too fine for an every-day suit, and should only be worn on Sundays. Not but if one was perfectly at leisure, or shut up with him in a snow storm, it might be worth while to try how far such a sublime being was penetrable.—Apropos, Cordelia, I have a most important question, whether it is more flattering to make such a man look silly, or a gay, volatile, airy creature, grave?—Or shall I put it in more learned terms, to dissolve the gold, or fix the quicksilver? There's a problem for your philosophy."

"That problem you have already resolved, by experimenting on Altamont and Vallancy."

"There again, you are quite mischievous this morning.—What has a question of philosophy to do with Vallancy? Heaven knows there is little in him; he is all impulse and caprice; never has a reason to act on; likes or dislikes, he knows not why, and cares not wherefore; angry or pleased for any thing or nothing, just as fancy sways him; and for his talents, though, to be sure, he is not stinted by nature, he seems to use them as the old Indians did their gold, merely for trinkets and baubles to play with. Oh, he has a legion of faults, it would require more arithmetic than I am mistress of to count them."

"And for which of them do you like him best?"

"Patience forbid I should like him for any of them ! Why I have been using my best endeavors to correct the creature ; and really, Cordelia, when we set up for school-mistresses to men, we stand greatly in need of that most polite and amiable of arts, which you seem to include with those wicked pomps and vanities which are renounced for us by our god-mothers."

"Now, I know you are so kind a mistress, I am not surprised to find you so dutiful a disciple ; for you have surely learnt all the sophisms of *your* Vallancy."

"*My* Vallancy ! *mine* ! Do you think I include him in my possessions ? No, no, he will never be appropriated ; he has always one foot at sea, and one on shore."

"To one thing constant never."

"And here he is, to thank you for the compliment."

"And pray, ladies," asked Vallancy, "is your conference ended ?"

"Ended, indeed ! No, Sir," retorted Adela, "it is not even begun ; I wonder you should think of such intrusion."

"Oh, I perceive the secret is likely to be bottled up as long as the *poor Diable Boiteux*, if I do not vigorously make the explosion."

"Mischievous man, beware how you invade our sanctuary."

"Lady, beware how you profane our sanctuary. The truth is, Cordelia, she has used you ill ; she has lately listened to a tale she knew long ago, and kept every word of it from you."

"Cordelia, don't take his word."

"Cordelia, take the evidence of your own senses ; don't you see how like we are to two reflecting mirrors, or two harps in perfect unison ? Every thought of mine has an image in her mind ; aye, and to every sentiment of hers, my heart returns an echo. So perfect is the sympathy, I am only afraid that some day or other (Heaven avert it long !) we shall, like good old Baucis and Philemon, shoot into the earth, and become two tender Acacias, piping to the winds together."

“ No, you will never be stationary, Vallancy, you could as easily be silent.”

“ There again, how admirably we harmonize ; for like two partitioning sovereigns, we divide the realms of speech between us.”

“ Usurping to himself noun, pronoun, verb, participle ; and leaving to me nothing but a poor, melancholy, monotonous interjection !”

“ I protest she stole that thought from me, yesterday ; I do move, that whoever steals another’s ideas shall, at least, not presume to mould them into a better shape.”

“ So this friend of freedom would extend his authority to the government of the tongue ; dear little franchise ! never shall it part from its chartered privileges !”

“ Yet it is never heard, but it might be convicted of *bribery*, to say nothing of corruption. Ask her, Cordelia, which of my faults she best likes.”

“ I have already put this question, and she declines an answer.”

“ I will be more liberal in my concessions,—I love her for her worst faults ; her constancy, her caprice, and even her coquetry. Stamp but her impression on the coin, and I accept it as sterling ; and yet she used Altamont ill ; he must be of an *asbestine* temperament to resist the impression. Had I been so flattered, so noticed—”

“ You would have cared for me no more than for Celia Gladwin ; remember your prejudices, your perverseness, your *inconsistency*, and be silent. Your tyrannical sex, by your prohibitions, compel us to concealment, and then persecute us for duplicity.”

“ Why, yes, Nature has made women to revolve in a sphere of obliquity.”

“ Not one word against women ; Cordelia has put into her common-place book, a sentence from an anonymous author against you : ‘ Women are the only beings who have not been degraded by slavery. In bondage, they are not sordid ; under persecution, they are still generous ; they preserve their faith to the faithless ; they

employ kindness to soften the cruel ; in suffering, they lose not benevolence ; in the most afflictive trials, they possess magnanimity ; their love of glory is founded on sympathy ; excluded from power, privilege, and distinction, they have enthusiasm for every great design, for every splendid achievement ; their affections are purified from selfishness ; they rejoice in diffusing joy, and are grateful for blessings in which they are not allowed to participate."

" Upon my word, they must be fallen angels to exist in such purgatory."

" Viper-tongued wretch !"

" Hush ! softly, and I will for once, though a lover, confess the truth : woman is here an alien, a wanderer from some brighter sphere ; she still retains the impressions of a purer nature ; she has idioms of truth and goodness, which belong to a better order of beings ; her virtues are like a few precious pages of some divine work, redeemed from *Herculaneum*, of which the original is lost. The felicity to which she would lead us, *she* has brought us with her from a purer world ; it is a soft, delicious strain ; a few desultory, delightful notes, belonging to a melody not learned on earth ; for woman is the *mock-bird* of Paradise."



## CHAPTER XXVI.

THE mutual attachment of Adela and Vallaney was not immediately discovered to Mrs. De Lille, whose extreme solicitude for this favorite object, naturally occasioned a diffidence of its accomplishment. The anxiety she still betrayed was frequently a source of amusement to her mischievous son, in whom even love did not always supply the place of raillery. In the mean while, he was surprised at Altamont's silence ; at another time he might have been uneasy, but now he was so agreea-



bly occupied, that he had not leisure to reflect on the circumstance.

One evening, on returning to the Abbey, from which he had been absent the whole day, in a pleasant excursion with the ladies, he was surprised by Sir Frederic putting into his hand a bill of exchange on a Paris banker, which had been concealed in the gold purse, returned by Altamont. This purse he had stolen from his mother in a playful mood, intending to restore it in due time to the right owner. He forgot to execute these righteous intentions, and the purse remained in the pocket-book till he accompanied Altamont to London, when he slipped into it the bill he had just procured for his friend's use ; and introducing both into the snuff-box, was persuaded he had found an infallible expedient for forcing his gratuity on his friend's acceptance.

That Altamont should have been either shocked or offended by the discovery of Sir Frederic's name, had never entered into his calculation ; and he was therefore equally surprised and mortified to have his free-will offering so contemptuously rejected. Sir Frederic had a malicious satisfaction in observing the displeasure, which was but too visible in his countenance ; he had this day received a visit from Mrs. Woodville, who, two days after her interview with Altamont, received an invitation from a person whose children had been formerly instructed by her husband, to spend a few weeks at a village about fifteen miles distant from Beachdale. This alteration in her plans did not prevent her executing Altamont's commission, and she had thankfully accepted the accommodation of a one-horse chaise, to convey her to St. Quintin's Abbey, where learning from Sir Frederic that Miss. De Lille was from home, she surrendered her letter to his care ; naturally imagining it was safer with him than with the servants of Vallancy House.

Sir Frederic, whose curiosity had been strongly excited by her appearance, employed all his address to discover her situation ; and, under the pretence of having some communication to make on the subject of their

mutual friend, Mr. Altamont, requested her permission to call on her during her visit in the neighborhood. Mrs. Woodville was embarrassed by attentions, she attributed to his ignorance of her humble station, and without relating her history, communicated enough to make him sensible of her indigence. His attentions were now redoubled, and she at length left him, penetrated with gratitude for that respect, which, to the unfortunate, always seems fraught with sympathy. He easily guessed that the draft would excite irritable feelings in the impetuous Vallancy; nor was he disappointed in his expectation; he instantly pronounced a philippic on petulance and pride, and finally begged nothing more might be said on the subject. Sir Frederic easily acquiesced in the charge of secrecy, and then considered in what manner to dispose of the letter so unexpectedly put into his possession. Though hacknied in duplicity, he still revolted from violating the seal committed to his trust, and long held the billet in his hand with a wavering purpose; at length the wax was bent, the last post of honor surrendered. Poorly, however, was this treachery repaid, for the billet contained only the following lines:

“ I feel I shall not need to apologize to Cordelia for introducing to her Mrs. Woodville, the wife of one of my earliest and most valued friends. To say she is unfortunate is, I well know, giving her the strongest claim on your kindness; she is going to spend some time in the neighborhood of Beachdale, and in my mind’s eye I shall follow her to that dearest spot on earth. She has promised to write to me from thence, and may perhaps encourage me to hope that the unwilling exile is not wholly forgotten. Remember there is but one thing that can render him an alien to *his* country and *yours*. H. A.— I forgot to tell you the manuscript of Cornelius is left in the private drawer of the bureau in my apartment; it is committed to your care; you will find in it a solution of his mysterious benevolence.”

Sir Frederic read this letter till every word was stamped on his remembrance. At first he detected in it little to

inflame his jealousy ; it was obvious that the writer was neither sanguine nor presumptuous. But, on a re-perusal, he was irritated by the insinuation of that only circumstance which might render him an alien to his country ; he blessed the chance which prevented Mrs. Woodville from attaining an interview with Cordelia ; he found his own inquietude augmented, and determined to double his former vigilance and circumspection. Yet he felt degraded in his own eyes by the total dereliction of honor ; he did not even venture to pay his accustomed visit to Vallancy House in the morning,—he deferred it till the evening, and then entered under the protection of twilight. Miss Rouvigny rallied him on his relish for obscurity ; but as Cordelia enquired for his health with more than usual interest, he was satisfied. All his scruples were silenced ; all his regrets dismissed ; the momentary compunction served only to increase his hatred to Altamont.

Among all the changes incident to human destiny, there is nothing so melancholy as the mutability of the affections. The most trivial accident, a word misapplied, a look misconstrued, an omission the heart disclaimed, shall often interpose between ardent friends, and sunder what had seemed to be a rivetted attachment. Vallancy was offended by the supposed repulse of kindness ; and when he received a few short lines from Altamont, merely announcing his arrival, and that Mr. Bruce was still living, he was more offended still. Not one word of acknowledgment or explanation ; his impatient spirit could ill brook disdain ; and he determined to be in no haste to send an answer to so laconic an epistle. He persevered in this resolution so long, that he missed the opportunity of sending a reply to Geneva.

Mr. Bruce was sufficiently recovered to remove, and attended by his wife and Altamont, proceeded to the German Spa. Vallancy learnt this intelligence from Sir Frederic, who had paid his promised visit to Mrs. Woodville, to whom Altamont had written, to apprise her of the change, and to request she would transmit to him immediately whatever she had to communicate of

Beachdale. Vallancy was ready to ask, why he had not deigned to give him the same notification. Again impatience rendered him unjust. Altamont had written under cover to Lord Marmiton, with whom the letter was detained so long, that it was not probable an answer would reach him at Spa. Vallancy, however, sullenly acquitted himself of this epistolary debt, and no subsequent demand was made on his correspondence. In his confidential conversations with Miss Rouvigny, he would sometimes speak with asperity of his friend's intractable spirit. He once mentioned Mrs. Woodville as his *protegee*, and on being pressed for explanation, hastily changed the subject, merely because he was unwilling to make the avowal of his own liberality. His fair companion instantly concluded, that more was meant than met the ear; and, as she had the weakness to wish her lover to have no intimate of the other sex, she was unconsciously disposed, by this sentiment, to cherish any impressions to the prejudice of Altamont. Whatever she thought, she imparted to Cordelia in their late nocturnal conferences, and certainly hazarded some surmises of no charitable nature, of Mrs. Woodville and her supposed protector.

Cordelia repelled the insinuation with a fervor which excited in Adela some suspicion of her attachment. Hitherto she had fancied her heart impregnable to love, and sometimes regretted there was, on this point, so little sympathy between them; but now she became alarmed for the consequences of such an imprudent choice, and heartily wished, for Cordelia's sake, to persuade her that Altamont was unworthy of her affection. She was perhaps piqued at her friend's obstinate concealment. Like Vallancy, she demanded an unrestricted interchange of thought and sentiment, without reflecting that if her surmises were just, the hostility she had avowed for Altamont must exclude her from Cordelia's confidence. Cordelia felt she was alone; and since no one did justice to Altamont his name was banished from her lips, though his image was ever present to her thoughts.



This mental reservation, without producing apparent abstraction, rendered her indifferent to society. To herself it seemed that her sensibilities were blunted, since she now read, without emotion, the passages by which she had been most deeply affected. Yet, in other instances, they were more exquisite. At the name of *alien* or *exile*, she was ready to weep; if she heard of Switzerland, she was revisited by sensations of pleasure; to speak of it was a still dearer privilege.

This depression was not solely owing to concealed love; it was in part produced by the apprehension of her father's disingenuous conduct. If the parent is humbled by the unworthy child, the child feels also equally degraded by the dishonorable parent. Cordelia now always trembled at her father's approach, the sound of his voice was painful, she distrusted all his professions, and wished to remain blind to his movements. The conscious De Lille was not slow to perceive what was passing in her mind; and, as one act of injustice inevitably leads to another, he conceived for Altamont, to whom he imputed this estrangement, a hatred equally fervent with Sir Frederic's jealousy.

One day he was so much provoked by witnessing her dejection, that he vented his spleen in poignant satire on Mrs. Gladwin's male *protegee*. Cordelia was too much hurt to offer any reply, and taking refuge in her own reflections, walked into the park, where she was surprised in tears by Sir Frederic Mowbray, who, in his most persuasive accent, entreated he might participate in her sorrows. Cordelia hastily replied, she disclaimed commiseration for the weakness she sought to combat; adding, "I trust I as little need a confidant as a confessor." She then changed the subject, and Sir Frederic presumed not to press farther; but, perceiving she was deeply affected, he instantly went to De Lille, extorted an avowal of all that had passed, and having convinced him of his error, finally obtained a promise that he would never again mention Altamont in terms of ridicule or reproach, never by word or look convey an

insinuation of contempt, by which he could not fail to be endeared to the generous Cordelia.



## CHAPTER XXVII.

WITHIN three months after De Lille's accession of fortune, he was, for some real or imaginary services, advanced to the dignity of knighthood. Whether this elevation was owing to Lord Marmiton, or Sir Frederic, is perhaps not very material; by whatever means obtained, it was highly acceptable to Sir Jaspar and his lady, who prepared on this occasion to accompany her niece to London, and once more make her appearance at St. James's.

To complete her satisfaction, she was now assured that her fondest wishes were realized in the reciprocal affection of her son and Miss Rouvigny; and in this happy moment appeared to think herself absolved for her former trespass against the canons of prudence and propriety, and suddenly to have resumed pretensions to dignity and importance. So completely was she exhilarated by her new hopes, that she seemed to have cast off the native suspicion of her soul, and to overflow with kindness and confidence to all human beings. This happy change was prelude to a more awful revolution of nature. She had lived a week in perfect harmony with her husband, and, for the first time since her marriage, had shewn affection to Cordelia; when, one evening, just as she had been speculating on her approaching visit to the metropolis, and speaking with some complacency of her intended restoration to court, she was seized with a chill, the forerunner of a violent fever, which in one fortnight terminated her existence.

In the early part of her illness, she exacted from Miss Rouvigny a promise, that she would abridge her son's

probation, by becoming his wife as soon as she should have seen her next birth-day. With this promise she was so well satisfied, that she appeared to leave life with a grateful sense of enjoyment. Newspapers announced her husband's grief; the sculptor attested his grateful commemoration of her exalted virtues: all this might be venal, but there were some real mourners, who followed to her grave. Vallancy recalled, with deep, because unavailing, regret, his former levity and caprice. Even Adela had some compunction for having so lately conspired with him, to withhold from her the assurances which were so essential to her tranquillity. Cordelia grieved that she should be snatched from the world, when she seemed most to enjoy it. But Quintin missed her most; he strenuously maintained she was a pattern for her sex; the only surviving model of female elegance and propriety.

In consequence of this melancholy event, Mrs. Rivers, with whom Miss Rouvigny and Cordelia had previously engaged to spend the winter, kindly came to Beachdale, to condole with the mourners, and to claim their immediate presence at her house in Berkeley-square. Cordelia would have preferred remaining in the country; but if she could have resisted her friend's entreaties, she would not oppose her father's commands. De Lille had lately treated her with much more affection; his vanity was gratified by the prospect of Sir Frederic's alliance; and to win his daughter's consent, he now lavished every partial attention, and promised the most tender indulgence. He concurred with her lover in wishing to draw her from a scene of retirement, where she had too much leisure to muse on Altamont; but an incident occurred previous to her leaving Beachdale, which counteracted the salutary effects he might have expected, from the change of scene, and strongly confirmed her attachment.

One day, in searching for something in the bureau which stood in Altamont's apartment, she accidentally opened the private drawer in which was deposited the legend of Cornelius. At first, she was ready to con-

clude that the manuscript had been left by accident, but she read on the envelope these words, "To the care and perusal of Cordelia;" and, simple as they were, they touched Cordelia to the soul. They seemed to intimate that the manuscript was bequeathed to her care, and that its owner would never return to reclaim the trust. At another time, she might have resisted the impression; but here, in this house of death, she found it invincible, and she touched the paper as a relique of one she should see no more, but whom she secretly promised to love forever.

And now she slowly went over the first part of the narrative; slowly, that she might read each line, each word, as read by Altamont. When she came to the division in the manuscript, she shed torrents of tears; but they no longer flowed for Cornelius. At length, having regained composure, she proceeded with the recommencement of the narrative, the writing of which appeared much more recent.

*Sequel of the Fragment.*

"From the moment that I anticipated the title of a parent, I reflected with extreme pain on the infatuation which had prompted me to renounce the privileges of a Briton. I had insensibly imbibed my wife's sentiments on this subject, and was equally anxious with herself, that our children should receive their first impressions from a people not unacquainted with civil and religious liberty. We determined, therefore, to remove to some English settlement, where they would at least be familiar with the language of our native country. To effect this object, we embarked for the Havanna, from thence proceeded to Florida; and finally settled in Albany, on the frontier of Canada. I here purchased, under the fictitious name I had assumed at Madeira, a small estate, which at once gave me occupation and independence. Our habitation, though not elegant, was commodious. I at first regretted those delicious scenes in which we had almost exhausted felicity; but the pre-



sence of Susanna reconciled me to the less genial aspect of the new world ; and the projecting slated roof, under which my son received his birth, was dearer in my eyes than the house of my fathers. Yet never was the memory of those venerable ancestors cherished with such fond enthusiasm, as when I first felt the beatings of his innocent heart, and folded in my arms the fragile little being, by whom I trusted my name should be transmitted to posterity.

My ambition was not extinguished, and in giving him the patrimonial name of Reginald, I indulged the flattering presage, that he at least was destined to possess that rank in society from which I seemed forever excluded. The splendid phantoms which had so long floated in imagination, now found a stationary point in the new object of my affections ; and even whilst I saw him slumbering on his mother's bosom, I was occupied in suggesting plans for his future aggrandizement. I imparted not all these speculations to Susanna, who, descending with dignified humility to her present station, appeared to have acquired a relish for its homely duties, and even to have forgotten the rank and elegance she had frankly relinquished. She exerted all her eloquence to persuade me, that since her brother, to whom she had twice written since her departure from England, was still implacable in his resentment, it was better that the Atlantic should roll between us ; but in this single instance her influence was unavailing ; and before Reginald could articulate the name of Britain, I had determined he should receive his education in Europe.

“ For the first ten years, indeed, I believed I should myself be fully competent to his instruction. I had fortunately made a valuable addition to the few classical books we had brought from Lisbon, by the purchase of an English library, the collector of which (a new settler) had died within six months of my arrival in the country. With such a resource for our hours of leisure, the winters proved not tedious ; and, though too remote from the town of Albany to have any intercourse with its

inhabitants, we had no regrets for the absence of society.

“ The only disturbance to our tranquillity arose from the occasional incursions of the Indian tribes, who, whether they espoused the interest of the British colonies, or of their Canadian neighbors, were almost constantly engaged in petty warfare with each other. In the third year of our residence, my wife blessed me with a daughter ; but the period of her birth was connected with an event which produced the first cloud to the felicity of our hamonious union.

“ My wife had humanely taken under her protection a young Indian female, the widow of a French soldier who had been killed during the late season of hostilities. Her kindness was repaid with gratitude and attachment. She became our son’s nurse ; received religious instructions with apparent docility ; and in all respects behaved with such propriety, as not to leave the smallest reason for suspecting her fidelity. It is not probable that this woman would have betrayed her trust, but for the temptation of returning to her own people ; and such was her fondness for my son, that she determined he should be the companion of her flight.

“ Her plan was so well concerted, that we were for some time led to suppose they had both been surprised and forcibly carried into captivity. Such incidents were of no rare occurrence, and at first appeared to be the only probable conjecture ; but by the indefatigable zeal of another Indian, who was really honorable and faithful, we at length ascertained that they were both living among the Hurons in perfect safety.

“ On this discovery, a formal application was made to the French governor of Montreal ; and after many tedious and difficult delays, we at length obtained his restoration. During this interval several years had elapsed ; his parents were totally obliterated from his memory ; his native language was forgotten ; he had been dragged by force from his Indian mother ; and was so much altered, that but for a natural mark on his forehead, we should have found it difficult to believe, that the tall,

grave, taciturn boy before us, was indeed our own Reginald.

“ At the first glance I revolted from his picturesque Indian garb, and passionately exclaimed, ‘ I could not own him till he was drest like a native of Europe.’ The change of attire produced not the transformation I expected; his countenance still bore a resemblance to that of his treacherous, but beloved nurse; he submitted to our customs with reluctance; he replied not to our endearments; he was offended by his sister’s caresses; and though already imbued with the fortitude peculiar to his adopted people, could not always suppress his secret grief. I was, however, still willing to persuade myself that much of his estrangement was occasioned by ignorance of our language, and that this obstacle being once surmounted, he would become more susceptible of kindness and attachment. How eagerly did I catch every English phrase that dropt from his lips! his mother, too, watched their motions, not from a far different impulse. She longed to hear him express his wants and signify his wishes. It was a solace to her maternal tenderness, to make him sensible of her solicitude to give him pleasure. By degrees he acquired our language, but his reserve was scarcely diminished; he had no childish gaiety; he recoiled from an European playmate; he disliked our modes and habits of life. To entice him to study, seemed at first impossible; he took no interest in sedentary pursuits, or domestic pleasures; his spirits flagged, even his health declined; under the paternal roof he languished in hopeless captivity.

“ His mother was at infinite pains to instruct him in the Christian religion: but he could not listen to the divine precept which enjoins forgiveness, without contempt and disgust. Any effort to excite in him a liberal ambition, proved equally unsuccessful. If I related a trait of history, he distrusted its truth; if I tried to win his attention to poetry, he was incapable of transferring its imagery to his own uncultivated mind. Arithmetic pleased him most, though it cost him such intense labor, as always to occasion stupor; yet was not this indifference

the result of natural insensibility. I once took him with me on the lake, in a *bateau* equipt in the Indian style : for the first time I saw his fine features ; and as we advanced toward the woods, he was all life, soul, and activity. On our turning back, his eyes filled with tears ; he gazed on the country he had left, till it sunk from his view, but no murmur escaped his lips. Touched by his resignation, I would have made any sacrifice for his happiness but that of seeing him a savage. I once said with my natural vehemence, ‘ I was a rebel to my father’s house, and my son will be a deserter.’ I knew not that he was listening ; but a sudden tinge of red in his cheeks convinced me he had heard those words, and understood their meaning. My wife gently checked my impatience, and proposed that we should no longer persecute him with books ; but trust to time, and the latent spirit of emulation within him, for his future improvement. I desisted, and despaired ; but suddenly a revolution was effected in his character. He had been severely ill, and during his confinement, became sensible to our affections ; his sister read to him, and he presently chose to read for himself. His mother observed that he pursued, by stealth, those studies to which I had so long urged him in vain ; but she was careful to conceal from me this circumstance, hoping, on some future occasion, to enhance my pleasure by the surprise of discovery.

“ One evening, as I pensively approached our parlor, I was struck with the sound of a deep sonorous voice, in the exercise of poetical recitation. I listened at the door, and was soon convinced that the exclaimer was no other than Reginald ; his sister was his only audstress ; he had himself chosen the subject, which was from Pope’s Prologue to *Cato*. He pronounced, with an emphasis that electrified my soul, the line,

“ And honored Cæsar’s, less than Cato’s sword.”

“ At this moment, Susanna surprised me, almost lost in rapturous amazement. I could hold no longer, but



rushing into the room, embraced my son with transports of joy and tenderness. His mother wept with delight; we all mingled tears and caresses; and I eagerly exclaimed, 'I am repaid for all the sufferings of the past.' Yet it was on that most happy evening, I resumed my ambitious projects. I attributed Reginald's late efforts to a transcendant genius; but not daring to propose his future separation from his mother, I determined to make every effort for my own restoration to Britain.

"From this time I bestowed on my son's mind classical cultivation; and as soon as he was able to read a Latin author, Cæsar's Commentaries became his great delight; he was still more enamored with Plutarch's Lives; his eyes flashed at the name of Coriolanus; he wished he had been born a Roman. Yet even whilst I was exulting in his heroic sentiments, he dashed my triumph, by saying, that Regulus, the supreme object of his veneration, had acted like a Huron.

"I perceived that his prepossessions for savage life still continued; yet my hopes were ardent. The heir apparent to the throne of England had avowed the most liberal sentiments for the House of Stuart; and I was encouraged to take some active steps for recovering my British birthright. I privately communicated my situation to the governor of New York, who promised to use whatever influence he possessed in my favor.

"In making this effort, it formed no part of my intentions to enforce any claims on the remnant of my father's property. Misfortune had visited every part of our family. The uncle, to whose injustice we owed our first lapse from prosperity, had been impoverished by his prodigal children. The estates were sold, and the descendants of the younger son were left to indigence and obscurity.

"Some years elapsed. The governor was recalled; but still promised his assistance. In the meantime, the war was carried on with the French Canadians; and as Reginald had evidently a predilection for military adventure, I took him with me to visit the British lines. He was remarkably tall for his age, and already pos-

sessed a martial aspect; I engaged him to serve as a volunteer, imagining I could not devise a more effectual method to erradicate his remaining Indian prejudices.

“ In taking this step I had not consulted Susanna, whose maternal tenderness would, I feared, revolt from the suggestion. Yet I could not be easy without apprizing her of the transaction; and having placed my son, as I hoped, in his proper sphere of action, I returned home to dissipate her fears, and reconcile her to his absence.

“ In announcing my mission, I tried to persuade her that the choice had been my son’s; that it was wholly made for his gratification. She turned pale, but only said, ‘ May Heaven sanctify the choice.’ I had been prepared with arguments, but her resignation shook my own confidence, and I could not be satisfied without returning to the camp. My daughter expressed her childish delight at the idea of seeing her brother in his military dress, and by her smiles dissipated her mother’s sadness.

“ In a few days I again repaired to the British quarters; but what intelligence awaited me! My son was a deserter. In a slight skirmish with the French he had shewn the most intrepid courage; but two or three Hurons having been captured, his former affection revived, and, to effect their release, he had absconded with them, and thus entailed on his memory everlasting reproach.

“ I was at first stunned by the calamity, and wounded where I was most irritable, in the point of honor. I seemed, for the second time, banished from society: my fondest hopes were blasted: not even Susanna could now administer to me consolation; and it was some days before I could prevail on myself to re-approach my desolated home. Never before had I crossed the threshold without anticipating a smiling welcome; but now I shuddered at the idea of hearing my wife’s voice, or receiving the caresses of my sole surviving child.

“ I found Susanna alone, and her countenance, though pale, was placid. I knew not how to enter on my

dreadful task. I had expected she would make some enquiry concerning her son. I at length thought it best to make the disclosure in my daughter's presence, and asked where she was. My wife struggled for speech; but I at length discovered that this dear child had died, after an illness of some hours, during my absence. We had lost our darling when she should have been our best comfort.

“ ‘This is too much,’ cried I. ‘I came to afflict thee, Susanna, and my errand is already anticipated.’

“ She looked at me wistfully, and at length said, in a low, almost whispering voice, ‘I perceive you are again alone.’ A deep groan followed; and clasping her hands together, she exclaimed, ‘Speak! for I will bear. I promise to be resigned. Where is our son?’

“ ‘Where!’ cried I; ‘would he had never existed!’

“ ‘Oh, Cornelius, say not so; I can endure any thing but this. Surely, he has not disgraced you?’

“ I explained, and she wept. At the sight of her tears my indignation was changed to pity.

“ ‘Unhappy boy!’ said she, ‘’twas the sin of ignorance.’

“ My rage was then directed against myself. I cursed my fatal obstinacy, my own unextinguished, unapproved ambition.

“ ‘No,’ returned she, with her native energy, ‘I only am to blame. I who entrusted him to an Indian.’

“ ‘And that also, Susanna, was the consequence of my surliness.’

“ ‘Oh, Cornelius, let us not thus aggravate misery. Man is born to suffer; resist not the will of Providence, but submit meekly to its mysterious dispensations. And here,’ added she, falling on my neck, and shedding a flood of tears, ‘here is one, that shall at least sorrow with thee.’

“ Thus did this heroic woman recall my fortitude by her own noble magnanimity. She was my angel, my guide, my consoler; but whilst she soothed my spirit to tranquillity, she was herself consumed with grief. At night I was startled by her deep-drawn sighs; she wast-

ed in my sight ; still she made efforts to smile, but the smile was awful. Generous as ever, it was for me she suffered, whilst she sought to fortify my mind for its approaching trial.

“ On the first symptoms of her indisposition, I had transported her to Albany, and called in the most esteemed physician. She submitted to his prescriptions with her accustomed sweetness, but I soon saw that all prescriptions were vain.

“ ‘ Let us leave this country,’ said she one day, with unusual animation ; ‘ we are here reminded of what we have lost. Let us sell our plantations, and seek another home.’

“ I followed this suggestion, and we removed to New York, where, feeble as she was, she would have enticed me into society. I too well comprehended her motives for expressing a wish, which, during seventeen years, had never passed her lips.

“ One day she proposed that we should travel. “ But whither, Susanna?” “ To Madeira.” As she spoke, she raised her languid eyes, and appalled me with the view of her dying countenance. Never before had I renounced hope ; but now that she mentioned Madeira, and that I beheld her so changed, so faded, from that resplendent beauty in which I had borne her to our delicious paradise, the terrible conviction struck my soul, and I exclaimed, ‘ No, never to Madeira, never !’

“ ‘ Say not so, answered she, with a faint smile ; ‘ some time hence it may comfort thee to go thither.’

“ She articulated these words with a slow yet tender solemnity, that revealed their secret meaning. She saw she was understood ; and whilst my impassioned anguish burst forth, said, with an angelic smile, ‘ Shall there not always be this *sub-intelligence* between us?’ From that moment I had constantly before my eyes the image of our parting—in every object I beheld the finger of death predicting her destiny. Hope I had none ; but there was a sort of suspense, that state of doubt, which, at a happier period, I should have deemed insupportable, but which was now most-precious.



During this interval, my soul was absorbed in one object. I scarcely ever left her—I watched with avaricious vigilance over the few remaining moments—they were all numbered, and each was sacred.

“It was an unspeakable satisfaction to minister to her those unavailing draughts she took for my sake. Still there was little in her apartment that had the air of sickness: she even strove to disguise the patient under a dress peculiarly acceptable to my taste; for never, to the latest hour, did she remit those sweet attentions which endear the most trivial part of existence; but, with all her generous duplicity, I could not be insensible to the rapid approach of death.

“On the ever-memorable day of our separation, I received from the agent I had before employed, respecting my restoration to Britain, a letter, in which I was assured of personal indemnity whenever I should return to my native country. At what a moment was this promise given! when I had lost every motive for wishing to return, and could no longer mention, without a sense of degradation, the land of my fathers.

Susanna took up the letter I had read in mournful silence. “Yes, you must return,” cried she; “it is a debt you owe to nature: hitherto you have cared too much for one to think of the many.”

“‘Surely,’ I replied, ‘you would not have me recall that ambition which has been my destroyer.’

“‘No, Cornelius, I would not leave you in such vassalage. Cherish independence; but even a solitary individual may cast forth a light that shall be reflected through the world. Remember what you once said, that ignorance and prejudice were the roots of all the selfish feelings, and you will advocate the cause of truth. Recall your own lessons, and you will need no other monitor. Let the stigma of slavery be wiped from the Christian name. Think that you have many brothers, many children; and if you can but bequeath one blessing to humanity, you will not have lived in vain.’

“Here observing that she seemed exhausted, I urged her to lie down on her couch, and kneeling by her side,

with one hand locked in mine, I watched her till she sunk into a gentle slumber. Her dark hair, escaping from her cap, was finely contrasted with her pale forehead; a hectic bloom flushed her cheeks—a gracious smile played round her lips. She soon awoke, and turning on me those eyes which beamed with enthusiasm, attempered by sweetness, she said, ‘I cannot sleep, Cornelius; nor would I now lose in sleep the few moments that may yet be shared between us. How much would I gather into this little space! My best friend, we must separate. In this, as in every other instance, it has pleased Heaven that I should be the favored partner; and let it console you for my departure, that you are suffering for my sake.’ She saw my tears, and added, in her most soothing accents, ‘We have had a long lease of happiness, and our souls have ripened in love. It is for you to pay my part to society. Return to Europe; let your heart flow out to the human race; make an interest in the desolate, the persecuted, the afflicted.’

“She here pronounced her son’s name, and involuntarily I bestowed on him my warmest blessing. An ineffable smile gladdened her countenance, and clasping her hands devoutly, she said, ‘Be this my sacrament;’ then dropping her head on the pillow, sunk into a slumber, from which there was no awaking.

“It was some time before I was conscious of her dissolution—her spirit seemed hovering over me—it was a Sabbath of love and sorrow, in which my soul was incapable of one angry emotion, one vulgar care: all the ordinary passions retired before the majesty of grief. Recollecting her conversations, I labored to extract from them some parting request, some dying injunction. I could only discover that she wished me to return to Europe, and this I determined to do, as soon as I should have settled my few worldly concerns, and obtained some intelligence concerning Reginald.

“Softened by affliction, I could now quietly resign all the dreams of ambition, and I yearned but to behold my son, the sole relie of Susanna’s love. An exchange of prisoners was about to be made, by some of whom I ho-

ped to trace my fugitive. I commenced my journey towards the back settlements. In my way I had to pass the British lines, and being muffled up to escape observation, I gained courage to approach the camp. It was a glorious morning, and I felt my spirits somewhat revived by the loveliness of nature.

“ As I advanced to the out-post, I observed the soldiers drawn up, as if there was to be some grand military spectacle. On enquiry, I was informed by a sentinel, that it was to witness the punishment of some deserters. At this word my blood was congealed with horror, till recollecting that Reginald had no associate in his flight, I became somewhat re-assured, and proceeded to the spot where one of the delinquents was submitting to chastisement. At the first glance I was easy, for the sufferer was totally unlike my son, and turned my steps to another part of the camp, where I heard a faint murmur of his youth and beauty. I proceeded with faltering steps, too much agitated to make any enquiry, but the word death vibrated on mine ear, and suddenly raising my eyes, I beheld my Reginald guarded, yet standing in deep thought, with much dignity in his mien, and unalterable firmness in his countenance. At my exclamation of anguish he looked up: I stretched out my paternal arms, but he deigned not to notice my presence. ‘ Oh, Reginald,’ cried I, ‘ wilt thou not own thy father?’

“ ‘ If I had a father,’ he replied, ‘ he would revenge me.’

“ ‘ My son, I am not an Indian; nor was revenge a part of thy mother’s faith.’

“ ‘ My mother!’ said he, in a softened voice, ‘ tell my mother I am going to that world where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary be at rest.’

“ This passage, which he had learnt when a child, from her lips, he repeated with her own delightful accent. I fell on his neck, I wept aloud. Touched by my grief, the sentinels retired a few paces, to allow us to converse more freely together.

“ When he found we were not overheard, he said,

‘ Do you observe that old soldier ? He would last night have assisted me to escape, but I would not listen to the proposal, lest he, too, should be punished as a traitor. I deserted not from fear, but gratitude. I would not wrong my friends, though (frowning awfully) I despise my enemies. Therefore, my father, reward that man, for he would have preserved my life.’

“ Oh ! my Reginald, thou art now indeed my son, worthy of thy ancestors, thy country, thy mother. Thou shalt not die, I will move heaven and earth to save thee.’

“ He shook his head. ‘ Can you suppose I would survive the scourge ?’

“ At this moment I heard the drums beating, and, anticipating the dreadful signal, I flung from my son, and asked for the commanding officer. I was directed towards the spot, where he appeared on horseback, two or three military comrades standing round him. As I approached, I loudly exclaimed, ‘ Save my son.’ The officer, though of a mild engaging aspect, turned away his head, and desired I might be conducted to his tent. ‘ Hear me,’ I cried ; but at that moment, spurring his horse, he darted away ; and, with almost incredible velocity, vanished from my sight. I would have followed, but was restrained by force, and dragged, in spite of resistance, towards the tent ; where, as I redoubled my efforts to escape, I was put under arrest.

“ A few moments after, I heard the cannon which was to proclaim my son’s doom. All my struggles were then over. I fell prostrate on the ground, and remained, I know not how long, in a sort of death-like insensibility. But I was, at length, roused, by hearing the voice of that young man I had before supplicated in vain. I instantly arose, asking with vehemence, where was my son. He cast down his eyes, with a mournful expression.

“ ‘ If you have murdered him, let me also die, for I was the first transgressor.’

“ ‘ Would it had been possible to save him.’

“ ‘ And is it really finished ?’ I said no more ; but again, bowing my head, sunk to the ground.



“ The officer, sighing deeply, exclaimed, ‘ Unhappy father !’

“ ‘ Wretch !’ cried I, rising with ungovernable fury, ‘ canst thou pity him thou would’st not succor ? Why was I not heard ? why was not the sentence suspended or repealed ? Your rigid discipline has made me desolate ; childless and forsaken I shall descend to the grave. Cursed be the wretches who have bereaved me of my son ! cursed be that sense of duty which could sanctify such cruelty ! Be assured you will some day feel compunction. You, too, may become, like me, wretched and desolate ; your wife may be left to mourn ; your fatherless children remain without a helper. Tremble, young man, for your heart was steeled to the holy supplication of nature.’

“ ‘ Hear me,’ he cried, ‘ you are deceived. I would have saved your son ; he refused to make submission ; he scorned to accept mercy.’

“ ‘ And could no allowance be made for his youth ?’

“ ‘ I was here but in place of a superior. I had no authority to absolve his crime ; his condemnation had been already pronounced ; all that remained for me was to suspend its execution.’

“ ‘ And even *that* you refused to do ?’

“ ‘ That, Sir, you will find was done. I waited for the return of my general ; and it was to him I was hastening at the moment you would have stopt me in the camp.’

“ ‘ And was your general then inhuman ?’

“ ‘ No, he relented ; but your son had decreed his own destruction ; and no sooner was he released, than, to escape, as he imagined, the degradation of chastisement, he rushed on a naked bayonet, and fell, pierced with a mortal wound. He yet breathes, if you would see him.’

“ In another moment I was with my dying Reginald, who confirmed this statement. When all was over, I was again conveyed to the tent ; where the officer I had so unjustly accused, took upon him the care of a private interment. The soldier who would have rescued my

boy was my fellow mourner. I gave him my purse ; I offered him all I possessed ; he refused the gift : he too was a husband and a father.

“ This last duty performed, I wished once more to see the man who would have been my benefactor. Touched with contrition for my former impatience, I would have offered some excuse, but he refused to listen. I saw tears rolling down his cheeks : overpowered by this mark of sympathy in a stranger, I fell at his feet ; I was wholly unmanned ; I wept. But what was my anguish when I discovered that he was my kinsman, the descendant of my father’s brother. I had now an unutterable pang at the recollection of my maledictions ; but I divulged not the relation between us ; I had lost all power to allude to the past.

“ I was conducted from the camp by a person who had known me in Albany, and who compelled me to accept his assistance ; of effort or resistance I was no longer capable ; I was seized with a stupor, bordering on derangement. A voyage was thought advisable, and being now wholly passive, I was easily induced by my host to embark with him for Jamaica. In this new situation I recovered my perceptions, and with them all the energies of grief.

“ During my residence in the island, I again sunk into heartless despondence, but was roused by indignation on witnessing the detested traffic in human beings. I recalled my wife’s dying words, and resolved to expose to Europe the horrors of slavery. I had no sooner formed this resolution than my mind became more easy ; and I now recollected, with the longings of affection, that delicious island in which I had tasted every enjoyment. With my friend’s assistance, my business being now transacted, I once more landed in Madeira ; where every object spoke to me of Susanna.

“ It was here I met with a wretched miser, who had remitted money to every considerable bank in Europe, anxious to avert the evil of poverty, though he lived in the privation of every enjoyment. He was in the last stage of atrophy ; his recovery appeared impossible, and

he was suddenly impressed with the desire of making some atonement for his former rapacity ; he had neither wife, nor children, nor any relations for whom he cared ; his hard heart was equally incapable of piety or benevolence. He had heard of my singular opinions, and struck with my contempt for money, determined to make me his almoner ; for this purpose he gave me an order on the Hamburgh bank for a considerable sum, to be solely dedicated to objects of charity ; but he annexed to this a restriction against using it previous to his own decease. He had an aversion to the idea of making a will ; and at his death, which happened two or three days before I left Madeira, his immense treasures, with the exception of that small portion committed to my trust, enriched only the respective governments of those countries, in which they were placed.

“ From that time to the present, I have religiously observed my engagement, having never diverted from its proper object this little fund of charity. On my return to Europe I assumed a new name, and with it commenced a new career. The recollection of my country was too painful to be dwelt on ; I had no motive for resuming the privileges of a Briton. I was long tortured with the agonizing consciousness of privation ; I gave alms without pity ; I advocated the cause of man without benevolence. I was at length induced to visit England, where I found, in the deepest distress, the widow and son of my unacknowledged kinsman. In witnessing their afflictions, my heart was again visited by compunction ; I would not violate the fund of charity, but I borrowed from it a sum equivalent to all my own worldly possessions ; and this I bestowed on them, with my fervent benediction. The ambition that once raged in my soul is extinguished. The salutary counsels of Susanna have, at length, restored me to peace. I have yet one wish ungratified : it is, to administer consolation to the companion of my youth. Albert yet lives ; he has been schooled in adversity ; he is chastened by disappointment ; could I discover his retreat, I would seek him in any corner of the globe, and divide with

him the peace which is now the inmate of my breast. I would teach him, in Susanna's words, to let his love flow out to the human race. It is with the tears, wiped from other eyes, that we heal our own bosom wounds. It is by renouncing selfishness and cherishing sympathy, that the once wretched, despairing man, restored to the privileges of a human being, learns to say, 'It is good for me to have been afflicted.' "

On one of the blank pages following the narrative, Altamont had written with a pencil, "My kinsman and my benefactor, whom my heart has so long sought! The mysterious being to whom I am so greatly indebted, for such you certainly are! misfortune has indeed visited our house: its patrimony is dissipated, its honors lapsed, its name almost forgotten. We are all wanderers on the earth; but thou hadst thy Susanna, and with her a term of more than human happiness. I too love, but without hope. I leave my country, and with it the sole object who could make life worth acceptance."



## CHAPTER XXVIII.

FOR the first three months of their residence in London, neither Adela nor Cordelia had much intercourse with the world. The former was reconciled to her retired life by the society of Vallaney, who was almost their daily guest; the latter had lost all relish for gaiety, and could she have been permitted to make her choice, would have gladly devoted herself to solitude and seclusion. Whenever she saw her father he was cordially affectionate; and she was almost persuaded the former fluctuations in his deportment had been occasioned by Mrs. De Lille's jealousy. He would sometimes confess the errors of his early life with such apparent candor, that she was ready to pronounce him incapable of deliberate duplicity! and while she lamented Mrs. Gladwin's



estrangement, believed she did her father great injustice. In these confidential conversations De Lille sometimes intimated, that he was addicted to play, and that he intended to settle on her a certain fortune, to secure her from the effects of his imprudence. He would then add, that he placed implicit confidence in the rectitude of her principles; and that he was convinced, the possession of independence would never weaken her sense of filial duty.

It was impossible that so much kindness should not touch a heart so tender, so susceptible of filial attachment. Cordelia was really endeared to her father by the sensibility she now discovered to his attentions; she became the darling, not of his heart, but his fancy. He delighted to anticipate her future establishment with Sir Frederic; and he had a sort of malignant satisfaction in the belief, that he should inflict mortification on the too presumptuous Altamont. In the meantime, his elected son-in-law was cautious not to hazard an avowal which might exclude him from the privileges of intimacy which he now enjoyed. In submitting to the restrictions imposed by prudence, he, however, persisted in that course of small, silent attentions which, without authorising repulse, sufficiently express attachment. In adopting this cautious line of conduct, he pursued the counsels of Miss Rouvigny, who was now his *confidante* and his *advocate*; and who, from well-meant zeal to eradicate what she considered as a most unfortunate prepossession, seized every opportunity to exalt his worth, and depreciate that of his rival.

Cordelia was not insensible to Sir Frederic's merit: his society was really pleasing; she distrusted not the rectitude of his principles; but extreme circumspection often produced in his manners a sort of artificial frigidity, which repressed the genial flow of sympathy and confidence; and, without attempting to define her feelings, she always found something wanting to perfect enjoyment.

Miss Rouvigny certainly injured his cause whenever she hazarded any insinuation which could provoke a

comparison between him and Altamont, whose brilliant talents dazzled the imagination of Cordelia, whilst the conviction, that he was neither prosperous nor happy, subdued her heart. Then she was persuaded, that he loved, without cherishing hope, and became ambitious of emulating him in disinterestedness of sentiment. She recollected too her obligation to his mother's kindness, and willingly found in gratitude a plea for constancy and stability. In her conversations with Adela, however, she never mentioned Altamont; but her friend was now perfectly aware, that it was for his sake she professed her resolution never to enter the married state.

One day, perceiving her unusually dejected, she exclaimed, "Cordelia, what will you say if I give you some intelligence from your first preceptor? You must know, Sir Frederic has access to that pretty Mrs. Woodville, with whom he keeps up a constant correspondence; and who being lately in want of money was supplied by Sir Frederic's liberality. The *protegee* informed your friend of the circumstance, and here is a note, in which was inclosed a 40l. bill for repayment. So you see he can find money for this pretty woman, we will hope, for his friend's sake; though to him it might perhaps, have been indifferent whether the supply came from Sir Frederic or Mr. Altamont."

Cordelia took the note, which, to her extreme surprise, contained an acknowledgment of the money lent to Mrs. Woodville, and a request that he would accept the inclosed in payment.

"I assure you," added Adela, with a malicious smile, "I had some difficulty in coaxing that bit of paper out of him. It was merely to quiet your apprehensions for his safety that I asked the boon; but I promised not to shew it to Vallauey; so you see he is well at least, if he is not happy."

"I can perceive," said Cordelia, "that he is at least honorable and independent."

It was easy to divine her friend's motive in making this communication; and, for the first time, it occurred to her, that Sir Frederic was capable of artifice and du-

plicity. Her esteem for Altamont was not destroyed by the insinuations of Miss Rouvigny, who confessed to the Baronet with some chagrin, that she had found her friend more sceptical than she expected."

This intelligence was sufficiently mortifying, as he had employed in this scheme a considerable portion of ingenuity and address.

The idea had been suggested to his mind in one of his friendly visits to Mrs. Woodville, who having sent to London the 40*l.* draft she had received from Altamont, which was simply an order on Vallancy's banker, was inexpressibly chagrined when it was returned to her, with the unpleasant intimation, that the banker, not having received proper notice of the demand, refused payment.

Sir Frederic, who was sitting with her on the receipt of the letter, perceiving the change in her countenance, easily prevailed on her to explain the nature of her embarrassment. He instantly offered to rectify the mistake; supplied the sum she had expected to receive, and took the order into his own possession, advising her to transmit to Altamont an account of the transaction.

Mrs. Woodville obeyed, and her letter, happening to reach Altamont nearly at the same time with Vallancy's laconic epistle, excited, as Sir Frederic had foreseen, strong resentment for his friend's levity and caprice.

Too much offended to avow displeasure, he returned no answer; but, scorning to remain under an obligation to Sir Frederic Mowbray, borrowed of Mr. Bruce, and remitted to him a draft, inclosed in the note which had been shewn to Cordelia. Sir Frederic preserved this note with malicious care; and when Miss Rouvigny intimated, that she feared Cordelia was rendered uneasy by Altamont's silence, he ventured with some hesitation to produce his signature as a proof of his existence; he then related as much of the history appended to the note as suited his own purpose, and left her to make what report she pleased to Cordelia; but with a strict injunction not to divulge it to Vallancy. For this injunction he had, whenever detection should occur, the

all-prevailing plea, that he would not give him pain; a plea every day perverted to gloss over duplicity, and sanctify deception. Had Adela possessed his address, the mention of Mrs. Woodville's correspondence, supported by this document, might have made some impression on Cordelia's mind; but her friend's motives were too palpable to be mistaken, and she perhaps was more than ever attached to Altamont; not for corresponding with a young and pretty woman, but for being, as she conceived, aspersed by calumny. In this instance, the Baronet did not speculate with his usual felicity, being lowered in her esteem at the very moment when he expected to make some progress in her regard.

His passion was now sustained by a spirit of opposition that ill accorded with the tenderness of affection. Like the gamester, he had hazarded every thing on a single stake; and, beyond the attainment of success, had no dreams of felicity, no anticipations of that mutual confidence and security, which are the true sources of domestic endearment. As his gratification was selfish it was limited. Conscious that he deserved not Cordelia's love, he was unable to conceive that he should ever discard the vigilance and caution of jealousy. In obtaining her hand, he expected not to satisfy her heart: in supplanting his rival, he hoped not to engross the feelings so long devoted to another. Many circumstances, however, conspired in his favor: he had all the privileges of friendship; and month after month elapsed without producing any tidings of Altamont, who was now almost dismissed from Miss Rouvigny's mind; whilst Cordelia so rarely pronounced his name, that to all but Sir Frédéric it might have appeared, that the interesting subject of her thoughts was consigned not merely to silence but to oblivion.



## CHAPTER XXIX.

ALTAMONT had left England with the persuasion, that Sir Frederic Mowbray would now devote his hand and heart to Cordelia. To relieve the tortures of suspense he had written to Mrs. Woodville, and was inexpressibly chagrined to find she was so far distant from Beachdale. Unfortunately too, though Sir Frederic had taken the precaution to inform her that the letter intrusted to his care had been lost, she had suppressed all mention of this circumstance; purely because, as she supposed it to have been written on her account, she would not occasion additional trouble to her husband's friend. Altamont was, therefore, disappointed at Cordelia's silence, though without ever having hoped for her correspondence; he endeavored, indeed, to persuade himself he was philosophic enough to renounce her; and fancied he was making some progress in his restoration to mental independence, when a letter from Mrs. Gladwin, who, though she no longer saw any of the De Lille's, had lately heard of them in London, announced the intended marriage of Vallancy with Miss Rouvigny, and of Cordelia to Sir Frederic Mowbray.

Though the source of this intelligence was somewhat suspicious, he did not, at first, hesitate to admit its authenticity; at first, too, he fancied it was a relief to escape from suspense to arrive at any certainty however unwelcome, to exchange doubt and solicitude for indifference and despondence: but where was now his profession, his occupation, the sphere of usefulness and activity in which he had so lately hoped to arrive at honorable eminence? His engagement had been formed under Cordelia's auspices, without her he lost the energy inspired by hope; no other object could gild the perspective of a long and dreary probation; he had no earnest of reward; no solace for the laborious pursuits and distasteful drudgery inseparable from the profession.

Like Woodville, he had dwelt too much in his own world; he was too familiar with the dreams of fancy, too much refined by fastidious sensibility, for persevering exertion or healthful enjoyment. Relieved from all anxiety on his mother's account, he had no motives of duty to rouse him from inactivity; he had almost determined to renounce his English connections, and make a pedestrian tour over Europe, when love, disguised as pride, prompted him to return to England, to prove that he was still ambitious of Cordelia's esteem, and not unworthy of her friendship.

He had no sooner arrived at this decision than his latent hopes revived, and he became impatient to commence his journey. No objections were started by his mother or Mr. Bruce; but to execute a commission for the latter, he made a deviation from the regular road, which considerably retarded his progress. Provoked by these unseasonable delays, he was amazed at his recent listlessness and resignation, and magnanimously resolved never again to submit to the same impression. Impatience became his active principle, till he found himself near London, when, by a strange contradiction, he wished himself at a hundred miles distance.

To what purpose should he be near Cordelia if they never meet? and how shall he intrude on her father's notice; how endure the exultation of her supposed lover? Since his arrival in England he had already observed in the papers an intimation of Vallancy's nuptials, but not one syllable of Sir Frederic Mowbray. He still indulges a hope that resists annihilation; and as he rolls along the streets feels reanimated, even by the consciousness of breathing in the same city as Cordelia.

When the carriage stopt, he suffered his baggage to be carried into the inn, and then proceeded mechanically towards the hotel where he had last parted from Vallancy. As he approached the house he felt his arm grasped, and, turning round, beheld not his volatile, thoughtless, captious friend, but the generous, the venerable Haller. "And am I so soon forgotten?" said the sage, perceiving his amazement. The joy that flushed from Alta-

mont's eyes contradicted the assertion ; mutual enquiries and explanations succeeded ; and Altamont learnt that Haller had arrived in London but the preceding evening, and was to leave it in a few hours. " Let us spend this little interval together," said the old man, conducting him to his quarters ; " and now tell me that you are preparing to prove yourself an Englishman. It is time I should hear of your exertions, as well as your attainments."

" Altamont shook his head. " It is true I came to this country with the resolution to redeem wasted time, but a spell overhangs my destiny, and there is our contingency on which I should leave it, perhaps, for ever."

" Rouse, Altamont ; a noble mind should break the enchantment. Is reason, truth, or principle, to hang suspended by a poor contingency ? This sophistry is all passion and delusion ; you dream to-night, you will awake to-morrow ; you will the next day wonder whence came the phantom so lately invested with omnipotence."

Altamont, convinced, but not persuaded, was unable to reply ; there was a short pause, when Haller said, " Where is the volatile Vallancy, and his sedate grandfather ? Where is the polished De Lille, and, above all, the ingenuous Cordelia ?"

" With Vallancy I have lately had no correspondence ; but I find he is soon to be married to Miss Rouvigny ; and Cordelia to Sir Frederic Mowbray."

" Indeed, said Haller, looking incredulous, " I should almost doubt that intelligence."

Altamont, thrown off his guard, exclaimed with rapture, " You really doubt ? She is in London ; when will you visit her ?"

" Not till I have accomplished the purpose for which I left Germany. Not till I return from the retreat to which I am now hastening, perhaps for her sake ; an old man is not swayed by contingencies ; and the young man who would rise above an ordinary level in fame or virtue, must restrain the vagrant impulses, which either render him weak or wicked, miserable or contemptible."

He then changed the subject. Altamont was again sensible to the influence of his precepts.

“ You will call me unfeeling,” said Haller, “ if I tell you, that the roots of human misery are to be found in an ill regulated imagination. To you, indeed, misery is but a name, without a substantial image ; but if you can spare me two hours, I will introduce you to a scene which may at once inspire fortitude and pity.”

Altamont readily acquiesced ; and, renovated by Haller’s incredulity to the report of Cordelia’s marriage, resolved not to let the morrow close without making an effort to see her.



## CHAPTER XXX.

THE friends stepped into a hackney-coach, which conveyed them to the entrance of a prison. “ I never come to a great city,” said Haller, “ without paying a visit to these haunts of terror and remorse. It is one of the hardest trials I can impose on my nature, and is the only penance to which I now submit for errors which, I trust, have been expiated by former suffering. I carry with me a purse, which affords relief to some few debtors ; but for the other unfortunates what shall be done ? Seldom is it in the power of any man to offer hope, and without it, what is consolation ? I do not bring you here to soften your heart, but to call your attention to an evil which demands redress ; the debtor is immured under the same roof, and often within the same cell, as the criminal ; and the man who has, perhaps, been only weak and unfortunate, is degraded by association with the guilty : attend to this, and let it be one of your future objects to remove the obloquy from your national legislature.” He then ushered him into some of the condemned cells ; from thence they proceeded to the other courts of the prison. Haller having made enquiry concerning some petty debtors whom he wished to



liberate, and not choosing to have any witness of his bounty, desired Altamont to wait in one of the outer courts, whilst he proceeded on his mission of charity.

As he was here ruminating with that solemn awe which impresses an unbackneyed mind on the contemplation of human calamity, he observed a pretty little boy, about three years old, issuing from one of the passages; holding in his hand a ball, with which he was amusing his solitude. Altamont drew near, not a little surprised at his beauty, the neatness of his dress, and his air of gentleness and courtesy. The little fellow at first retreated, as if he had been afraid he should be circumscribed in his liberty. "Where do you live, my pretty child?" "With mamma." "And where is that?" The boy turned towards the passage whence he had issued, and then looked back, as if he had offered to show his habitation. Altamont followed, almost mechanically, till the child led him to a door which was fastened within; here he tapped, calling out mamma; and at the sound of his soft plaintive voice the door was opened, and Altamont was admitted with him.

The room was so dark, that on his first entrance, he merely perceived a female figure standing on one side, and at the other end a man reclining on a couch; but no sooner was the door closed than the lady uttered a piercing shriek, and he recognized Mrs. Woodville; her husband, starting from his retreat, flew to her relief, but on discovering Altamont, spread his hands over his face; whilst his wife, falling on her knees, exclaimed, "Oh, do not, do not ruin him; for merey's sake befriend him." In the utmost astonishment Altamont demanded an explanation. "Do you not know? Oh, yet then all is well!" and rising with precipitation, she bolted the door, and looking around with fearful vigilance, said, almost in a whisper, "Then pray don't say you knew him; you could not bear to betray him; 'twould break your heart to do it; oh, your heart is kind and good, I know it well."

Here Altamont, recollecting the terrible impression he had received on the heath, exclaimed, "Oh! Wood-

ville, can I believe what I have seen, what I now see?"

"No," cried his wife, clasping her hands in agony, "no, no, you have not seen, you merely fancied that you saw; 'twas all a dream; you did not, could not, know him."

At this moment, Woodville, uncovering his face, cried, "Do not talk thus, my love; for, sunk as I have been, wretched as I must be, I would not purchase existence by a friend's perjury."

"But Sir Frederic," she cried, "has assured me there can be no other evidence produced." At the name of Sir Frederic, Altamont listened with yet stronger interest; and he now learnt that Woodville, who had returned but a few weeks before from the West Indies, had been recognized by De Lille in the gallery of the House of Commons; and being, as he supposed, traced to his lodging, was the next morning apprehended and taken into custody.

After his commitment, Sir Frederic had visited him in prison, professed the utmost sorrow for his situation, and declared, that had De Lille been apprised of his former intimacy with Vallancy, he would by no means have engaged in the prosecution. He added, however, that as Altamont had been stated to be the only witness of the fact, it was impossible to criminate him without his testimony; and that on the failure of such evidence he must be discharged without a trial.

Vallancy, though unable to prevail on himself to visit a prison, had remitted money through the medium of Sir Frederic, and had written to Geneva to acquaint Altamont with the melancholy transaction, and to prevent his immediate return to England.

Having related these particulars, Mrs. Woodville, throwing herself at Altamont's feet, exclaimed, "If you are seen and known we are undone. Forgive this importunity; to us every moment is precious: save him, and my children will ever, ever bless you."

Here the little boy put up his hands, in imitation of his mother, whilst the father exclaimed, "When I first came hither she believed me innocent; when I confess,

ed all to her, I seemed to have nothing more to suffer. Altamont! should I die by your evidences, I must yet bless you as my preserver: you saved me from that desperate deed: your voice recalled me from perdition!"

"Cease, if you would not kill me," cried Mrs. Woodville, directing an imploring look to Altamont.

"Be calm, dear Madam, I will instantly fly from this country: from me you shall have nothing to fear;" then hastily unbolting the door, he was preparing to withdraw, when, to his consternation, the venerable Haller entered. A deep crimson flushed Woodville's cheeks, and his wife observing that Altamont was known to the stranger, staggered to a seat, and sunk down, the image of despondence.

"Am I quite forgotten," said the sage, with a mildly reproachful aspect.

"Never," cried Woodville, "never can I forget the debt of gratitude I owe you."

"I fear," said Haller, "you are now suffering under still greater calamity; but you are, I doubt not, supported by the consciousness of innocence."

There was a momentary pause. Mrs. Woodville, recovering presence of mind, exclaimed, "Oh yes, he is, he must be innocent."

"Then fear nothing; it is the privilege of every Englishman to be protected by the laws of his country. If this charge be brought forward in malice, it will be defeated of its end."

Here Woodville, raising his eyes, whilst hectic color flushed his cheeks, said, "Your friend, Sir, can best explain why I am here; and as the last favor I shall, perhaps, ever ask, I earnestly beseech him to relate to you all he knows of this unfortunate transaction."

At these words his wife relapsed into terror; her limbs shook—her heart beat audibly—the cold drops of sweat stood on her forehead—her lips moved—she struggled to speak, but a convulsive groan alone escaped her.

"My love, forgive me," cried Woodville; "but I

would not deceive my benefactor for worlds. No, no," added he, his eyes once more beaming with generous exultation, "there is a point of degradation not to be survived."

Haller now comprehending the whole, taking her hand with a look of in flable benignity, said, "Be comforted, we are all faithful friends."

Woodville then drew from his pocket an unfinished letter, and, giving it to Altamont, said, "This will explain what cannot be excused."

At that moment Haller pronounced his farewell in the most soothing accent. Altamont followed him in silence to the portal of the prison, where having re-entered the coach that was in waiting for them, he drew up both glasses, and leaned back in his seat as if he had still been conscious to Mrs. Woodville's terrors. After a mournful pause, he began to relate the adventure on the heath; but suddenly interrupting himself, exclaimed, "And yet it seems but a dream,—the man to whom I have looked up with such admiration; the accomplished being to whose precepts I have so often listened with delight."

"I see," replied Haller, "how it has been: you shall alight at the hotel, whilst I return to the prison, to give them comfort: wait but here an hour, and you shall hear what has passed."

This suggestion was pursued; Altamont withdrew to a private apartment, and there read the following letter:

"It is some years since I last addressed you;—to me it appears to have been many ages. I have experienced such awful changes; I have fallen into such an abyss of misery! Scarcely will you comprehend by what infatuation I have been involved in this stupendous calamity.

"On retracing my steps I am astonished I could have mistaken my duty; the path was too obvious to be missed. I had unhappily cherished a sentiment of egotism, which led me to ascribe to untoward circumstances all the errors in my conduct, all the infirmities of my nature. At present, how light appear those evils at which I once repined, and which my own weakness rendered omnipot-



tent. Oh ! Altamont, when I recollect at what phantoms I once started, by what chimerical barriers I was once appalled ; and look at the substantial walls of my prison, and feel at my heart the insufferable weight of remorse, I am stupified with grief, my reason is shaken ; I lose myself in deep and fearful amazement.

“ The true source of my misery has been the weak and pernicious indulgence of an ardent and too susceptible imagination. From early youth, whilst I basked in the sunshine of prosperity, I was accustomed to impoverish my stock of happiness by an anxious anticipation of enjoyment : at that period when I was called amiable, and the language of candor dwelt on my lips, I harbored a fastidious spirit, repugnant to friendship and benevolence ; I measured character by other rules than those of truth and rectitude ; I required a certain fantastic elegance, a romantic delicacy and refinement, to excite confidence and affection ; and seldom could any being be found to satisfy my visionary expectation. When it was my fortune to taste of adversity, to be exposed to trials and disappointments, I was still the same creature of impulse, the fool of fancy, the victim of caprice ! I could now discern the modifications of egotism in the false shame shuddering at the detection of poverty ; the spurious delicacy, shrinking from exertion ; the mock dignity, not only refusing solicitation, but almost depreciating assistance. Whatever I attempted, failed ; my efforts were too spiritless to succeed. Often were the interests of my wife and children sacrificed to the stubborn pretensions of pride, and the puerile affectation of magnanimity.

“ At length, when I saw the dear infants committed to my care, withering with disease, their mother faded, and myself wasting in premature decay, I became impressed with a dreadful presage, that I was destined to commit some atrocious crime.

“ In vain did I seek to escape this new chimera of a restless imagination. It was a dark speck ever sitting before my sight ; and shuddering at the penalties of remorse, I longed most passionately for the moment of my

dissolution. One day when I had left home to attend a few pupils, and afterwards failed in my application for money which was really owing to me, but for which I still wanted the courage to proclaim my pressing necessities; it suddenly occurred to me, that if I was to leave London and enter as a sailor, I should, at least, escape the ignominy of a jail, with which I had been repeatedly menaced by an impatient creditor. I had been wandering all the day, and, on returning in the evening, fancied I caught a glimpse of your face, and that you looked after me as if you expected a recognition; to escape such notice, I proceeded in an opposite direction from my own habitation, to the west end of the town: from a sudden impulse of desperation, I placed myself on the top of one of the public stages, and was conveyed, before morning, to a considerable distance from London. Luckily I had left it doubtful whether to return to my wife on that evening; I therefore trusted she would not experience much solicitude for my absence. I proceeded without any settled purpose to an obscure village, and there finding my money reduced to one shilling, and having nothing in my pocket but a pistol, which with superfluous caution I had been accustomed to carry with me in my little excursions near London, I alighted; and having procured bread to satisfy hunger, struck into the neighboring fields, and there spent several hours in gloomy solitude, abandoned to the most dark and terrible meditations.

•• Hitherto, ardently as I longed for death, the idea of suicide had never been admitted to my mind. The rites of our church had rendered it abhorrent to my thoughts; but now, that the self-created phantom of imagination pursued my steps, that the scaffold or the gibbet rose before my eyes, that I saw my children stigmatised for my wretched sake, I resisted no longer: I even believed they would find friends when I was no longer with them; and that the curse by which I was pursued would be repealed when my fate was severed from theirs. From this suggestion I gained courage, and only waited for a favorable moment to fulfil my awful purpose. At

this moment I was accosted by a beggar woman, with two helpless infants, soliciting my charity; I started from her with horror; my own wife and fatherless children came before my eyes! I cursed my cowardly purpose of desertion; and rushing towards the heath, exclaimed, 'Rather let me perish for their sake in fulfilling my destiny.' \* \* \* \* \* Altamont, you can fill up this blank. You well know whose voice arrested my hand, and recalled me to reason and nature. I instantly returned to the road, and, sacrificing pride to duty, solicited and obtained a gratuitous conveyance to London.

"When I arrived, it was yet early; I scarcely ventured to hope I should find any one risen in our habitation; I even dreaded to enquire for my wife. I was prepossessed with the idea that some new calamity had befallen her in my absence. I approached the house with trembling limbs; I scarce lifted the knocker, and then dropped it with a most feeble sound; but it was sufficient for my wife's wakeful ear, she hurried down stairs, she could scarcely contain her transports at my return. My first impulse of joy was quickly changed for contrition and remorse; I evaded her enquiries, but I could not silence her rapturous exclamations for my safety. I secretly blessed heaven for my escape; I wondered at my own perversion and delusion; and vowed never again to desert her.

I was soothing her with these assurances when the door was opened, and after the circumlocution usual in such cases, the writ was served, on which I was conducted to prison, but almost immediately liberated by the munificence of a venerable man, who had no sooner learnt that you had been my friend, than he became my benefactor."

Here the letter broke off. Altamont was still musing on its contents, when Haller re-entered; from whom he learnt that Woodville was to be remanded to the prison of the county where the offence was committed; he added, that they had settled a plan for future correspondence; on his discharge he was to leave England;

“ and then,” added Haller, “ you will be at liberty to return to it. In the meantime, you could console me much by partaking my journey ; and I think it may open to you new sources of pleasure and information.” To this proposal Altamont returned a grateful acquiescence, and in a few hours they left London together.

---

## CHAPTER XXXI.

CORDELIA was naturally so ingenuous, that she experienced peculiar pain in submitting to concealment ; confidence was her element ; and though long accustomed to subdue her will, she knew not how to suppress her feelings ; happily, the irksomeness of her situation was softened by the ingenious expedient of keeping a shorthand journal, which being written in a character she had learnt from Altamont, seemed to establish a certain tacit communication between them.

The following extracts from this secret register of sentiment, will sufficiently prove how little time and absence had diminished his influence on her affections.

“ Another day, another week is gone, and like the former has not left one vestige of its course. I seem to myself to be in a sort of trance, in which my most active faculties are suspended. Those I meet with to-day I shall forget to-morrow, and should I even live with them a century, I should still know them as little as at this moment : every thing is vague, desultory, and shadowy ; the phantoms are forever changing ; my own sadness remains the same. A year ago, how different were my feelings ; how delightful was the month into which we are now entering. Little do those about me suspect my real motive for declining to join the brilliant party for this evening. I could not support the contrast presented by a room crowded with indifferent spectators, to the recollection of that delicious scene which nature.



formed for our hearts, on which we both gazed with such delight. It was there that confidence was established between us, and we became friends. It appears to me that life commenced but from that moment; and I hold its anniversary too sacred to be wasted in frivolous amusement.

“ How little do they know my heart, who think that its affections can be checked by so poor a thing as vanity. They tell me he is susceptible of impressions; that he has been often touched, but never attached; that he resists love, and that ambition is the master passion of his soul. I can listen to all this with patience, and even with docility; and yet is my faith unshaken in the rectitude of his principles, his honor, and integrity. How, indeed, should I exact constancy from one, who received no hope? How should I expect him to waste in fond futile repinings those best and most precious years of his existence? It would ill become him to yield to such weakness. How many women will he find to console him for her he once loved? Yes, it is proper he should respect himself, and act up to his dignity; but with me the case is quite otherwise. To what purpose should I seek to wean my heart from him, who first infused into it the love of virtue? For whom should I reclaim those long dedicated affections? For an establishment, a title, a name? Oh how shall I learn to discover in these an equivalent for Herbert? To forget him, would be a dereliction of principle and sentiment, a degradation of character, an apostacy equally base and contemptible. What a perversion of language, to talk of enjoying happiness with any but the beings we love! Happiness! it is surely an arbitrary idiom; I lose all conception of its meaning, when Adela tells me, Sir Frederic Mowbray is formed to give me happiness. I am not conscious that I cherish any prejudice against him. I can assent to all the good she reports of this man; and yet he wants that openness of countenance, that manly frankness, that energy of thought and feeling, which can alone inspire my confidence. He is too cautious, too circumspect, too measured, too elaborate, I will not say

artificial, to give me pleasure. A week has been spent in dissipation, and, methinks, I was never more completely in solitude. I endeavor to conceal what would be called extravagance and romance. I would not grieve my father by declaring that splendor oppresses me with fatigue. I will not shock Adela by confessing that all I have seen in this great city, would not compensate for the sacrifice of one dear quiet delicious hour at Beachdale. If I should be called romantic, I cannot help it. I am incapable of altering my tastes ; pleasure must be spontaneous ; I cannot force my heart to dance with hope, to throb with delight. A year ago, those sensations came to it without a prompter.

“ The knot is tied. Adela will, I trust, be happy with her Vallancy ; gay, I should rather say, since neither of them seems to understand the pensive spirit of happiness. They know not how much two intelligent hearts can bestow. There is a little world within the soul, to which they have never penetrated ; it was surely reserved for the unprosperous, or those, at least, who have no part in the revolutions of fortune. It is the paradise of adversity, into which the great cannot enter.

“ This Sir Frederic gives me pain ; his attentions are now too marked to be mistaken ; yet, will he not be explicit enough to allow me the privilege of explanation. I have repeatedly avowed before him, my election of the single state : he has seen with what firmness I withstood raillery and even reproach ; he will, perhaps, spare us the mutual pain of rejection. I fear my father is interested in his success. How often have I wished that he had another daughter, who could enter into his views of life, and gratify that ambition of which I am unable to participate ! I am grieved to discover this eternal barrier between us : sometimes he looks at me with such pleasure, and so kindly anticipates my wishes ; he even permits me to be his almoner, he desires me to distribute a part of his property in charity. In such moments I would give the world to make him happy ; every thing but my heart, and that is inalienable.”

I immediately on the marriage of Vallancy and Miss

Rouvigny, they set out accompanied by Cordelia, on a tour through Wales, from whence they proceeded to Ireland, with the intention of spending some months among the beautiful scenes of Killarney.

The bride had a villa in the neighborhood of Mucruss ; which having been her father's birth place, was on that account particularly selected for their retreat. It was a house in the cottage style, erected at the foot of Greenhill, and commanded various interesting views of the lake.

Cordelia was charmed with the retreat ; but she soon found that it was sufficiently accessible to society. Several of Vallancy's acquaintance were in the neighborhood as tourists ; with whom many parties were formed, and many aquatic excursions projected. The first week brought another visitor, who, to the Vallancy's at least, was neither unexpected nor unwelcome : this was Sir Frederic Mowbray, who had suddenly discovered some serious call of business to Dublin, and most ingeniously contrived that his friend De Lille should have the same motives for taking the journey. Sympathy did not, however, conduct the latter to Greenhill ; he contented himself with paying a visit to one of Sir Frederic's friends, at about forty miles distance, where he was sufficiently near to watch the progress of his suit, and to aid it with all his parental influence. As he was persuaded that Cordelia had no correspondence with Altamont, the Baronet hoped to find her disposed to receive impressions in his own favor ; he trusted she would be stimulated by pique or jealousy, or ambition, to give him encouragement ; but he was deceived ; her rejection was decided, though softened with assurances of esteem, and professions of friendship.

Cordelia imagined he professed too much delicacy and generosity to persist in his importunities ; but she also was deceived : he renewed his solicitations, enforced with all the eloquence of Mrs. Vallancy ; he even protested he should relinquish hope, but with life.

Cordelia, shuddering at his vehemence, exclaimed, " When you know all, you will retract this sentiment."

For the first time it occurred to him, that she might have formed some clandestine engagement, and he cried with unguarded warmth, " Surely you cannot belong to another ?"

" I will not deceive you. I have formed no engagement, but to you I dare not be disingenuous. You asked for my heart, and it cannot be given twice. After this frankness, you will not I am sure renew the only subject which can ever make a breach in our friendship."

Disconcerted by her ingenuous simplicity, he took her offered hand in sullen silence ; but soon recollecting himself, replied, " But if that heart should be reclaimed, should you be but once convinced, that it has been thrown away on one who cares not for the gem I would give my life to purchase ; should it be proved that the man preferred to me is an ungrateful prodigal, will you then, Cordelia, condemn me to despair ?"

" I did not expect, Sir, my frankness would extort such cruel insinuations, but the heart which had been so blasted would be unworthy of your acceptance ; and pardon me if I add, that were I once so cruelly deceived, I should lose all faith in human virtue."

Sir Frederic perceiving he had gone too far, passionately conjured her to pronounce his pardon.

" Well, then, let all the past be consigned to oblivion ; let this be a farewell to the subject."

" It will be more easy to say farewell to life, Cordelia."

She left him with extreme sadness ; seriously alarmed by his perseverance, and anxious to extinguish those hopes she could not realize. She immediately wrote to her father, avowing what had past, and intreating his permission to return with him to England. Though naturally timid, the apprehension of exciting his displeasure, was less powerful than the dread of failing in her own internal fidelity to Altamont. For the rest of the day, she avoided her importunate lover ; and in the evening, when the company went as usual on the lake, contrived to separate herself from him entirely, by going in another barge. Vexed at this desertion, he proposed



to Mrs. Vallancy to land at the peninsula, to explore the habitation of a recluse, who had for some time lived in this neighborhood. Though averse to society, he had been occasionally met in his lonely rambles, and was often seen in a light boat, navigated by an Irish boy, who formed part of his small household. He was supposed to be fond of music, as the minstrels of Killarney were often hired to play on the lake, which was at a short distance from his sequestered dwelling. Mrs. Vallancy's curiosity being strongly excited by this description, the whole party landed at Camillan point. The path running over a ledge of rocks, proved tedious and fatiguing. Vallancy at length observed, he saw no vestige of any human habitation. "Yet," replied Sir Frederic, "you are now within a few paces of the entrance; that ash tree springs from the rock which conceals the roof."

Mrs. Vallancy advanced with redoubled eagerness, when lo! in the narrow pass before them appeared two men bearing a coffin, which was destined for the recluse. At this unwelcome sight she started, and insisted on turning back; she even returned with precipitation, and eagerly seated herself in the barge, as if she still feared she was pursued by the image of death. During this interruption, Sir Frederic regained his accustomed station by Cordelia. Some of the company waited for the return of the two men, from whom they learnt, that the death of the recluse was occasioned by his having fallen, a few days before, from the cliff; some internal injury having caused his dissolution.

"His name," said Sir Frederic, observing she was interested in the subject, "was as singular as his character: he was called Valsinore."

"Valsinore!" echoed Cordelia, with unutterable astonishment, "are you sure it was Valsinore?"

"Yes, that was the name."

Is it possible, thought she, it should have been Altamont's mysterious friend? She was more reserved than ever to Sir Frederic. The name of Valsinore brought Altamont before her eyes; and she could scarcely feel complacency for his rival. She was offended with his

perseverance ; she secretly accused him of wanting delicacy and generosity ; and neither looked at him nor spoke to him, but with repugnance.

That night Cordelia felicitated herself in her journal, on having taken the first steps to cure his passion ; but the next morning she was not a little surprised to find him missing at the breakfast table. Mrs. Vallancy informed her with much chagrin, that he had left the house at day break, and without any intimation of his return. “ I am grieved, (wrote Cordelia,) that I treated an old friend with such unkindness : why would he not sooner prove that he possessed delicacy and generosity ? Methinks I would fain sooth him with renewed assurances of my esteem and friendship.” These reflections prevented her not from thinking of Valsinore : but the subject was distasteful to Adela, and the house was full of company, and resounded with music and merriment.

On the third evening after Sir Frederic's departure, she excused herself from attending her friends on the lake, and indulged her pensiveness with a ramble to Mucruss Abbey ; once the venerable seat of monastic learning, and still the popular place of interment. On approaching these venerable walls she passed an oak, that appeared coeval with their foundation ; and on entering the grove of ash-trees leading to the church, she seemed to have suddenly plunged into the shades of night : she found the doors of the Abbey open ; a funeral procession having just crossed the cloister, towards the cemetery, unattended by the crowds and boisterous clamors so common with the Irish people. The pall had but four supporters, and was followed by as many mourners, whose silence deepened the impressions of religious solemnity. Cordelia approached with secret awe the patriarchal yew, whose dusky foliage, fitfully moved by the bat's rustling pinions, threw over the antique pillars, and each long echoing aisle, a sort of superstitious gloom and fearful obscurity : whilst every object presented an image of death, or a memorial of desolation. She advanced to the narrow postern through which the procession had disappeared, and which evidently conducted to

the chambers of the dead. As she lingered near the portal, she recalled Altamont's description of his sensations on descending to Herculaneum; and was still meditating on this subject, when the procession re-crossed the cloister, and she observed that one of the mourners was missing; it immediately occurred to her, that he was perhaps the only one really interested in the fate of the deceased, and that he had returned to the grave to weep unobserved. Touched with this reflection, she waited for his return, till she fancied she heard a deep groan; pity giving her courage, she was advancing towards the passage whence the sound proceeded, when she felt her arm grasped, and turning round, beheld Sir Frederic Mowbray. It required some fortitude to suppress the emotion of terror this sudden apparition excited; but her own agitation seemed not equal to his. He trembled as he drew her away, exclaiming, "Cordelia, whither are you going? let me bear you from this house of death." She was at first passive from surprise; but when she reached the extremity of the cloister, she recollected the groan, and entreated him to return to the assistance of the solitary mourner.

"Let me first see you in safety," replied he, hurrying her on, till they again emerged to the open day, where she perceived De Lille, who, at Sir Frederic's request, undertook to explore the cloisters, whilst he attended Cordelia to the cottage.

"In their way he informed her, that having met with her father on his way to Dublin, he had returned with him to Greenhill. "Not," added he reproachfully, "again to offend you with my importunities: I am going to another part of the country. I should not even have staid here one night, had I not been alarmed for your safety, by hearing of your solitary ramble."

"And what danger could be apprehended in this peaceful spot?"

"Oh, there is danger every where.—Have you seen no one?"

"Only a funeral procession."

"And had you really no motive for visiting this spot?"

## VALSINORE.

“ What motive should I have ? I know no one ; and have not exchanged a syllable with one human being.”

Evidently relieved by this assurance, he endeavored to divert her attention to another subject, by observing, that the funeral she had seen was that of the recluse.

“ How !” cried Cordelia, “ of Valsinore ! and have I unconsciously followed him to his grave ?”

“ And what interest then have you in his name ?”

“ Oh, the strongest interest possible ; but it is not my own secret, and I have no right to divulge that of another.”

Sir Frederic again eyed her with suspicion, and walked by her side in gloomy silence. When they reached the house, they found the Vallaneys, who rallied her on her taste for solitude ; but cordially welcomed back her companion. Scarcely waiting to receive their compliments, he hurried out to meet De Lille, with whom he at length returned, with a still more perturbed aspect. After the first salutations, De Lille announced his intention of taking back his daughter to England. Mrs. Vallancy protested it was impossible : but Cordelia insisted on obeying her father's summons.

“ It is true,” said he, “ I am come rather abruptly : but I do not despair of restoring her to you a few weeks hence. I have at present serious motives for claiming her society.”

Mrs. Vallancy again resisted : but when she heard it was his intention to commence the journey on the morrow evening, she became almost offended ; since she had formed a party for Innisfallen, and could not submit to Cordelia's absence. De Lille was at length compelled to promise that she should partake of the excursion, before Adela would be appeased. He then drew his daughter aside, and said “ You see, Cordelia, what I do to oblige you.”

“ And I trust you will not find me ungrateful.”

“ But if I was destined to fly to another country—if I was forced to go to *France* instead of *England*, would you still accompany me ?”

“ Can my father ask that question ?”



“ You would not then repine at exile ? ”

“ Not with my father. ”

“ Well, be ready for your departure ; we must commence our journey to-morrow evening. I have been unfortunate, but whilst I have such a daughter I shall not be unhappy. ”

Cordelia, who had expected reproofs and displeasure, was so touched with this unlooked for kindness, that she melted into tears. The solitary mourner and the recluse were dismissed from her mind ; even the influence of Altamont yielded for the present to her filial sentiments ; and she longed most ardently to discover the cause of her father's uneasiness, and to administer sympathy and consolation.

---

## CHAPTER XXXII.

ON his late rejection, Sir Frederic had immediately repaired to the house at which De Lille was visiting, to consult with him on the best means of vanquishing his daughter's inflexibility. The disappointed father, who had just received her application for permission to return with him to England, at first suggested schemes of severity ; but to this Sir Frederic would by no means consent : he insisted that he should have recourse to artifice and address, and rather operate on her generosity than her timidity. It was then agreed, that he should acquiesce in her present wishes ; but that in taking her to England he should communicate an exaggerated account of his losses at play, confessing he was under the strongest obligations to Sir Frederic's liberality.

“ And what do you expect from this plan ? ” asked De Lille.

“ Every thing, if you manage wisely ; for the present, however, you cannot be too prompt in conveying her from Ireland. ”

De Lille submitted to this advice, and they travelled together towards Greenhill; when stopping at Killarney to give some orders respecting letters, they saw entering the inn a person in whom they easily recognised Altamont.

At this unwelcome apparition Sir Frederic exclaimed, "We are betrayed; he has carried on a clandestine correspondence with Cordelia."

"In that case," said De Lille, "she would not have wished to leave Greenhill."

"You are mistaken; that is merely a feint to amuse you, whilst she conceals a plan for the elopement."

"My dear Sir Frederic, this is so extravagant, so totally unsuited to her character, I will pledge myself his appearance is accidental."

He then privately applied to the landlady, from whom he learnt that Altamont had been for several weeks in the habit of frequenting her house, from whence he was accustomed to make excursions in the mountains of Kerry. He was just returned from a long pilgrimage to Iveragh, and was to sleep at the inn that night, but on the next morning to take his departure to explore the beauties of the lakes. De Lille insisted on this circumstance as a proof of his daughter's innocence. Sir Frederic's suspicions were at length appeased; and as they proceeded to Greenhill, it was determined that no time should be lost in transporting Cordelia to some spot where she would be in no danger of meeting with Altamont.

On their arrival they were almost equally alarmed to find her absent, and both were again ready to impute to her the most complicated duplicity. Luckily, a servant, whom she had past in her lonely walk, was enabled to apprise them of her movements, and by his direction they traced her to the abbey, where her ingenuous simplicity almost dissipated Sir Frederic's former impressions. He concurred, however, strongly with De Lille in conceiving it necessary to remove her immediately from Greenhill. The latter having lately been engaged as second in an affair of honor, was to allege the necessity of withdrawing for some time to France. Cordelia was to be the companion of his flight: Sir Frederic was to join

them at a convenient season, when either artifice or persecution was to extort her consent to their union. Had De Lille trusted implicitly to his daughter's integrity, he would have revolted from so desperate an expedient; but, duped by his own artifice, he was incapable of generous confidence, and doubted not that Cordelia would seize the first opportunity to elope with a favored lover. Sir Frederic, on the other hand, who distrusted all mankind, scarcely relied even on De Lille's friendship, and wished to involve him in some labyrinth of iniquity, which should render their interests inseparable.

During these machinations, Altamont, who had seen in the papers an account of Vallancy's marriage, but was wholly unsuspecting of his being in Ireland, left Killarney to proceed, according to Haller's directions, to his sequestered retreat.

Since his first arrival in the country he had not seen his venerable friend, who had been stationary near the lakes, whilst he himself had visited the seite of his forefathers by Ballyshannon, and penetrated to the remote region of Iveragh.

He had taken his departure from Killarney at an early hour, and with the assistance of a guide, who had been previously sent to the inn for the occasion, and which was an experienced dog, had no difficulty in discovering the entrance to the cottage, which, though built almost on the water edge, was completely screened from view by a rampart of projecting cliffs. His faithful scout, who belonged to the cottage, eager to return home, clambered up the rock, and struck into the little shelving path which led to this retired dwelling. Haller appeared resting on a rock before the house; one hand crossed on his breast, the other supporting his venerable head. His eyes were fixed on the ground: he raised them at Altamont's approach: they were glistening with tears.

“ You are welcome, my young friend; I cannot say, indeed, with joy, for of that sensation I am no longer capable, but with satisfaction and affection. Since our separation, I have parted from the only being to whose mind I could refer for the register of my own past recol-

Sections : he was a remnant of myself—my coeval—the survivor of my youth. 'These are the last drops of nature : to-day, I can only think of him ; to-morrow, we will talk of other things.' He then conducted him to the house, the entrance to which was by a window, reaching from top to bottom, which in warm weather was left open, a lattice being let down, which at once excluded the rain and admitted the air. There were two rooms, one within the other, on the ground floor, and as many on the floor above. The furniture was extremely plain and simple ; but Altamont was surprised to observe a head of Christ, by Gundo, placed by one of Raphael's Madonas. Haller then put into his hands a letter he had received from Woodville, who from the deficiency of evidence had been necessarily liberated, and had embarked with his family for Canada, where a small appointment had been procured him by the interest of Vallancy. In this affecting letter he took an everlasting leave of England, in which he could no longer hope to enjoy an unblemished reputation.

" He who has been arraigned cannot be cleared without a public trial, and, till thus absolved of delinquency, has forfeited all pretensions to the confidence of his countrymen. Farewell, then, to my dear native country, of which I am no longer worthy to be called the son, and in which my children must be disgraced by the memory of their misguided father ! Farewell to you, my generous benefactor, with whom, at a happier season, I should have been proud to hold communion, but whom I could not now meet without the anguish of reproach ! Let not Altamont suppose I can ever cease to cherish his remembrance, though I scarcely regret having been spared that solemn parting which is to prove eternal. Never could I have been re-admitted to the privileges of his friendship. A suspected criminal is no associate for upright honorable men ; any coalition with my dishonored name would sully his unblemished reputation. I am a weed which must be rooted from society ; I have been a brand plucked from the flames, and am now mouldering in silence and oblivion. In my wife and my chil-



dren I still possess objects of tender endearment. May I but live to secure peace to the one, and to lay the foundation of respectability for the other! May I but guard them from the errors on which I was wrecked! May I but preserve them from that too sensible pore of feeling, that restless imagination, by which my principles were undermined, my reason perverted, my peace and integrity destroyed, and I shall not have lived in vain! I shall perhaps die with the sweet consolation that my sons are making a happy voyage, though their father was fatally shipwrecked!"

Altamont was deeply affected by the perusal of this letter; and whilst Haller was engaged in looking over some papers committed to his care by his late friend, he left the cottage, and took a ramble, exploring the beauties of the lake. It will easily be divined to what point his fancy was attracted by this delicious landscape—the thoughts of Cordelia; no other object was wanting to render this romantic spot a paradise. After having gazed long on the majestic sweep of mountains, whose deepening shadows were reflected on the smooth translucent lake, he was suddenly attracted by a little sylvan path, closely fenced by the delicate ash and silvery birch, whilst the crimson blossoms of the *Arbutus* spread luxuriantly along the cliff. He turned into this umbrageous path, and beheld, instead of the capacious lake, a serpentizing stream, a river, or rather a rivulet, flowing under the base of the towering cliff, and forming between its wooded banks a little sheltered bay. Altamont paused with delight on this scene of seclusion, when suddenly he heard a strain of music, which should seem to have been wafted thither by enchantment. He listened in delicious amazement, when suddenly the sweeps of the measured oar fell on his ear, and he perceived, as shooting from the woods, an elegant barge, with its gaudy pennon and sprightly company, followed by a smaller boat, from whence issued sounds of delightful music. Altamont, though himself concealed, had a distinct view of the party; but what was his emotion when he beheld first his friend Vallancy, and then, seat-

d between De Lille and Sir Frederic Mowbray, his Cordelia! He scarcely breathed or moved for astonishment, and anxiously strained his sight to take another and another glance. But the first moment of joy was cruelly alloyed by jealousy; and rushing from the spot, he hastened back to the cottage to impart his discovery to Haller, who gravely answered, "It is true; I find they have been some days in the neighborhood?"

"And is she married, or engaged?" cried Altamont. "Not married, surely?"

"I know no more at present, but shall hope to see her to-morrow."

"To-morrow!" echoed Altamont, whose eyes seemed to add, "and why not to-day?" Haller noticed not his emotion; he was writing something by which he seemed deeply affected. Altamont turning away, internally exclaimed, "He was right when he said there could be no friendship between youth and age, for there is no sympathy."

Though no longer capable of relishing the beauties of nature, he continued to wander on the margin of the lake. A variety of vessels was exhibited on the water; many of them were destined for Innisfallen, which is the fairy region of love and pleasure. The Vallancys were to dine in the grove of ash trees which shade the ruins of the abbey; from thence, till the evening, they were to wander in little social groups, with a promise of re-assembling for the dance in the ivy-covered oratory that overtops the cliff. Ignorant of this arrangement, Altamont repeatedly climbed the highest bank of the peninsula, poring through his pocket telescope, with the hope of descrying the barge on its return. After repeated disappointments, he began to relinquish expectation, but he still mechanically hovered near the spot from whence he had snatched that momentary glimpse of Cordelia.

It was now late in the afternoon, and dark voluminous shadows were falling from the mountains, when suddenly a white cloud appearing in the horizon, their lofty summits were wrapt in a mist of darkness; a tre-

mendous clap of thunder reverberated from the hollow cliffs, the waters of the lake were agitated: the white spray mounting over the flood, which presented the mimic waves and billows of the ocean. Altamont, who had so long wished for the appearance of the barge, now rejoiced in its absence; still he looked with a sort of uneasy solicitude towards the lake, and was struck with the perilous position of a little skiff, which contained but three persons: a gentleman, a lady, and the rower, who had imprudently diminished the labors of the oar, by extending his flimsy sail. Though tossed on the flood, the boat seemed still capable of preserving its balance, till it came near the one-arched bridge on which he stood; here the current becoming stronger, the gentleman tore down the sail, and by that movement overset the boat. Altamont, who had anticipated its fate, and confided in his skill in swimming, precipitated himself from the parapet, grasped the lady's robe, and continued to draw her towards the shore. He at length bore her to a little cove into which a fisherman had just pushed his skiff for shelter; he desired the man to row to the assistance of the other sufferers, whilst he supported his senseless charge towards the cottage.

Hitherto he had only followed the dictates of humanity. The lady's long dishevelled tresses were spread over her face, and completely disguised her features; but in removing this matted veil, he discovered, almost incredulously, the countenance of Cordelia. His agitation, on this discovery, almost deprived him of the power to make any efforts for her assistance; happily, however, he met with the male domestic of the cottage, with whose assistance she was soon sheltered under its quiet roof; where the old housekeeper, under Haller's directions, pursued the proper means for her recovery.

She had been thrown into this perilous state by the imprudence of De Lille, who had persuaded her to steal with him from the party at Innisfallen, under the pretext of proceeding immediately on their intended journey. He had laid such stress on this point, that she became anxious to fulfil his wishes; and, not doubting that the

cys would easily forgive this clandestine move-  
 ..., when they knew by what motive it was dictated,  
 she eagerly assented to his proposal of engaging a little  
 boat, which had been plying round the island, to trans-  
 port them to the opposite side of the lake.

The execution of the plan was facilitated by the party  
 having dispersed in various groups through the island;  
 and De Lille and his daughter had been long absent be-  
 fore they were missed by any of the company except Sir  
 Frederic Mowbray, whose duplicity was sufficiently pu-  
 nished, during the storm, by the tortures of suspense.  
 Unable to suffer in silence, he imparted his suspicions of  
 De Lille's elopement; and as soon as the elements were  
 cleared, embarked in the smaller vessel, in pursuit of  
 the *deserters*.

On arriving at Mucruss, he found De Lille, who, by  
 clinging to the keel of the boat, had floated towards the  
 narrow channel communicating with the inner lake,  
 where, by grasping some branches of birch and ash, he  
 had gained the shore in safety.

The boatman, whose senses had been previously dull-  
 ed by libations of whiskey, had swam across the lake;  
 but no traces were discovered of Cordelia. De Lille  
 fancied he had seen a person leap from the bridge to her  
 assistance; but the impression was vague and unsatis-  
 factory, and he fully participated with his coadjutor in  
 the torments of shame and suspense, of terror and re-  
 morse.

---

### CHAPTER XXXIII.

IT was long before Cordelia gave any signs of re-  
 turning animation; by degrees she began to have a most  
 painful consciousness of existence: every object swam  
 before her; she fancied she was in a cabin, and open-  
 ing her eyes, looked around for imaginary waves. A  
 cup was presented to her lips, of which she tasted, and



then sunk into a heavy slumber. On awaking, she observed a venerable form, familiar to her eyes, though the name had escaped her remembrance ; she was again lulled asleep, and awoke no more till the morning, when she was so perfectly recovered as to have a distinct recollection of what had befallen her ; and observing an old woman sitting on a chair by her bed-side, she asked for her clothes, and became extremely importunate to leave her apartment. The housekeeper, who being Flemish, was by no means familiar with the English language, instantly called in Haller, who, having quieted her apprehensions for her father's safety, promised to gratify her curiosity, when she should join him at breakfast. Her drenched garments had been dried by the housekeeper's care, and she soon descended to the parlor, where she found only Haller, who thus addressed her : " From your astonishment on meeting me, I should almost conclude you were ignorant of my having been in this country, yet your father met me the other evening in Mueruss Abbey."

" Good heavens ! were you, then, the solitary mourner ? did you follow the recluse to the grave ?"

" I did, Cordelia. In returning to the church-yard I met your father, and announced my intention of seeing you in a few days. In reply he gave me an information, at which I was somewhat surprised, that you were on the eve of marriage ; I presume, with Sir Frederic Mowbray."

" Impossible ! could my father say so ? impossible ! His news, then, was premature ; he deceived you, Sir."

" You, perhaps, deceived yourself ; you may not know how much your affections are engaged."

" Yes, yes, I know, I feel I shall never be the wife of Sir Frederic Mowbray."

" Well, well, let us drop the subject. When did you see Altamont ?"

" It is long, indeed."

" When did you hear of him."

“ That too is long. He is dead to us all; he has renounced our friendship.”

“ Have you then heard nothing of him ?”

“ Nothing, but that he corresponded with one Mrs. Woodville. I know not who she is.”

“ I do ; that correspondence does him honor.”

“ ’Twas all calumny, then,” exclaimed she, half rising from her seat ; “ my heart told me he was incapable of baseness.”

“ I will confide to you one secret respecting him, Cordelia. He has just won my eternal gratitude, by preserving your life.”

“ Was it he ? Then my life shall ever be precious for his sake.”

Here Altamont, who had been purposely placed within the inner room, rushing from concealment, threw himself before Cordelia, who shrieked with surprise ; and leaning back on Haller, concealed, under the air of terror, her excess of joy and tenderness. “ Compose yourself, my child,” cried Haller, “ and I will soon remove your perplexity.”

After some time passed in mutual expressions of delight, from the pleasuse of an intercourse so painfully regretted, and so unexpectedly renewed, Cordelia called upon Haller for the promised explanation.

“ You remember,” said the venerable sage ; “ I left in your hands the manuscript of Cornelius ; and I doubt not you have both grieved for his many sorrows. The manuscript put into my hands by Altamont, was merely a manuel of monastic devotion ; that which I left with you, as its substitute, contained my own history. I was once that Cornelius. Your father, Altamont, was my kinsman. I, too, was that Valsinore, who endeavored to repair, by present kindness, former injustice.”

Exclamations of wonder burst from his auditors ; and both enquired, at the same moment, who then was the Valsinore who lived here so lately.

“ That you shall soon hear. The name of Valsinore had often been assumed by my friend Albert in his youth ; and it was, perhaps, from some association with his

memory, that I was induced to annex that signature to the letter I left with your widowed mother. I had previously borne a French name ; on my return to Germany, I exchanged it for Haller, by which I have ever since been known. On my first arrival in Europe I had resolved not to make any enquiries respecting my own or Susanna's family, lest I should relapse into that dreadful state from which I had been so lately restored. Many years had elapsed ; and I was, in many respects, become a new being, when I accidentally heard of Albert's domestic misfortunes : his wife had proved unfaithful ; his daughter had eloped with an adventurer ; he had renounced his country, and, having lodged his property in the Hamburgh bank, lived in total seclusion from the world. By his annual demands on this bank I ascertained his existence, without being able to discover his retreat. It was from Baron Rouvigny I first learnt that he had a grand-daughter not unworthy to claim affinity with my Susanna. To see you, therefore, Cordelia, was one of my motives for visiting England ; and my sole inducement for cultivating your father's acquaintance. From your account of the monkish manuscript, I conjectured that Albert might have been the person who had assumed the name of Valsinore ; and that, instead of having perished in the Avalanche, he had selected some other place of retirement.

“ Pursuing this hint on my return to Germany, I learnt, from my banker, that Sir John Mordaunt was certainly living in Ireland, but by what name was unknown. I soon after learnt of a recluse near Killarney, whose unsocial habits corresponded with the account I had received of Albert. It was to pursue this hint that I arrived in this romantic country. I had in my possession a short-hand copy of the history I had left at Beachdale, written in the character I had been accustomed to employ with Albert in my youth. I connected it with the monkish manuscript I had received from Altamont, and prepared to explore his lonely dwelling. Happily, however, on the same day I went to the church at Mucross, where it was whispered that the strange man was

## VALSINORE.

perform his devotions. I kept my eyes fixed on this object ; but though I had before tried to imagine all the alterations which time might have produced, I was shocked to find myself unable to discern one vestige of Albert's countenance. After the service I followed his steps, and took the opportunity, whilst he was distributing alms to some poor children, to ask if he could direct me where to find a person of the name of Valsinore. He hesitated at the question, but at length asked my business : I stated, that I had certain papers to surrender to his possession. He looked perplexed, and yet invited me to attend him home.

“ In the way we conversed on various subjects, but his observations were always tinged with misanthropy. When he heard that I was a solitary, unconnected stranger, he regarded me with more complacency. When I accidentally mentioned my birth-day, which was within three days of his own, he exclaimed, ‘ Then we came into the world nearly at the same moment.’ Observing the satisfaction he derived from this passive sympathy, I intimated that I had known many heavy calamities, but was restored to tranquillity ; he shook his head, and coldly answered, there were some wounds never to be healed. When we reached his cottage, he invited me in homely language to take refreshments. I was again alarmed by the idea that it could not be Albert, who had been always remarkable for elegance and courtesy. Not to offend, however, I accepted his offer ; and, at parting, had an invitation to repeat my visit. I returned on the next day, and for many succeeding ones, and thus made with him, by degrees, a new acquaintance : at length speaking of Switzerland, I mentioned the manuscript in my possession, as belonging to a person of his name, and put into his hands, with the monkish manuel, the history of my own adventures. He fixed his eyes on the latter, exclaiming, ‘ I should know this character. I have still the key.’ He unlocked a cabinet, from which he drew out a folio, with the help of which he began reading my manuscript. I stole out of the room unperceived, surprised at my own strong emotions : it seemed al-



most beyond my faith to conceive the possibility of having met with one so nearly related to Susanna. At length I arose, and returning to the room, beheld him, with his eyes full of tears, alternately looking at the manuscript and a miniature he held in his hand. On seeing me he started, and, in a tone of displeasure, said, ‘And pray, Sir, who are you?’ At that moment he had dropt the miniature, which I hastily picked up, and beheld a picture of my wife, taken in early life. I could not now answer his question, I could only articulate Susanna; by that name was our negociation made; and we seemed mutually restored to the affections of our youth.”

Here Haller paused, but checking his emotion, proceeded: “To be brief, I discovered that he had wished for this meeting; we determined not to separate; we even ventured to form a plan for futurity; you know how suddenly this has been reversed. Previous to his death, he had made a new will.

“But here, Cordelia, I must frankly confess, that I have failed to obviate his scruples respecting his vow: he has left his whole property to another; on one condition, however, that you should marry his heir.” Cordelia started. Altamont threw an anxious glance on Haller, who continued; “And I confess, I trust you will not refuse to ratify this compact.”

Cordelia had raised her eyes in wonder: but they were cast down in tender confusion. When he added, “For your love is due to him, who has preserved your life.”

Here Altamont protested he would not usurp Cordelia’s rights. But she recovering from her first amazement, declared, it was an act of justice. Haller, delighted with their contest, joining their hands, exclaimed, “My children, your hearts have ratified the compact; and let the last wishes of the dead be sacred.”

Cordelia made a gentle effort to withdraw her hand: but it was obstinately resisted; and she tacitly acquiesced in the sentence. But when Haller was leaving the room, no longer able to restrain the feelings recalled by memory, she cast on him a wistful glance, as if she would

have deprecated his desertion. At that moment the latticed door was pushed open, and Sir Frederic Mowbray rushed into the room exclaiming, "You shall kill me first." Terrified for Altamont, she threw herself before him, as if to implore the Baronet to withdraw. When frantic with rage, he discharged his pistol, and she fell back senseless on the couch, supported by Altamont. "What have I done!" cried Sir Frederic, "take my life! I am a villain!" At that moment the venerable Haller, issuing from the other apartment, arrested his hand, which was now raised against his own existence—"Unhappy man, what phrenzy is this?" Luckily De Lille and Vallancy, who had both watched his steps, now entered the apartment, and forced him from the scene, on which he had committed such atrocious violence. He had been prompted to this desperation, by hearing from the fishermen, who had assisted Altamont in carrying Cordelia to the cottage, that she had been preserved by a young man, whom he instantly divined to be his rival. At this news he snatched up his pistols—was rowed across—clambered up the bank, and stole to the latticed door, where he heard enough of Haller's relation to be satisfied that he had nothing to hope for. Possessed with fury, and resolving that Altamont should fight for her, he rushed into the apartment. The sudden impulse of tenderness betrayed by Cordelia, inflamed his rage; he was no longer a rational being; and till he saw her fall, apparently deprived of life, was only sensible to the suggestions of passion. He was at length conveyed from the house, whilst De Lille, almost equally distressed, eagerly dispatched half a dozen messengers for medical assistance. Cordelia, still senseless, lay, with her head reclined on Altamont's bosom, till Haller taking her hand, exclaimed—"Yet the pulse beats, and no blood flows! where is the wound?" At this moment she opened her languid eyes; and he discovered that it was indeed but an ideal wound; the ball having just missed her head, passed under the couch, and was at length observed on the floor. The surprise and terror occasioned by Sir Frederic's sudden appearance, had

caused her being seized with that faintness which produces the very image of death. Altamont, long incredulous, again and again extorted the assurance that she was not hurt. Cordelia, at length extending her hand, softly said—"Trust me at least for the sake of our compact, and do not let that unhappy man imagine he has committed murder." In a short time, however, it appeared, that the medical assistance procured by De Lille was not unnecessary. The agitation of her spirits had completely disordered her frame; and in a few hours, she was in a high fever, which for some days menaced her existence. During this anxious interval, De Lille and Vallaney prevailed on Sir Frederic to withdraw to France; and in his cooler moments, he was not equally eager to part from existence. He consented to travel, and thus escaped the pain of hearing of Cordelia's union with another. Cordelia was removed as soon as possible to Greenhill, where Mrs. Vallaney, perfectly apprized of the obliquity of Sir Frederic's conduct, heartily felicitated her friend on her firmness, and gave a most friendly reception to Altamont; who was cordially reconciled to her husband. De Lille, ashamed of his late artifice, no sooner saw his daughter restored to health, than he quitted Ireland, went abroad, visited Germany, and having at length obtained the title of Baron from the Emperor, finally settled in that country.

Altamont, at the suggestion of Haller, purchased the family-estates, and the seat of his father on the banks of the Shannon. Haller himself consented to occupy an apartment in this mansion. On the day that Cordelia became his mistress, her venerable uncle said to Altamont, "I trust you will prove yourself worthy of your happiness. You once wished yourself a Roman: believe me the Briton possesses a much nobler name. You once repined at finding so little scope for enthusiasm; be assured the age you live in, will command the reverence of posterity. I have lived long enough to measure the progress of improvement. Had the same liberal spirit prevailed in my youth, I had never been an alien from my native country; had the same establishment

## VALSINORE.

for education then existed, I had never imbibed the prejudices which proved so fatal to my tranquillity. If you would be a true patriot, you must be a philanthropist. In diffusing knowledge and benevolence; in promoting habits of activity and virtue; in giving lessons of morality, and examples of happiness, you will at once exalt the honor of your own country, and the dignity of the human race. You will equally establish your claims to the character of a Briton, and a friend to the best interests of mankind.

---

From the period of his marriage, Altamont, dismissing those reveries of fancy, in which he had wasted so many precious years of youth, became a zealous advocate for useful pursuits, and both in public and private life, discharged his duties to the community. His residence was fixed in Ireland; for in reclaiming the honors of his house, he did not desert the father-land to which he owed them. His winters were spent in Dublin, but, in the summer, his house was the seat of hospitality. Neither his mother nor Mr. Bruce could be persuaded to leave Switzerland; but Mrs. Winifred, with her favorite Aleck, found a happy asylum near the grateful Altamont; Celia Gladwin became his constant guest, and, in the contemplation of real happiness, almost forgot the dreams of fancy.

Haller transferred his fund of charity to his native country, establishing schools, improving agriculture, promoting the best interests of the community. He lived to witness the assembling of two families, in the children of Vallancy and Altamont; and to welcome Woodville's sons, who, at his suggestion, were sent to Europe for education. On such occasions, Haller was restored to the sensibilities of youth; he examined the countenances of the children, and gave to each a paternal benediction—"Oh! happy beings," cried he, "to have been born in an age like this; your minds will never imbibe the errors which embittered my life. May they dis-



charge their debt of patriotism and humanity ! As long as there shall exist one prejudice founded on selfish feelings, to narrow the sphere of usefulness and felicity, to check the course of piety and benevolence, mankind are not truly civilized, and the christian is disappointed, whilst the philosopher is unsatisfied."

IN the beloved land of his fathers, enshrined in the hearts of all who had known, or who have heard of the excellence of this disciple of virtue and philanthropy, the mortal remains of the venerable HALLER now peacefully rest. A simple stone, with the following inscription, alone attests the place :

Blest be this spot where HALLER lies ;  
 No cloister'd walls to guard his tomb ;  
 'Tis open to the changeful skies,  
 And deck'd with Nature's gayest bloom.  
 On this dear shrine no tapers burn,  
 But sun and stars their radiance shed ;  
 And, sweeter than the incens'd urn,  
 A snow-white shroud the lilies spread :  
 The lark, too innocent to mourn,  
 Chaunts his blithe matin to the dead .

Blest be this spot—'twas here, that last  
 He watch'd the slow departing sun ;  
 A tender wistful glance he cast,  
 As though he deem'd his race was run.  
 That eve, as in the social hall  
 He took, 'mid friends, his 'custom'd place,  
 His soul to each o'erflow'd—on all  
 He smil'd with venerable grace :  
 He seem'd to feel the whisper'd call,  
 And Hope shone radiant on his face.

That night, when all unheard, unseen,  
 His filial prayer to Heaven had sped,  
 (Clasp'd were his hands, devout his mien)  
 'Twas then the immortal spirit fled.

None heard his last, his murmur'd sighs,  
If such his parting spirit breath'd,  
The joy of heav'n was in those eyes,  
That peace and love to earth bequeath'd.  
So sweetly was life's farewell made,  
His debt to man and nature paid.

THE END.









CLAYTON  
FRUITING  
(Establishment)  
FRUIT BUSHES  
AND PLANTS

CLAYTON'S BROTHERS, 101, 103, 105, 107, 109, 111, 113, 115, 117, 119, 121, 123, 125, 127, 129, 131, 133, 135, 137, 139, 141, 143, 145, 147, 149, 151, 153, 155, 157, 159, 161, 163, 165, 167, 169, 171, 173, 175, 177, 179, 181, 183, 185, 187, 189, 191, 193, 195, 197, 199, 201, 203, 205, 207, 209, 211, 213, 215, 217, 219, 221, 223, 225, 227, 229, 231, 233, 235, 237, 239, 241, 243, 245, 247, 249, 251, 253, 255, 257, 259, 261, 263, 265, 267, 269, 271, 273, 275, 277, 279, 281, 283, 285, 287, 289, 291, 293, 295, 297, 299, 301, 303, 305, 307, 309, 311, 313, 315, 317, 319, 321, 323, 325, 327, 329, 331, 333, 335, 337, 339, 341, 343, 345, 347, 349, 351, 353, 355, 357, 359, 361, 363, 365, 367, 369, 371, 373, 375, 377, 379, 381, 383, 385, 387, 389, 391, 393, 395, 397, 399, 401, 403, 405, 407, 409, 411, 413, 415, 417, 419, 421, 423, 425, 427, 429, 431, 433, 435, 437, 439, 441, 443, 445, 447, 449, 451, 453, 455, 457, 459, 461, 463, 465, 467, 469, 471, 473, 475, 477, 479, 481, 483, 485, 487, 489, 491, 493, 495, 497, 499, 501, 503, 505, 507, 509, 511, 513, 515, 517, 519, 521, 523, 525, 527, 529, 531, 533, 535, 537, 539, 541, 543, 545, 547, 549, 551, 553, 555, 557, 559, 561, 563, 565, 567, 569, 571, 573, 575, 577, 579, 581, 583, 585, 587, 589, 591, 593, 595, 597, 599, 601, 603, 605, 607, 609, 611, 613, 615, 617, 619, 621, 623, 625, 627, 629, 631, 633, 635, 637, 639, 641, 643, 645, 647, 649, 651, 653, 655, 657, 659, 661, 663, 665, 667, 669, 671, 673, 675, 677, 679, 681, 683, 685, 687, 689, 691, 693, 695, 697, 699, 701, 703, 705, 707, 709, 711, 713, 715, 717, 719, 721, 723, 725, 727, 729, 731, 733, 735, 737, 739, 741, 743, 745, 747, 749, 751, 753, 755, 757, 759, 761, 763, 765, 767, 769, 771, 773, 775, 777, 779, 781, 783, 785, 787, 789, 791, 793, 795, 797, 799, 801, 803, 805, 807, 809, 811, 813, 815, 817, 819, 821, 823, 825, 827, 829, 831, 833, 835, 837, 839, 841, 843, 845, 847, 849, 851, 853, 855, 857, 859, 861, 863, 865, 867, 869, 871, 873, 875, 877, 879, 881, 883, 885, 887, 889, 891, 893, 895, 897, 899, 901, 903, 905, 907, 909, 911, 913, 915, 917, 919, 921, 923, 925, 927, 929, 931, 933, 935, 937, 939, 941, 943, 945, 947, 949, 951, 953, 955, 957, 959, 961, 963, 965, 967, 969, 971, 973, 975, 977, 979, 981, 983, 985, 987, 989, 991, 993, 995, 997, 999